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Leonard Bacon.

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LEONARD BACON:

PASTOR

OF THE

FIRST CHURCH IN NEW HAVEN.

NEW HAVEN:
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1882.

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QUINNIPIACK
CHOSEN FOR SETTLEMENT, A. D. 1637.
NAMED NEW HAVEN
A.D. 1640.
THE WILDERNESS AND THE SOLITARY PLACE SHALL BE GLAD FOR THEM.
O GOD OF HOSTS LOOK DOWN FROM HEAVEN AND BEHOLD AND VISIT THIS VINE
A. D. 1638
A COMPANY OF ENGLISH CHRISTIANS LED BY
JOHN DAVENPORT
AND
THEOPHILUS EATON
WERE THE FOUNDERS OF THIS CITY.
HERE THEIR EARLIEST HOUSE OF WORSHIP WAS BUILT
A. D. 1639
THE FIRST CHURCH
BEGINNING WITH WORSHIP IN THE OPEN AIR
A.D. 1638
WAS THE BEGINNING OF NEW HAVEN AND WAS ORGANIZED
AUG. 22 A.D. 1639.
THIS HOUSE WAS DEDICATED TO THE WORSHIP OF GOD IN CHRIST
DEC. 27, 1814

SEE PAGE 7.

The following pages have been prepared, at the request of the First Church and Society in New Haven, to commemorate their late Pastor. It has been no part of our design to speak of him in any other relation than as Pastor of this church. Some sermons which bear especially on this relation have been included, and the last sermon preached by him will also be found here. A few newspaper articles respecting Dr. Bacon in various relations, have been gathered, and are at the end of the volume.

H. C. KINGSLEY,
LEONARD J. SANFORD,
THOS. R. TROWBRIDGE, JR. } *Committee.*

NEW HAVEN, March, 1882.

LEONARD BACON:

PASTOR OF THE FIRST CHURCH IN NEW HAVEN.

LEONARD BACON was born February 19, 1802, in Detroit, Michigan, whither his father had gone, under appointment of the Connecticut Missionary Society, to labor among the Indian tribes in that vicinity. Not finding sufficient encouragement in his work, Mr. Bacon removed in a short time, with his family, to Tallmadge, in the State of Ohio, at that time a wilderness. Here he died, and his eldest son was at the age of ten years placed under the care of an uncle at Hartford, in this State, where he pursued the usual studies preparatory to entering college. He joined the class which was graduated at Yale College in 1820, in the Sophomore year, in which he sustained a good reputation as a scholar, and especially for literary and forensic ability. After graduation his theological studies were pursued at Andover, Massachusetts, where his talents were conspicuous. He was ordained, as an Evangelist, by the Hartford North Consociation, September 28, 1824, at their meeting held at Windsor, it being his intention to find a field of labor at the West. Just at this moment he received an invitation to preach to the First Church in New Haven, which invitation he accepted, and the pulpit was supplied by him for several successive Sabbaths.

On December 15, 1824, the Society extended a call to Mr. Bacon to settle with them in the ministry of the gospel, and on the 19th of the same month the church united with the society in their call.

This call was accepted by Mr. Bacon January 17, 1825. The proceedings of the church and society, with Mr. Bacon's letters of acceptance, are given at page 13.

He was installed March 9th and the proceedings of the council called for this purpose may be found at page 20.

He commenced his services as pastor March 13, 1825. By the favor of the family we are permitted to publish the first sermon he preached after taking on himself the pastoral office. In this sermon he explained what he considered the requirements of the field of labor to which he had been called; how well he judged of them those who have been familiar with his career will be interested to observe. The sermon may be found at page 53.

The pastorate thus happily begun was successful to the end. Several revivals of religion marked its history. Dr. Bacon stated in his review of these forty years that the number of persons who united with the church on profession of faith in Christ during this time was six hundred and six, while the number of those who were received by letters from other churches was more than as many more.

Dr. Bacon was earnest throughout his ministry in works of moral reform. In his pulpit exercises and through the public press he early advocated the principle of abstinence from intoxicating liquors and had great influence in bringing about the reformation in society in this particular. He was always an opponent of slavery, and in the later part of his ministry especially, preached and wrote with great effect in opposition to the system. He was an early and lifelong friend of the great missionary and other religious and benevolent societies, and was instrumental in recommending them not only to his own church but to the churches of the country. In local efforts for moral reform, and for meeting the wants of those without church connections, the needy and the destitute, his advice was always sought and his time and influence freely given.

The Pastor loved his people, the people loved and honored their Pastor. His salary was increased from time to time as the increased cost of living and his increasing family seemed to require.

The two-hundredth anniversary of the settlement of the town of New Haven occurred in March, 1838, and the occasion was publicly celebrated. In the preliminary arrangements for this celebration and in the celebration itself Dr. Bacon was much interested. The organization of the church was coeval with the settlement at New Haven, and Dr. Bacon was led to investigate the early history of the church, which investigation resulted in the delivery of thirteen historical discourses, on Sunday evenings, which were afterwards expanded and published in a volume. They will always remain a valuable contribution to the history of the church and a lasting testimony to the affection of the Pastor for it.

Another work which Dr. Bacon performed for the church, after he resigned the pastorate, was the designing and preparing, in his own felicitous manner, the inscriptions which grace the façade of the church, commemorating the organization of the church and the settlement of the town. They may be found at the commencement of this volume.

In the year 1839 an effort was made to induce Dr. Bacon to leave the church to accept a Professorship in Yale College under an appointment from that institution. Dr. Bacon communicated this fact to the society in a letter which, with the action of the society upon it, may be found at page 22.

In 1850 Dr. Bacon communicated to the society his wish to be allowed a temporary absence from the labors and responsibilities of the pulpit. His letter, and the action of the society upon it, are to be found at page 25.

Receiving the asked for leave of absence, he went to Palestine and some adjacent countries. In an attempted journey from Mosul to Ooroomiah, while in the country of the Koords, he was in great danger of his life. This incident awakened a lively interest not only in this church, but wherever Dr. Bacon was known. His highly interesting account of it, so characteristic of the man, may be found at page 29.

The time at length came when this pastorate was to termi-

nate. Of the five hundred and fifty members of the church at the time of the settlement of the youthful pastor, only thirty-four remained. The children and grandchildren of those to whom he first ministered were now his parishioners. He preached on the second Sunday in March, 1865, just forty years after his settlement, both morning and afternoon, reviewing his ministry, and closing with the expression of a desire to be relieved from the responsibilities of the pastoral office. These sermons may be found at page 75. A sermon preached a month earlier, on his sixty-third birthday, may be found at page 65.

Dr. Bacon continued to discharge the duties of pastor and no action was taken upon the suggestions made by him until the annual meeting of the society in the following December, when a committee was appointed to take these suggestions into consideration and to report at an adjourned meeting. The proceedings which followed are given from the records of the society and the church at page 39. The sermon which he preached on retiring from pastoral duties, September 9, 1866, may be found at page 105.

No communication was made by Dr. Bacon to the church except what was contained in the sermon of March 12, 1865, and the church was not asked by him to unite in calling a council to dissolve the relation existing between them. He continued until his death their Pastor, but relieved by the society from all the duties pertaining to the office.

Fifty years from the day of his installation, on Tuesday, March 9, 1875, in the afternoon, he preached to a large congregation. Beside the venerable Pastor there sat the Rev. Dr. Walker, associated with him, and the Rev. Dr. Buckingham, of Springfield, Mass. In the rear of the pulpit, upon the wall, was the following, beautifully worked in immortelles, upon a black background:

1825—"THEM THAT HONOR ME I WILL HONOR"—1875.

The pulpit was beautifully decorated with large bouquets of rare and fragrant flowers, and the table beneath was strewn with lilies. The house was full of the friends of the Pastor.

The services began at 3:15 P. M. with singing by the quartette. Immediately afterward the Rev. Dr. Walker read appropriate selections of scripture. Prayer—in which the occasion was fittingly alluded to—was offered by the Rev. Dr. Buckingham, after which the Rev. Dr. Bacon read the 678th hymn:

"How firm a foundation, ye saints of the Lord."

The aged Pastor then arose to address his people. He prefaced his discourse by reading a portion of the 71st Psalm, beginning at the 14th verse. After finishing the chapter, the speaker remarked that the first part of the 17th verse would afford suggestions for the discourse. The 17th and 18th verses—so appropriate a text—are as follows:

O God, thou hast taught me from my youth, and hitherto have I declared thy wondrous works.

Now also when I am old and gray-headed, O God forsake me not: until I have showed thy strength unto this generation, and thy power to every one that is to come.

This sermon may be found at page 119.

In the evening of the same day a reception was held in the chapel, which was very largely attended. The venerable Pastor and his lady occupied the sofa in the alcove before which a half circle was cleared. In this the addresses were made.

Rev. T. D. Woolsey, D.D., delivered a congratulatory address which occupied about half an hour.

Dr. Bacon responded in his agreeable and forcible manner, after which Rev. Edward E. Atwater presented a set of resolutions of a congratulatory nature, which had been passed during the day by the New Haven Central Association of Congregational churches.

Rev. Dr. Harwood then made a few remarks, which were received with much favor. Dr. Bacon responded, relating his early acquaintance with Rev. Harry Croswell, Dr. Harwood's predecessor.

After the speeches the company partook of refreshments in the back parlor. This entertainment lasted until the reception closed.

As Rev. Dr. Bacon and his wife were stepping into their carriage, Deacon Walker presented them with a purse of nearly $2,000—the generous gift of the church.

After it was understood that Dr. Bacon was to retire from the pastoral care of this church, he received an invitation to become a Professor in the Theological Department of Yale College, which invitation he accepted and entered on his new duties in the autumn of 1866, in which duties he continued until his death. But the church was without an acting Pastor for two years after this, and again for a period of two years and a half, and for a third period of the same length of time, during all of which Dr. Bacon was called on to attend funerals and to perform other pastoral work. These voluntary labors he not only ungrudgingly performed, but encouraged the people to call on him in their needs.

In the year 1881, for the first time, he became aware of a disease of the heart which threatened to terminate his life at any moment. He did not hesitate nor falter in the discharge of his various duties. His lectures to the Theological students he delivered as usual, the last one only thirty-six hours before his death. He attended the church services twice each Lord's day, occasionally performing the services himself, and at other times ministered to the people of his congregation as they called on him. The last time that he preached was on the day of Public Thanksgiving, November 24, 1881, only one month before his death. The sermon may be found at page 137.

On the morning of Saturday, December 24, 1881, with less pain than had marked other similar attacks, he departed this life.

The funeral services were attended on Tuesday, December 27th. In the forenoon of that day Rev. T. D. Woolsey, D.D., lately President of Yale College, through life an intimate friend, and for many years a very near neighbor, offered prayer at the late residence of Dr. Bacon, in the presence of the family, their intimate friends, and the officers of the church.

In the afternoon public services were held in the church. The remains had been borne from the house to the church at noon. At half-past two o'clock the church was crowded with mourners. The audience-room was heavily draped with black

cloth; in front of the pulpit, on the communion table, stood a large full sheaf of ripe wheat. The family and relatives of Dr. Bacon, the officers of the church and society, the members of the church and congregation, large numbers of citizens, many ministers from various parts of the State, constituted the mourning company. Pleyel's Hymn was played on the organ, the choir of the church chanted the Lord's prayer. Rev. George P. Fisher, D.D., Professor in Yale Theological Seminary, invoked the Divine blessing, and read selected passages of scripture. The choir of the church then sang the anthem, "Sleep thy last sleep." An address of remarkable tenderness and beauty was delivered by Rev. Timothy Dwight, D.D., Professor in Yale Theological Seminary, which may be found at page 149. Rev. Edward Hawes, D.D., pastor of the North Church, offered the closing prayer. The congregation united in singing "Hail tranquil hour of closing day," a hymn written by Rev. Dr. Bacon, and then the loved and honored remains of the deceased Pastor were borne from the church by his six sons. A brief prayer was offered at the grave by Rev. Wm. M. Barbour, D.D., Pastor of the church in Yale College.

On January 15, 1882, Rev. George Leon Walker, D.D., formerly Pastor of the church, and now Pastor of the First Church in Hartford, by request, preached a memorial discourse. The choir sang the anthem, "Nazareth," and the hymn "Oh, holy night." The other hymns sung were, "Hark! a voice divides the sky," and "It is not death to die." Dr. Walker's sermon may be found at page 167.

The will of Rev. Dr. Bacon was written by himself and in its main provisions is of no interest to the public, but its commencement bears in it so striking an affirmation of his faith that it is here given.

Preamble and Introductory Article from the Will of Rev. Leonard Bacon, D.D.

I, Leonard Bacon, of the City and County of New Haven, in the State of Connecticut, being, by the favor of God, notwithstanding my age of more than seventy-six years, in full health and of sound, disposing mind and memory, do make and establish in these following articles my last will and testament:

First, Holding fast that faith in the Lord Jesus Christ which I have preached to others, and which, by God's blessing on the diligence of my godly parents, has been my strength and comfort from my youth up, I commit my soul to Him, the Lamb of God who taketh away the sins of the world. In this confidence I hope to die, assured that he is able to save to the uttermost all who come to God by Him. Concerning the burial of my body, I ask of those on whom that care shall devolve, that the funeral may be managed with an exemplary care to avoid expense, by whomsoever the expense may be defrayed. Let the dust return to dust. I hope to rise with them who sleep in Jesus.

Proceedings of the First Ecclesiastical Society

RELATING TO CALL OF

REV. LEONARD BACON.

Friday Evening, Dec. 10, 1824. 6 o'clock.

The society met at the lecture-room according to the last adjournment. James Hillhouse, Esq., moderator. Deacon Whiting opened the meeting with prayer.

Voted, That this society do approve of the ministerial services of the Rev. Leonard Bacon among them, and are desirous that he should settle with them in the work of the gospel ministry, and that he be invited to take charge of the society and the church connected with it accordingly, as their Pastor and gospel minister. Yeas, 42; Nays, 21.

Adjourned to Wednesday evening, Dec. 15, at 6 o'clock.

Attest, T. D. WILLIAMS, *Society's Clerk.*

ADJOURNED MEETING.

Wednesday Evening, Dec. 15, 1824. 6 o'clock.

The society met at the lecture-room pursuant to the last adjournment. James Hillhouse, Esq., moderator. The meeting was opened with prayer by President Atwater.

Voted, That the society reconsider the vote passed at the last meeting respecting the invitation to the Rev. Mr. Bacon.

Voted, That this society do approve of the ministerial services of the Rev. Leonard Bacon among them, and are desirous that he should settle with them in the work of the gospel ministry and that he be invited to take charge of the society and the church connected with it accordingly as their Pastor and

gospel minister, on such terms and conditions as may hereafter be agreed upon by the society and Mr. Bacon. The votes were, affirmative, 68; negative, 20.

Voted, That the church in the society be requested to unite with them in the above invitation.

Voted, That Messrs. Dyer White, Dennis Kimberly, Nathan Whiting, Stephen Twining, Charles Atwater, Jonathan Knight, Henry Daggett, Jr., and Elihu Sanford be a committee to report at a future meeting the terms and conditions of the settlement of the Rev. Leonard Bacon.

Adjourned to Monday evening, Dec. 20, at 6 o'clock.

Attest, T. D. WILLIAMS, *Society's Clerk.*

ADJOURNED MEETING.

Monday Evening, Dec. 20, 1824. 6 o'clock.

The society met at the lecture-room pursuant to the last adjournment. James Hillhouse, Esq., moderator. The meeting was opened with prayer by Deacon Whiting. The committee appointed at the last meeting reported.

Voted, That in case the Rev. Leonard Bacon shall accept the invitation of this society to take the charge of them and the church connected with them as their Pastor, the society will pay to him during the continuance of his ministry with them, a salary of one thousand dollars a year, which salary shall be paid half-yearly in advance. 49 affirmative, 21 negative.

Voted, That Dyer White, Nathan Whiting, and Stephen Twining be a committee to transmit to Mr. Bacon the several votes passed by the society, and communicate with him on the subject of his settlement, and report his answer thereto at some future meeting.

And the society adjourned without day.

Attest, T. D. WILLIAMS, *Society's Clerk.*

SPECIAL MEETING.

At a special meeting of the First Ecclesiastical Society legally warned and holden at the lecture-room Monday afternoon, January 31, 1825. Dyer White chosen moderator.

Voted, That William J. Forbes, Henry Daggett, Jr., and Isaac Mills be and they hereby are appointed a committee, in conjunction with a committee to be appointed in the church together with Mr. Bacon, to fix upon the time and adjust the arrangements necessary for his installation as a minister of this society.

The following letter from the Rev. Leonard Bacon was read at the opening of the meeting:

ANDOVER, Dec. 30, 1824.

Messrs. Dyer White, Stephen Twining, and Nathan Whiting:

GENTLEMEN—Yours of the 21st, communicating the proceedings of the First Ecclesiastical Society in New Haven, by which they have invited me to settle with them in the work of the gospel ministry, and enclosing a communication from the church connected with that society was duly received. A temporary absence from town prevented my making an immediate acknowledgment.

At present I have only to say that the subject which has thus been laid before me shall receive the attention it deserves, and that my answer to the invitation shall be given at the earliest period consistent with the deliberation which is due to a question involving consequences so momentous. God only can teach us what he would have us to do, and when I look to Him for the wisdom which I need, there is encouragement in the thought that others are lifting up their hands to the Father of lights and praying Him to guide me by His counsel.

Wishing to you and to the people for whom you act, grace, mercy and peace from God our Father, and from the Lord Jesus Christ, I am, brethren, your servant in the gospel,

LEONARD BACON.

LETTER OF ACCEPTANCE ADDRESSED TO THE SOCIETY.

ANDOVER, Jan. 17, 1825.

To the First Ecclesiastical Society in New Haven:

BRETHREN AND FRIENDS—The votes by which you have invited me to settle with you in the work of the gospel ministry was duly transmitted and received, and have been deliberately considered. When I received your call, and became acquainted with the circumstances in which it was given, my impressions were, on the whole, favorable to your invitation. In the progress of a serious and careful deliberation these impressions have continually grown more distinct and certain, and have resulted in a conviction of duty. Under the influence of this conviction I do now accept the proposals with which you have seen fit to honor me.

I may have erred in following what I supposed to be the guiding hand of Providence; and the probability of such an error—when we think of it in its connection with the prosperity of the church, and with your own eternal interests—is enough to make us tremble. Whether I have been thus mistaken we know not now, but we shall know hereafter in the day when all secret things shall be revealed.

And now I commend you to God, and to the word of His grace; and praying that His love may be shed abroad in all your hearts, I am, your friend and servant in Christ,

LEONARD BACON.

ANDOVER, Monday, Jan. 17, 1825.

Messrs. Dyer White, Stephen Twining, Nathan Whiting, Committee:

GENTLEMEN—I send you my answer to the invitation of your society. Enclosed is a corresponding communication to the church. Respecting the time which the church and society may appoint for the solemnity of installation I have nothing to say except that the earliest notice of whatever arrangements they may choose to make will very much oblige your friend and brother, LEONARD BACON.

And the society adjourned without day.

Attest, T. D. WILLIAMS, *Society's Clerk.*

Proceedings of the First Church in New Haven

IN RELATION TO CALLING

REV. LEONARD BACON.

At a meeting of the First Church in New Haven on Sabbath morning, 19th December, 1824.

The Rev. Jedediah Morse, D.D., was chosen moderator. The meeting was opened with prayer by the moderator.

Voted, That the church do unite with the society in their vote passed on the 15th of December instant, inviting the Rev. Leonard Bacon to settle with them in the work of the gospel ministry.

Voted, That the Senior Deacon be requested to transmit the above vote to the Rev. Leonard Bacon.

The meeting was closed with prayer by the moderator.

Attest, SAMUEL DARLING, *Deacon.*

LETTER OF ACCEPTANCE ADDRESSED TO THE CHURCH.

To the First Church of Christ in New Haven:

BRETHREN—On the 24th of last month I received a communication from your committee informing me of the vote by which you have invited me to become your Pastor. In a matter of so great importance to myself and to you and to the cause of our common Redeemer, I was unwilling to be governed by my first impressions of duty, and I have therefore delayed answering your call till now that I might have opportunity for more careful and deliberate enquiry. Such enquiry I have attempted to make, looking up to God for the light of His countenance and the guidance of His spirit, and the result is that I now accept your invitation, praying God to forgive me the unworthiness of which I am conscious, and to glorify His strength in my weakness.

The uncommon unanimity which has marked your proceedings, has seemed to me and to those in whose judgment I may confide, to indicate what the great Head of the Church would have me do. In this I may have mistaken the leadings of Providence, for we are all blind to the future, and the book of God's designs can be read only as its leaves are successively unfolded before us. God only knows, for he ordains, what is to be the result of our designs, and blind as we are, we may rejoice in this, that as he knoweth our frame and remembereth that we are dust, so by his own wisdom and his own power he will accomplish his purposes of grace and establish the glory of his church, notwithstanding all our mistakes and all our weakness. The partiality with which you have been led to regard me, while it fills me with solicitude respecting the expectations you may have formed, inspires also the hope that as you become more acquainted with the imperfections of my character you will look on them with the forbearance and kindness demanded by the endearing character of the relation which will then subsist between us.

Brethren, pray for me; and now may our Lord Jesus Christ himself and God, even our Father, who hath loved us, and given us everlasting consolation and good hope through grace, comfort your hearts and establish you in every good word and work. Yours in the faith and fellowship of the gospel,

LEONARD BACON.

Andover, Massachusetts, Jan. 17, 1825.

At a meeting of the First Church in New Haven on the 31st of January, 1825. Deacon Nathan Whiting, moderator. A letter from Rev. Leonard Bacon, accepting of the invitation of this church and the society to settle with them in the gospel ministry, was read.

Voted, That this church do approve and accept of the answer of Rev. Leonard Bacon and do order it to be recorded.

Voted, That Samuel Darling, Stephen Twining, and Nathan Whiting be and they are hereby appointed a committee, in conjunction with a committee appointed by the society, together with Rev. Mr. Bacon, to fix upon the time and adjust the arrangements necessary for his installation as a minister of this society.

SAMUEL DARLING, *Deacon.*

Proceedings of the Ecclesiastical Council

CALLED TO INSTALL

REV. LEONARD BACON.

At a meeting of an Ecclesiastical Council convened at the house of Aaron Morse, in New Haven, Tuesday, March 8, 1825, and held at the lecture-room in Orange street, for the purpose of installing Rev. Leonard Bacon as Pastor over the First Church and society in New Haven.

Present: Rev. Jeremiah Day, President of Yale College.

Rev. Nathaniel W. Taylor, Professor of Theology in Yale College.

Rev. Stephen W. Stebbins, from the First Church in West Haven.

Rev. Samuel Merwin, from the church in the United Society in New Haven.

Thomas F. Davies, their delegate.

Rev. Eleazar T. Fitch, from the Church in Yale College.

Elizur Goodrich, their delegate.

Rev. Joel Hawes, from the First Church in Hartford.

Henry L. Ellsworth, their delegate.

Rev. Carlos Wilcox, from the North Church in Hartford.

Eliphalet Terry, their delegate.

Joseph Webster, delegate from the South Church in Hartford.

Rev. Messrs. Abner Smith, David Smith, Elijah Waterman, Daniel Crane, Erastus Scranton, Samuel Whittlesey, Nathaniel Hewit, Samuel R. Andrew, Edward W. Hooker, and David L. Ogden, being present, were invited to sit with the council.

The council then, after receiving from Rev. L. Bacon a certificate of his ordination as an Evangelist, and examining with respect to his qualifications for the ministry of the gospel, voted that they would proceed to his installation to-morrow, A. M., at half-past ten o'clock.

The parts of the service were then assigned as follows:

The introductory prayer to Rev. Carlos Wilcox.
The sermon to Rev. Joel Hawes.
The installing prayer to Rev. Stephen W. Stebbins.
The charge to Rev. N. W. Taylor.
The right hand of fellowship to Rev. E. T. Fitch.

The council then adjourned to meet again at the same place to-morrow, A. M., at half-past nine o'clock.

Wednesday morning, March 9.—Met according to adjournment. The minutes were then read and passed by the council as a true record of their proceedings, when the act of installation was performed according to the preceding resolutions.

Attest, ELEAZAR T. FITCH, *Scribe.*

Proceedings in relation to a Call

TO A

PROFESSORSHIP IN YALE COLLEGE.

At a special meeting of the First Ecclesiastical Society in New Haven, held pursuant to legal notice at the chapel in Orange street, on Monday the 2d of September, at 3 o'clock in the afternoon, A. D. 1839. Dr. Jonathan Knight was chosen moderator.

A communication from the Pastor was read in relation to his recent appointment to the Professorship of Rhetoric and Oratory in Yale College, requesting the society to hear what the gentlemen from the college have to offer on this subject, and then to express their judgment whether the interests involved in this matter require the society to give up their Pastor to this call; which communication is on file.

William J. Forbes, Esq., was appointed a committee to wait on the gentlemen from college and request their attendance at this time to make such remarks as they wish on the subject of the communication from the Pastor.

President Day, in behalf of the Corporation of Yale College, and Professor Silliman, in behalf of the Faculty of the College, made a statement of the views of the Corporation in electing the Rev. Mr. Bacon to the Professorship of Rhetoric and Oratory in Yale College, and of the reasons why the appointment should be accepted.

After some time spent in deliberation, the society unanimously—

Resolved, That in the opinion of this society it is not expedient that our Pastor should leave this people for the Professorship in Yale College, to which he has been appointed; that it is not the duty of this society, as at present advised, to consent to his removal.

The society then adjourned without day.

Attest, HENRY WHITE, *Clerk*.

COMMUNICATION OF REV. MR. BACON ON THE SUBJECT OF HIS APPOINTMENT.

To the Members of the First Ecclesiastical Society in New Haven:

GENTLEMEN—I have already informed you of the fact that I have been appointed to the Professorship of Rhetoric and Oratory in Yale College. In the communication which I read to the congregation I stated the reasons by which I felt myself bound to consider the subject and to ask you to consider it also before giving any answer to the appointment.

When the proposal was first made to me informally, and arguments were used showing the importance of the call, I replied to the gentlemen who conferred with me, "If the case is as clear as you think it is, you can probably make it clear to my people; if they think that the greatest good requires them to give me up they will yield and then I will consent."

What I ask of you then is that you will first hear what the gentlemen from the college have to offer on this subject, and then after all necessary deliberation among yourselves express your judgment. I wish you to look not at the interests of the society only, nor of the college only, but at the interests of the town, of the State, of the country, and of the Church of Christ universally, and to say whether these interests in your judgment require you to give up your Pastor to this call.

Some of you, I am informed, have received the impression that my preference is to accept the invitation. Others will ask which way my inclination leads. Let me say then distinctly, I have no wish to leave you. I am not called to a higher salary, nor to a station which will be to me more honorable or less laborious. Consulting my own feelings alone, whether of affection or of interest, I should immediately determine to remain as I am.

The question will be asked, What is my opinion as to my duty in the case? I answer, if I saw it to be my duty to

accept the appointment I should say so at once, and ask you to consent to my dismission. But my own reflections on the subject have not led me to form such an opinion. I can only say, as I have already said, that I wish you to hear the whole case and then to decide for yourselves whether those great and general interests, which as citizens and as Christians we ought all to regard, require you to give up your Pastor to this call.

Respectfully and affectionately your friend and Pastor,

LEONARD BACON.

New Haven, Monday, 2d September, 1839.

Proceedings in relation to giving Rev. Dr. Bacon a Temporary Absence.

SPECIAL MEETING.

At a special meeting of the First Ecclesiastical Society in New Haven, held pursuant to legal notice at their lecture-room in Orange street, on the 15th day of July, 1850, at half-past 7 o'clock P. M. Dr. Jonathan Knight was chosen moderator. Edward I. Sanford was appointed to act as clerk of the society during the absence of Henry White, Esq.

The object of the meeting was to consider a proposition to give the Rev. Dr. Bacon a temporary respite from his labors as Pastor of the society. A communication was received from the Pastor relative to the matter, and sundry resolutions were offered.

Voted, That the members of the society present approve of the general object of the resolutions and that the same, together with the communication, be referred to a committee of three, who shall report at the next meeting.

Henry Peck, Henry Trowbridge, and Jonathan Knight were appointed such committee.

The society then adjourned to meet at the chapel in Orange street, on Monday evening, July 22, 1850, at half-past 7 o'clock.

Attest, EDWARD I. SANFORD,
Society's Clerk, pro tem.

ADJOURNED MEETING.

The society met pursuant to adjournment on Monday evening, July 22, A. D. 1850. Dr. Jonathan Knight in the chair.

The committee to whom was referred the resolutions and communication, referred to in the record of the last meeting, made verbal report that they had had under consideration the matters referred to them, and would beg leave to offer the following resolutions and reply to the Pastor's letter of the 15th.

The following is the communication presented at the last meeting, and now re-read.

To the First Ecclesiastical Society in New Haven:

GENTLEMEN—I have been informed that you are summoned to meet this evening with reference to giving your Pastor leave of absence for a few months, and it has occurred to me that some expression of my views and wishes may be not unacceptable.

You will allow me then to say that I have felt very sensibly the kindness with which many of you have proposed to me a temporary suspension of my labors among you, and a voyage across the Atlantic; I have a strong desire to visit the churches of the country from which our ancestors came, to see what a stranger can see of the state of religion there, and in some other countries of the old world. I have a yet stronger desire to visit, if possible, the various missionary stations in the countries surrounding the Mediterranean, and most of all to visit Palestine and the adjoining regions—the lands of the Bible. I have thought that at my time of life, after a quarter of a century of labors, which, however unworthily performed, have rarely been interrupted, a vacation of perhaps a twelve-month, spent amid new scenes and new excitements, may be the means of postponing for a while that decay of natural vigor which must, ere long, begin to come upon me. I have thought that in such a circle of travel as I have been led to contemplate, I might be continually increasing my resources of knowledge, and preparing myself to be more useful if God

should give me a prosperous journey and a safe return. This is what I have thought of since the subject has been proposed to me, and with great kindness urged upon me.

Whether it will be in my power to leave my family the present season is very doubtful. The protracted illness of a dear and venerable member of my family forbids me just now to leave her. But, if by the first of September next her health should be restored, I think I shall be willing to go, provided the consent of the church and society be freely given. Should there be any reluctance on your part I shall readily give up the plan. If you give your consent to my going, I shall wish to make whatever arrangements will be most satisfactory to you for the supply of my place in my absence. With a most grateful remembrance of the kindness which you have shown toward me these many years, I am, gentlemen, affectionately your friend and Pastor,

LEONARD BACON.

New Haven, July 15, 1850.

REPLY OFFERED FOR CONSIDERATION BY THE COMMITTEE.

The First Ecclesiastical Society in New Haven to Rev. Leonard Bacon, D.D.:

REV. AND DEAR SIR—This society has received your communication of the 15th of July, and given it that consideration which its importance demands. While regretting that for any cause we may be deprived for a season of your useful and valued labors among us, we are fully aware of the force of the reasons which have led you to contemplate a temporary suspension of them for the purposes mentioned in your communication to us. Believing as we do that a suspension of your arduous ministerial labors, which have been continued almost without interruption for twenty-five years, and a journey to countries so full of interest to every literary man, and especially to every Christian minister, as those which you propose to visit will promote your happiness, your health and future usefulness, we cheerfully consent to a suspension of them for such a time as may be necessary for this purpose.

We would also express the heartfelt desire that all your anticipation of present enjoyment, of increased vigor of body and mind, and of capacity for future usefulness, from the measure proposed, may be fully realized.

With much respect and esteem, your parishioners and friends, in behalf of the society.

J. KNIGHT, *Chairman.*

EDWARD I. SANFORD, *Clerk.*

New Haven, July 22, 1850.

Resolved, That the Rev. Leonard Bacon have leave to suspend his ordinary ministerial labors with this society for such a time as he may judge necessary to accomplish the objects mentioned in his recent communication to this society, and that his usual salary shall be continued to him during such suspension.

Resolved, That the society's committee be requested to provide for such expenses as may accrue in providing ministerial labor during the absence of the minister of the society.

Resolved, That a committee of five be appointed who, after consulting with our respected minister, shall have in charge the duty of providing such ministerial labor as shall be necessary during his absence, and that the society's committee be requested to appoint two of their number to be members of said committee.

Voted, That the report of the committee be accepted, and that the resolutions be passed.

In accordance with the third resolution, Dr. Jonathan Knight, Charles Robinson, Esq., and Deacon Lewis Hotchkiss were appointed as part of the committee in behalf of the society.

Extracts from a Letter from Dr. Bacon

GIVING AN ACCOUNT OF

HIS EXPERIENCE WITH THE KOORDS.

[He left Mosul for Ooroomiah in company with his son and Rev. Mr. Marsh, an American Missionary.]

Instead of pitching our tent and sleeping under the canvas, we spread our beds on the roof of a house; and after committing ourselves and the dear and distant objects of our affections to the mercies of a covenant God, we lay down to sleep with the everlasting mountains around us, and with the starry host watching in the tranquil, cloudless sky above us. The house which gave us its little flat roof for a resting place was built against the hill side, so that on the rear it was not more than four feet above the ground, and a projecting rock conveniently near served us instead of ladder or staircase. That our baggage might be safe from nocturnal pillagers, and that we and our men might sleep without any anxiety on that score, we hired an old man of the village to keep watch on the roof through the night. In the course of the night Mr. Marsh was awakened by a low sound of voices in a kind of suppressed conversation. Raising himself a little from the pillow, and propping himself on his elbow, he saw in the star-light several men—he thinks there were six—stealthily approaching the house toward one of the corners where the roof came nearest to the ground. Observing that he was awake they suddenly stopped and after exchanging a few whispers one of them came upon the roof with his gun in his hand, and without giving any answer to Mr. Marsh, who addressed him in Arabic, he entered into conversation in a low voice with our sentinel, who appears to have been asleep and just then to have waked from his slumber. By this

time I had begun to be aware that something was going on around me, and Mr. Marsh spoke to me and told me that there was a man upon the roof. Our unwelcome visitor soon descended and went off with his companions. Khudr [their servant], who had been waked from a profound and well-earned sleep, and who, like the rest of us, was not without alarm at what we had seen, enquired of our sentinel as to the meaning of all this. His report to us was that these were men of the village who, returning home at a late hour, and perceiving that there had been an arrival of strangers were curious to enquire about us. Satisfied with this explanation we slept on till morning.

But in the morning, when we were just ready to go on our way, our old watchman told us another story. The men, he now said, were from the next village on our road. They came with the intention of killing us, and were hindered from executing their purpose only because we were under his protection and in relations of hospitality with his village. He added that he had given us a different account in the night because he was unwilling to alarm us. What were we to do in these circumstances? The man, according to his own account, had no scruple about speaking falsehood, when falsehood was necessary to what he considered a good end. Whether the story of the night, or that of the morning, or some other story yet to be told, was the true one, who can decide? At the next village was an *Agha* from whom, as we had been told at Akre, it would be important to obtain a letter. To him we were expecting to present our letter from the Pooha of Mosul with a request for such an escort as might be necessary for our safety. After consultation with the muleteers and the others in our caravan, finding that in their opinion our nocturnal visitors were men of Biyeh, we determined on proceeding and hired our old man to go with us and present us to the Agha.

At the distance of about two hours from Biyeh, our road which for some time had been a narrow path between a steep ascent on one side and the steeper bank of a rivulet on the other, brought us to the base of a projecting ledge of rock, where an armed party of six men were waiting to meet us. They first addressed our guide, and seemed disposed to quarrel with him for having taken us under his protection. It was ex-

plained to them that we were going to the Agha; but after a brief conversation between them on one side and the muleteers and Khudr on the other, they refused to let us pass without a present or bakhshish of fifty piastres, a little more than two dollars. This we consented to give them, glad to escape at so cheap a rate, but we stipulated with them and they accepted our proposal, that in return for our bakhshish they should escort us to the Agha. But here arose a new difficulty. We had not so much money in our pockets and all that we and Khudr could make out was less than twenty piastres. The remainder of our traveling money was packed away among our luggage. We feared to unload a mule in the presence of such persons, whose forbearance was not likely to be proof against much temptation. Our proposal to pay a part of the money in advance and the remainder on our arrival at the Agha's house was fiercely rejected, and while we were consulting for a moment among ourselves, they hastily primed and cocked their guns; three of them placed themselves in the narrowest part of the pass before us and the other three leaped behind the rock, which served them as a parapet, and resting their long guns on the rock with a grin of fiendish delight took aim at us. Negotiation was obviously at an end. We gave them to understand that we surrendered and immediately prepared to unload the mule in order to get at the writing case in which our money was deposited. In this emergency our chief muleteer, who had at first declined rendering us any such aid, offered to loan us as much as would make up the fifty piasters; and the matter being thus adjusted we set forward under the charge of our stipendiary cohort, comforting ourselves with the thought that after all the robbers had not taken any more than the State of New Jersey would have exacted from us for the privilege of passing through her territory on a railway.

We had gone only a few rods from the place of our encounter when the men in charge of us were hailed by another party stationed near the road, and after some consultation of which we knew not the purport, a detachment from the second party was added to our escort. As we proceeded with so many around us, watching us at every step, we could not but feel that we were marching rather like prisoners than like persons guarded for their own protection.

The village began to be in sight. Its aspect was decidedly unpromising. In an isolated position, chosen obviously with something of a military eye, stood what might be called a castle —a small, rectangular building of the rudest masonry, with loop holes instead of windows, and at one end of it, a little circular tower. As we drew near the castle, men, women and children began to show themselves with evident indications of excitement. We came to the platform before the door and while we were in the act of dismounting, the rapacious scoundrels flew upon our two servants, tore from them the arms that were attached to their persons, slashing the straps and belts with their daggers, seized every thing that was in their pockets or girdles, stripped from their heads the caps which they wore, bound round with handkerchiefs like turbans—and all in a twinkling. At the same moment another snatched a handkerchief from the pocket of Mr. Marsh's linen coat, tearing out in his violence the button hole into which the corner of it was fastened, while still another tore the umbrella from the hand of my son. This was evidently a perilous place to come to, but on the appearance of the lord of the castle the process of stripping us was suddenly arrested, and something like order was restored. He was taller and evidently stronger than any of his men, with some marks of superiority in his aspect and bearing. This was the Agha to whom we had come for protection on our journey and behold we were at the mercy of a band of savage robbers.

With a motion of his hand the chief directed us to a place one or two hundred yards distant, where a spreading mulberry tree offered us some shelter from the noonday heat. Some of the savages were constantly near us, keeping guard over us. The thought occurred to some of us that perhaps the object of this movement was to have us in a more convenient place for the execution of their bloody purpose. Soon afterwards Khudr, who was the only one that understood the language of these savages, and who had been anxiously seeking information both by interrogating the muleteers and by listening to the conversation around the castle, came to us with the information that they intended to kill us. The muleteers they said, and the men with the donkeys, were Koords and would be allowed to go

where they pleased; but we were Franks and if we were permitted to escape we should bring them into trouble with the government. This was a new kind of experience to me—to all of us.

It was not without a nervous shrinking that I had seen the rifles of murderers pointed at us from behind the rocks; that, however, was only a sudden and momentary flash of peril. But here was the announcement of a deliberate purpose in regard to us. We were sentenced, as it were, to immediate and bloody death. And we were to die thus—so far away from home and country and friends.

I cast one glance upon the vast amphitheatre of mountains. I felt that I was in the presence and in the hands of Him 'who setteth fast the mountains by His power,' and without whom not a hair of our head could fall to the ground.

I will not undertake to account for it—perhaps my mind was stunned and made in some measure insensible by the announcement that our death had been determined upon. Whatever may have been the cause, I proved myself strangely tranquil and self-possessed, as if I was sure of being delivered. So it seemed to be with my companions. Not one of us gave any sign of agitation.

A moment's consultation was enough to determine what we should do. We had come to the Agha as a man having authority; we had come with a document in our hands which had given us the right to demand protection and an escort; and we immediately sent our servant to say to him that we wanted to see him either where we were or in his castle.

While Khudr was gone on this errand, as nobody was then just near enough to disturb us, the moment seemed favorable for uniting in vocal prayer. Not wishing to attract the attention of our Moslem captors, we made only a slight change of position and our supplications were made in a voice which none of them could hear. With one voice and mind we committed ourselves to the power, the care, the loving kindness of a redeeming God, to live or to die as his wisdom should determine.

We prayed that if it were consistent with his counsels, we might be delivered out of the hands of these unreasonable and wicked men; and that He in whose hands are the hearts of

men, and who can turn them as the rivers of water are turned, would so influence their thoughts, dividing their minds and turning their counsels into foolishness as to baffle their purposes and procure our deliverance. If we were then and there to die, we would die trusting in Christ and saying, Lord Jesus receive our spirits; and we prayed that whatever should befall us might turn out for the furtherance of the gospel.

We prayed for the dear ones far away, bound to us by the tenderest ties of human affection, whose faces we were perhaps never again to see among the living. For all their welfare, temporal and eternal, we committed them to our covenant God. We prayed for the dear churches in our native land in which we were especially interested, and for the universal kingdom of Christ. We prayed for those dark mountains, full of the habitations of cruelty, that the dayspring from on high might visit them, and even the men that were thirsting for our blood might put on the nature of the Lamb and learn to sit at the feet of Jesus.

When we had closed this act of worship we found Khudr waiting with an answer to our message. The Agha said it was very hot just then, we had better prepare our dinner and eat it in peace; in the cool of the day he would come and examine our baggage and take from us whatever he should choose. We could not be permitted either to pursue our intended journey or to go back to Mosul, but the next day he would send us to some other Agha in the mountains. There was nothing more for us to do. So we told Khudr to bring forth what provision there was for our dinner and prepared ourselves to eat with such appetite as we might have when food should be set before us.

Mr. Marsh had been for two or three days under the necessity of taking a few drops of laudanum before each meal; accordingly, the traveling-bag, in which I carried my little assortment of medicines, was brought and opened. The consequence was that Melul Agha, alarmed probably with the suspicion that we were attempting to conceal our money, found it convenient not to defer to the cool of the day his promised visit of inspection and appropriation. He came striding from the castle, and having satisfied himself as to the medicine-box, pro-

ceeded to search the bag from which it had been taken, and then required us to open all our baggage. In Mr. Marsh's writing-case was a bag containing 1,000 piastres (about $45.50), all that remained of the money we had taken for our journey. In my own case were sixty piastres belonging to Khudr. These sums of money, two razors, a very large pocket-knife, a few handkerchiefs, and similar articles, he took into his possession. He then directed us to pack up our goods again, which we did with all practical expedition, for his light-fingered followers hung around us in a cloud seizing whatever they could touch, when his eye was not on them. After this, he and his principal men sat down on the rock just behind, above us, and under the same shade which protected us. Our dinner was brought, and we proceeded with the eating of it, while they were evidently engaged in some grave debate of which we knew that we were the subject. We had concluded our repast before they had concluded their debate, though we were by no means in a hurry with our eating. After a while clouds suddenly gathered above us; there was a growl of thunder, and a brief yet heavy shower drove the council into the castle, while we found such shelter as we could under a huge felt garment belonging to one of our muleteers.

While the Agha and the council were in the castle, one incident occurred of which we had no knowledge until the next day. They summoned Khudr into their presence and putting a dagger to his throat required him under pain of instant death to tell what we had done with the rest of our money. He assured them that he knew we had no other money than that which they had already seized, and that we carried with us only enough for the expenses of the road to Ooroomiah. At last we saw them approaching from the castle, the chief and the throng of his followers. Our baggage underwent a new search, and in default of money large appropriations were made of our goods. Why they took so much was not wonderful, it was only strange that they took so little. Our fear was that what they left us was only designed to pay somebody else for murdering us. After this the Agha examined our persons with some formality, in the presence of his leading men, apparently appealing to them to bear witness.

At last, not far from four o'clock, we received the instruction that we were to be sent away immediately, and the mules were brought up to receive their loads. This was a relief, though as yet we knew not whither we were going. Had our removal been postponed until morning there were men enough there who would have murdered us in the night for the sake of stripping our dead bodies and settling the dispute what should be done with us. A guard of five armed men, and one old man unarmed, accompanied us. After we had traveled perhaps a mile, we passed a village and there a Christian, of one of the native sects, from Akre, came out to see us and to express his sympathy. From him our servant learned that they were taking us to a certain Mullah, who was a good man and greatly venerated, and who would be able to protect us. When we had gone perhaps an hour further a party of Koords hailed our escort from a neighboring mountain-side, and a parley took place which we did not understand. Immediately afterward, one of the donkey-men, who had been in our caravan ever since we left Akre, came up by the side of Mr. Marsh, and in a few words of broken Arabic tried to make him understand that he thought we could rely on the fidelity of our guard. Calling Khudr to interpret, we found that the party on the hill had wanted the privilege of killing us and that our escort had refused to indulge them. After these successive announcements we breathed more freely, though we were still on the look-out for some ambush or sudden assault.

It was nearly sunset when we arrived at Yeanbeh, a very small village in a deep, narrow valley, inclosed on all sides with an irregular barrier of mountains. Here we were presented to Mullah Mustapha, who came forth to meet our caravan as it approached his dwelling. Our first sight of this man prepossessed us in his favor. He stood unarmed among his unarmed villagers, and received with graceful dignity the homage of those barbarians as they successively approached and kissed his hand. He accepted courteously our more occidental salutations, and immediately conducted us to his house and showed us the terrace which we might occupy. Having seen our biyuraldeh he remarked that Mehl Agha had committed a very great error, that he would read over the document at his

leisure and in the morning would consult with us as to what should be done for our safety. We felt that God had wrought for us a wonderful deliverance; and we could not resist the belief that he would complete the work which he had begun.

We lay down and slept that night without any apprehension of danger. At the earliest hour in the morning we were honored with a visit from our host, who withdrew us to a corner, and in low, half-whispered tones informed us that two of our mules and one of the donkeys had been stolen in the night, but that he was confident he should be able to get them back in the course of the day. He then asked us about our plans. We told him that we preferred going through to Ooroomiah, which was as near as Mosul; but if we could not proceed in safety we wanted to return. He said that messages had been sent to the chiefs in every direction to kill us; that on the road to Ooroomiah he could go with us for one day's journey, but beyond that would be unable to secure our safety; that if we chose to return he would go with us a part of the way, and would send his brother to accompany us until we should be out of danger. Our determination was soon made. . . . .

On Friday, May 30, our stolen animals having been restored, we started before sunrise. Mullah Mustapha accompanied us on one of our mules, his brother, Abd el Rahman, on foot. After four or five hours we came to the village or summer encampment of another Agha, colleague as it were, and rival of Melul Agha. . . . . At last the Agha himself, Khan Abdullah, a villainous-looking old man, with a gray beard dyed red, came and took a seat beside our friend the Mullah. As he looked toward me I caught his eye and saluted him. With an ungracious look he returned the salute, and we all rose and paid our respects. After a protracted conversation between him and our friend, Khudr was called and through him Khan Abdullah informed us that if we had come alone he would have killed us, but that the presence and friendship of Mullah Mustapha was our protection. . . . .

Now for the explanation of all this. These people were on the lookout for us and were expecting to kill us. When we were seen approaching, Khan Abdullah sent one of his sons, with a sufficient number of men, to execute his purpose. They

were hindered by their Moslem reverence for the Mullah, and by his strenuously insisting that they should observe the laws of hospitality. Perceiving that the thing was not done, he sent a younger son with another party of men to hurry the business; and afterward, quite out of patience, he came himself to see what was the reason they were so long about so trifling a job. The Mullah, in the debate which followed, showed him that this might be made an occasion for putting down Melul Agha; insisted very much on our consequence and on the vengeance which the government would be compelled to take if any harm should come upon us, until at last the Khan showed to him and to Khudr a letter from an Agha, residing near Akre, to Melul Agha, giving information of our route and advising him to rob and kill us. This letter was indorsed with a note from Melul Agha to Khan Abdullah informing him that he had robbed us in part and advising him to take what was left and kill us. Messages of the same tenor had been sent in every direction.

DR. BACON'S RETIREMENT.

Action of the Society.

At the annual meeting of the society held in December, 1865, a committee was appointed to consider the Pastor's suggestions in his sermon of the previous March, who reported to an adjourned meeting.

The society met pursuant to adjournment, at the meeting-house of the society, on Monday, February 5, 1866, at 7½ o'clock P. M.

Charles Robinson was appointed moderator.

The committee appointed, at the meeting of the society held January 10, 1866, to take into consideration the suggestions made by the Pastor, in his anniversary sermon preached in March last, presented the following report:

The committee appointed by the first Ecclesiastical Society, to take into consideration the communication made by the Pastor to the church and society, in the month of March last, with respect to his pastoral relations, respectfully report:

That three topics, in particular, seemed to them to require to be considered, namely: first, the question of acquiescing, or not, in the wish expressed by the Pastor, in that communication, to be relieved of the responsibilities of his pastoral relations; secondly, in case that question should be decided affirmatively, whether or not that particular mode of proceeding, with a view to the relief of the Pastor, suggested in that communication, should be adopted; and thirdly, in the event of the retirement of the Pastor from the duties of his office, what provision should be made for him by the society, as an expression of their respect and affection; and that, accordingly, after much conference and discussion, the committee have agreed, unanimously, to recommend to the society, for its adoption, the following resolutions:

First, That, appreciating the distinguished abilities of our Pastor, and seeing no symptoms of decline of power which should lead him to wish for relief, we nevertheless deem it proper and expedient that his desire to be relieved of all charge and responsibility in the pastoral relation as exercised by him, in his communication to the church and society of last March and repeated to our committee, be complied with, as soon as suitable provisions for that end shall have been made.

Second, As regards the method of proceeding in this matter, that, in our opinion, for the interests of the church and society, and for preserving that entire harmony of feeling which now exists between our respected Pastor and ourselves, a successor in the pastoral office, over this church and society, in case of a vacancy, is preferable to any sort of colleague; and yet that, while we would remove thus from the Pastor all weight of responsibility for our future welfare, we shall desire and hope to be aided, in our new relations, by his kind counsel and judgment.

Third, That, in consideration of our Pastor's long-continued and faithful labors among us, and his eminently useful ministry, not only in immediate connection with ourselves, but also in wider relations, as well to the community in which we live as to our State and country, and with a view to the expression of our affectionate respect, and of our solicitude that his later years should not be burthened with the necessity of work for which he may feel his strength inadequate, a committee be appointed to devise some suitable provision for our Pastor's remaining years after the termination of his ministry among us.

EDWARD E. SALISBURY, HENRY TROWBRIDGE,
E. C. SCRANTON, ELI WHITNEY,
H. C. KINGSLEY, WILLIS BRISTOL,
ALEXANDER C. TWINING.

New Haven, January, 1866.

The report of the committee was accepted, the resolutions reported by them were taken up separately, and passed as reported by the committee, with the exception of the third, which was amended by inserting after the word "country" the words "and to the church at large," and as amended was passed.

The committee contemplated by the third resolution was then appointed, consisting of Edward E. Salisbury, E. C. Scranton, H. C. Kingsley, Henry Trowbridge, Eli Whitney, Willis Bristol and Alexander C. Twining, who were instructed to furnish to the Pastor a copy of the resolutions.

Attest: EDWARD I. SANFORD,
Society's Clerk.

ADJOURNED MEETING.

The society met pursuant to adjournment, at the meeting-house of the society, on Monday, March 5th, 1866, at 7½ P. M.

Nathaniel A. Bacon, moderator.

The committee appointed at the last meeting to devise some suitable provision for the Pastor, after the termination of his ministry, made report that having given the subject due consideration, they recommended the passage of the following resolutions:

First, That in the event of Rev. Dr. Bacon's resignation of the pastoral office over the First Church and Society in New Haven, agreeably to the wish for relief from all pastoral duties and responsibilities expressed by him in his communication to the church and society of last March, and to the action of this society thereupon, at an adjourned meeting held on the 5th day of February, 1866, this society will continue to pay to him, after said resignation shall have been tendered and accepted, the sum of one thousand dollars, annually, so long as he shall live, from its accruing income.

Second, That this society will proceed to raise by subscription a fund of ten thousand dollars at least, as a further provision for Rev. Dr. Bacon, in the event of his resignation of the pastoral office, and the acceptance thereof by the church and society, the income of said fund to be paid to him, annually, during his life, after such resignation and acceptance, and the principal to be distributed, at his death, among members of his family surviving him, in the manner and proportions which may be specified in his last will and testament; and that the said fund, so long as it shall remain undistributed as aforesaid, shall be under the care of the managers of the ministerial fund of

this society, for the time being, and that, in the opinion of this society, the pastoral office should not be resigned by Rev. Dr. Bacon until after said fund shall have been raised.

Third, That a committee be appointed to receive subscriptions to the fund proposed in the next preceding resolution.

The report of the committee was accepted and the resolutions passed.

The following persons were then appointed the committee contemplated by the third of said resolutions, viz:

ALEXANDER C. TWINING,	ELI WHITNEY,
HENRY TROWBRIDGE,	CHESTER S. LYMAN.

There being no further business, the meeting then adjourned without day.

Attest: EDWARD I. SANFORD,
Society's Clerk.

SPECIAL MEETING.

At a special meeting of the First Ecclesiastical Society in New Haven, held pursuant to legal notice at their new chapel, on Monday, August 20th, 1866, at 7½ o'clock P. M.

Nathaniel A. Bacon was appointed moderator.

Charles B. Whittlesey was appointed clerk *pro tem.*

The call for the meeting was then read as follows:

A special meeting of the First Ecclesiastical Society in New Haven will be held at their new chapel, on Monday, August 20th, at 7½ o'clock P. M., to hear the report of the committee appointed at the last regular meeting of the society; also to consider a communication from the Pastor to the society, and to take action thereon, and to do any other business proper to be done at said meeting.

New Haven, August 14th, 1866.

The committee appointed at the last meeting then made report as follows:

The committee appointed by the First Ecclesiastical Society of New Haven, at their adjourned meeting on the 5th day of March last, "to receive subscriptions to the fund proposed," as a further provision for Rev. Dr. Bacon, respectfully report:

That the committee prepared and extensively circulated a printed circular for the members and congregation of the First Ecclesiastical Society of New Haven relating the action of the society at its several meetings, and especially the resolutions, in full, at the last named meeting; also a few remarkable points of the society's history under the pastorship of Rev. Dr. Bacon; a copy of this circular (dated April 17th, 1866) is herewith reported. Between that date and the month of July subscriptions were raised to the amount of ten thousand and eighty-three dollars, "due and payable to the society, in manner as subscribed, whenever the said Pastor (Rev. Dr. Bacon) shall have resigned the pastoral office, and his resignation has been accepted" by the society. The subscription books, with the subscriptions stamped with due cancellation in the name of the society, is herewith reported. Since July the amount subscribed has been raised to ten thousand one hundred and thirty-three dollars, and there is a prospect of further increase.

The cash expenses of the committee in raising the subscription have been as follows:

For printed circulars, as by bill presented,	$11.00
For subscription books, . . .	.75
For envelopes and stamps by mail, .	2.50
For stamps for subscriptions, . .	2.50
Amount, ...	$16.75

The present number of subscribers is fifty-one. Four have subscribed one thousand dollars each; seven, five hundred dollars each; three, from two hundred to one hundred and fifty each; eleven, one hundred each; nine, twenty-five each; fifteen, fifty each; with a few smaller sums from different individuals.

New Haven, August 20th, 1866.

By order of the committee,

ALEX. C. TWINING, *Chairman.*

The following is the copy of the printed circular referred to in the foregoing report of the committee:

Circular, for the Members and the Congregation of the First Ecclesiastical Society of New Haven.

The undersigned, a committee of the First Ecclesiastical Society of New Haven, appointed at an adjourned meeting of that society, on the fifth day of March, 1866, to carry out one essential part of an arrangement concerning the prospective retirement of their Pastor, the Rev. Dr. Bacon, address this circular to yourself, with others, in performing the duty committed to them.

You are aware that this arrangement was originated by a proposal and request of the Pastor himself, made from the pulpit in March of the year 1865. He, at that time, having fulfilled a ministry of forty years in this church, made known his desire to be relieved while his vigor for labor was yet unimpaired. No immediate action, however, was urged by him, and the society, on its part, not knowing any other reason for a change than was created by their Pastor's own request, the subject was not acted on till the annual meeting near the beginning of the present year, at which time a decent regard to the Pastor's feelings required that his request should be considered. The result, it is well known, was that the society acceded to the reasonableness of the request, met the same by a brief expression of their own views respecting the manner of the change when it should come, and appointed a committee of seven to consider and report upon the best arrangement for carrying out the purpose thus mutually agreed upon.

This action of the society, when thereupon communicated to Dr. Bacon, was found to be satisfactory to his feelings and accordant with his views. On the fifth day of March last the committee made their report to the society at its adjourned meeting. The society accepted the report, and adopted in full the following resolutions:

Resolved—First, That in the event of Dr. Bacon's resignation of the pastoral office over the First Church and Society in New Haven, agreeably to the wish for relief from all pastoral duties and responsibilities expressed by him in his communication to the church and society of last March, and to the action of this society thereupon at an adjourned meeting held on the

fifth day of February, 1866, this Society will continue to pay to him, after said resignation shall have been tendered and accepted, the sum of one thousand dollars, annually, so long as he shall live, from its accruing income.

Second, That the society will proceed to raise by subscription a fund of ten thousand dollars, at least, as a further provision for Rev. Dr. Bacon, in the event of his resignation of the pastoral office, and the acceptance thereof by the church and society, the income of said fund to be paid to him annually, during his life, after such resignation and acceptance, and the principal to be distributed at his death among members of his family surviving him, in the manner and proportions which may be specified in his last will and testament; and that the said fund, so long as it shall remain undistributed as aforesaid, shall be under the care of the managers of the ministerial fund of this society for the time being; and that, in the opinion of this society, the pastoral office should not be resigned by Rev. Dr. Bacon until after said fund shall have been raised.

Third, That a committee be appointed to receive subscriptions to the fund proposed, in the next preceding resolution.

Finally, The undersigned were appointed a committee to obtain the subscription contemplated in the above second resolution of the society; which measure, it will be seen, is a necessary pre-requisite to the validity and effect of the arrangements. It is ascertained that the arrangement itself is satisfactory to the Pastor.

Therefore, fellow members of the society and congregation, we ask of you to contribute of your liberality and means to this expression of confidence and affection towards our long tried and faithful Pastor. Forty years—and now full forty-one years of such work as he has performed for our society, is a great and worthy record. He came to us, like his two immediate predecessors, a young man who had never borne a like burden. He found the work, as they had found it, all that he could do. But he carried it through, or rather he was, by Divine help, carried through it. The mutual feelings of the committee, of the society, and of the church would hardly be satisfied should we fail to recur, although in the briefest possible manner, to certain prominent particulars of our society's history through

the intervening period up to the present time. The Center Church, in that period, besides sustaining its own membership and ministry, has contributed largely to the formation of five other churches in New Haven, and two in the suburbs. More than half the original members of the Third Church in 1826, were from this church. The colored members of what is now the Temple Street Church were, with few exceptions, dismissed from this to form that church in 1829. The College Street Church in 1831, was originated by a few young men, most of whom went out from the First Church. The Chapel Street Church, at its beginning in 1838, received a large portion of its membership from the same. The Davenport Church of 1862, was a missionary enterprise sustained by this church principally. To these may be added the Fair Haven Church, in 1830, and the Westville Church in 1832, a large fraction of whose membership, in both instances, was received from this church; and in the latter, a majority of its members it is believed. More than thirty members of this church, since 1825, have become ministers of the gospel. Within ourselves we find that of the original membership of about four hundred and fifty, only about forty remain in this church, and about half as many besides with other churches. During the whole forty-one years, twelve hundred and seventy-five persons have been received to communion, of whom six hundred and nine were admitted on profession of their faith, about sixty more than the whole number, forty-one years ago.

The amount of work which has been done outside for the church at large, and for the country, is incalculable, and no small part of it has been by and through the Pastor. Of his sons whom death has spared, we need not tell the number he has supplied to the sacred ministry, and to the defense of the country. Neither need we say that, in what remains of his work, for the church universal, whatever it shall be that employs the yet unabated vigor of his intellect and heart, the First Church and society will have and will feel a property and possession. The committee desire to present it as the point of immediate interest and importance, that the Pastor—the Rev. Dr. Bacon—should have full opportunity for this work, and not be hindered by want or by anxieties respecting his pecun-

iary means. It will be seen that the least sum which, in the society's judgment will meet this necessity, is ten thousand dollars, contributed and appropriated in the manner described above. We only add, that circumstances, in our opinion, justify and make advisable a yet larger subscription, and that, notwithstanding the obvious fact, that a principal part of the whole must be raised in large subscriptions, we think it appropriate and important that all should participate in the act, in such sums as their means allow.

New Haven, Connecticut, April 17, 1866.

ALEXANDER C. TWINING,
HENRY TROWBRIDGE,
ELI WHITNEY,
C. S. LYMAN.

On motion the report of the committee was accepted.

The following communication from the pastor was received and read:

To the First Ecclesiastical Society in New Haven:

BRETHREN AND FRIENDS—The unexpected but characteristic liberality with which you have met my request to be relieved, either partly or entirely from the labors of the pastoral office, before increasing infirmity shall make me unwilling to be so relieved, requires the most grateful acknowledgment on my part. Your kindness permits me to escape from the painful dread of seeing the prosperity of this ancient society declining, in the decline which must soon come upon me.

I might find many reasons for postponing my resignation of the responsibilities which I have sustained so long, but I am convinced that your interests as a religious society will be promoted by the introduction of another Pastor in my place without any further delay. I see no probability that any measures will be taken in that direction while I continue to act as your Pastor.

At the same time, I find myself invited to a work which I neither expected or desired, but in which, being associated with colleagues in the prime and vigor of life, I may hope to serve for a while; but in which, my experience as a minister of the gospel may be made useful to students for the ministry.

Therefore, in conformity with your votes at your adjourned meeting held on the 5th of February, 1866, I hereby resign the pastoral office in the First Church and Society in New Haven, from and after the second Sabbath in September next, which will complete forty-one years and a half since my installation. I accept with hearty gratitude the provision you have made for me, according to your votes passed on the 5th day of March last.

"Commending you to God and to the word of His grace, which is able to build you up, and to give you an inheritance among all them which are sanctified," I am, with grateful affection, and with unceasing prayer for you all, your friend and servant in Christ, LEONARD BACON.

New Haven, Connecticut, August, 1866.

On motion, the resignation was unanimously accepted, and the foregoing communication ordered to be placed on file.

Voted, That this society ratify the proceedings of the committee in obtaining the subscription for the benefit of Dr. Bacon, and accept said subscription, and will appropriate the same according to the terms of subscription.

Voted, That the subscription-book be lodged with the archives of the society; also, that the names of the subscribers, with the circular accompanying the same, be entered upon the records of the society.

Voted, That a collector be appointed to receive the subscriptions obtained and to be obtained, to the fund for Rev. Dr. Bacon, and hand over the same when collected, to the managers of the ministerial fund.

Alexander C. Twining was appointed collector, pursuant to the foregoing vote.

On motion, Alexander C. Twining was appointed a committee to communicate to Dr. Bacon the action of the society accepting his resignation. The meeting then adjourned.

The foregoing record is made from the minutes of C. B. Whittlesey, clerk pro tem.

Attest, EDWARD I. SANFORD, *Clerk.*

On Sunday, August 26, 1866, the church held a meeting, the record of which is as follows:

At an assembly of the First Church in New Haven, appointed by the Senior Deacon, with the advice of a majority of the deacons, and held immediately after the morning service to-day, a communication having been made relating to and explaining the mutual action of the Ecclesiastical Society and their Pastor, the Rev. Dr. Bacon, concerning the pastorship, it was—

Resolved, That Deacon Henry White and Henry Trowbridge are hereby appointed on the part of this church to communicate to their Pastor, the Rev. Leonard Bacon, the deep feeling with which they have received information of his resignation of the pastoral office; also the acquiescence of this church in the transactions between the Pastor and the Ecclesiastical Society, and in the issue of the same, although not of our seeking or desiring; and our request that after the pastoral office shall have become vacant, as now appointed, the Pastor mutually with ourselves will continue in prayer that the Head of the Church will in due time provide for this church an able and faithful minister of his own choosing.

The above was approved and passed by vote without dissent.

Attest, L. J. SANFORD, *Clerk.*

At the annual meeting of the society held December 28, 1874, the following vote was unanimously passed:

Voted, That we tender the thanks of this society to the Rev. Dr. Leonard Bacon for his continued kindness and attention to the members of the First Church and congregation, and tender to him the sum of five hundred dollars, and beg him to accept the same as a feeble testimonial of our love and respect.

The meeting then adjourned *sine die.*

Attest, ROGER S. WHITE, *Society's Clerk.*

The following letter was received from the Rev. Dr. Leonard Bacon in response to the vote of the society passed at the annual meeting held December 28, 1874:

To the First Ecclesiastical Society of New Haven:

My Beloved Friends—Your vote of December 28, 1874, has been communicated to me, and with it your generous and most unexpected gift. For such a testimonial of love and respect from those whom it has been my happiness to serve in the gospel, I would render thanks not to them only but to God who has given me favor in their sight far beyond my deserving.

While I am permitted to remain among you and have health and strength for any work, I trust that all members of the congregation—those to whom I am comparatively a stranger, as well as those with whom I was connected in the days of my more active ministry—will remember that I count it my privilege to be regarded as their servant for Christ's sake, and to be called upon, especially in the absence of another Pastor, to perform every pastoral service not inconsistent with my actual engagements in the Divinity College.

The provision which you made for the relief and comfort of my old age, when you consented to my retirement from the charge of the parish, binds me to serve you as I may have opportunity; and this fresh testimony of kindness to your old Pastor renews and increases the obligation.

With prayer for God's blessing upon all your families and upon every soul among you, I am gratefully yours,

LEONARD BACON.

New Haven, January 16, 1875.

The annual meeting of the First Ecclesiastical Society in New Haven was held pursuant to legal notice at their chapel on Wednesday, December 28, 1881, at 7½ o'clock P. M.

Mr. Charles Thompson was chosen moderator.

In consequence of the death of Rev. Dr. Bacon, which occurred on Saturday morning, the 24th inst., it was, on motion of Mr. Thomas R. Trowbridge, voted to adjourn for one week to Wednesday, January 4, 1882, at 7½ o'clock P. M.

Attest, ROGER S. WHITE,
Society's Clerk.

At the adjourned meeting the following votes were passed:

Voted, That a mural tablet, either of brass or marble, be placed in the audience-room of Center Church which will be to ourselves, our children, and our children's children a constant reminder of the noble life, untiring zeal, and faithful ministration of our late revered Pastor, Rev. Dr. Leonard Bacon.

Voted, That a committee of three be appointed to arrange for the tablet, and also be authorized to confer with the family of the late Pastor in reference to the inscription which will be placed upon it.

Mr. Thomas R. Trowbridge, Mr. Robert B. Bradley, and Mr. John C. Ritter were then chosen the committee in accordance with the above vote.

SERMON

PREACHED BY LEONARD BACON, MARCH 13, 1825.

II. CORINTHIANS, ii. 16.—WHO IS SUFFICIENT FOR THESE THINGS?

To-day, my beloved friends, I am permitted, in the providence of God, to commence my public services among you, as the minister of Jesus Christ, and your Pastor. I am entering into the labors of a long succession of able and faithful ministers who have adorned your Zion from the days of the Pilgrims until now. I am called to preside over a church which God has ever delighted to bless with the outpourings of his spirit. I am called to labor for the salvation of a people who have long been thoroughly instructed in the doctrines of the gospel, and who have often testified that they value and revere the institutions of religion. I am called to labor for the cause of our Redeemer, in a city, where my efforts should be connected in a special degree with the progress of that cause throughout our wide and growing country, and throughout the world. I look around me on the duties which I must perform and the responsibilities which I must sustain. I look within on the unworthiness which I feel and the infirmities under which I must struggle. I look forward to the troubles that must perplex my efforts and the trials that must assail my spirit. Who is sufficient for these things?

On any ordinary occasion, the words of my text might lead me to discuss, in abstract and general terms, the responsibilities, and the trials and the insufficiency of the Christian ministry.

But if I should pursue such a course on the present occasion, I should do injustice to my own feelings, and I doubt not to yours. I trust that I shall receive your willing attention while I speak to you freely, plainly, and without reserve, as the relation into which we have entered demands; and tell you what it is which I am called to do among you, what I am who am called to do it, and what it is which may be expected to discourage me in doing it. In other words, I mean to be specific and personal in telling you of what will be the duties, the weaknesses, and the trials of him whom you have chosen, and whom God in his providence has sent among you to be your minister.

In looking at the duties which I am to perform among you the first topic which demands our attention is the public preaching of the gospel. God—said the Apostle to the Corinthians—"hath given to us the ministry of reconciliation; to wit: that God was in Christ reconciling the world unto himself, not imputing their trespasses unto them. Now then we are ambassadors for Christ, as though God did beseech you by us: we pray you in Christ's stead be ye reconciled to God. For he hath made him to be sin for us, who knew no sin, that we might be made the righteousness of God in him." Let these words be understood in all that they say and in all that they imply, and you will understand what is the substance of the gospel which I am to preach among you—what is the importance and responsibility of my employment as a preacher—what must be the purpose of my preaching—and what is the great motive which I must urge upon you for the attainment of this purpose.

The substance of the gospel which is committed to me is the great doctrine of reconciliation; to wit: God in Christ reconciling the world unto himself. In the inculcation of this doctrine, it will be my duty to unfold before you the character of God who created all worlds by his power, who governs all intelligent beings by his law, who directs all events by his providence. I must tell you of his power, his presence, his wisdom, his love, his sovereignty and his justice. I must lead you to behold him in the infinite excellence and the incomprehensible glory of his being that you may know who it is that is reconciling the world unto himself. I must array before you the character of the world—showing you how fearfully it is at variance with God's

law and with God's character. I must tell you of your own guilt—your own entire depravity, that you may know who they are whom God is reconciling unto himself. I must tell you of Christ in the infinite dignity of his person—God manifest in the flesh;—in the endearing tenderness of his relation to us—the high priest who can be touched with the feeling of our infirmities;—and in the mysterious and touching sublimity of his great work when he offered up himself for the sins of the world—a lamb without spot or blemish—that you may know in whom God is reconciling the world unto himself. I must tell you of that Holy Spirit which God, in the exercise of his sovereignty, gives freely to the unworthy and rebellious, not imputing their trespasses unto them, but dealing with them as though they were worthy, sanctifying their affections by his grace, and bringing them at last to heaven:—that you may know how it is that God in Christ is reconciling the world unto himself.

"Now then we are ambassadors for Christ, as though God did beseech you by us." When I stand before you in this holy place, I stand in the exercise of a high and holy office. I stand before you as the ambassador of Christ to plead with you in his name. My words should be the expression of his will; and if so, they are as though God did beseech you by me. When I stand in this pulpit, I am to speak in the name of the Lord; and when I come here to do my Master's business, I am not to seek your approbation, or to tremble at the thought of your displeasure, I am to have before my thought no approbation but his, no fear but the fear of his tribunal, no interests but the interests of his kingdom and of the souls for whom he died. I am to think of nothing but my Lord and the errand on which he has sent me.

And my errand is this. "I beseech you in Christ's stead, be ye reconciled unto God." The purpose of my preaching here must be nothing else than to make you completely reconciled to the God with whom you are at variance. I must persuade you to forsake your sins, to renounce your selfishness, to put off all sensual and worldly affections, and to live not for yourselves, but for God, who demands of all his creatures the heart unpolluted—the affections undivided. All this is implied in a com-

plete reconciliation to him, and all this must be included in my purpose. I must not only plead with the impenitent to bring them to repentance; but I must also stimulate and lead on the followers of Jesus to a higher and still higher elevation of Christian character, to a purer holiness and a more entire devotedness. No, my brethren, I must never give over beseeching you in Christ's stead be ye reconciled to God, till you have all become pure in heart, perfect in example, unwearied in obedience, and zealous in enterprise like the saints in heaven, or like the spirits that minister before the throne.

And this is the grand motive which I am to urge on your attention for the attainment of this purpose. God hath made him who knew no sin to be a sin offering for us, that we might be righteous in the sight of God through him. I am to beseech you by the mercies of God—by his love in Christ—by the exhibition which he has made of his character and his authority in that great sacrifice for sin. All my preaching must be designed to bring you to Christ. It must begin and end with Christ. "Christ, none but Christ."

But the public preaching of the word will not be my only duty as your minister. It must indeed be regarded as my great business, and the work of preparation for my public efforts must mainly occupy my studies and my cares. This you will above all things require of your minister; and this my duty to my Master demands. But at the same time, your feelings and mine, and the business of my office demand that I should cultivate a personal friendship with you all—that I should visit you from house to house—that I should be known in all your families—that I should become acquainted, so far as may be, with all your characters and circumstances and wants, and thus be able to adapt my instructions and entreaties, my warnings and reproofs, my counsels and my prayers, to each individual among you. This duty of pastoral intercourse, though it may be less important than some other official duties, and though its demands on my attention may be less imperious, is not to me on that account the less oppressive in its responsibility, or the less difficult in its performance, I must converse with all, and excite the interest and gain the attention of all—the old, bowed down with infirmity and heavy with years—the middle-aged, engrossed

with business and perplexed with cares—the youth, exulting in strength and buoyant with expectation—the child, artless in its ignorance and thoughtless in its exuberance of life. I must adapt myself to every variety of moral character. The objector must be met wisely, and in the spirit of meekness. The open transgressor must be reproved. The careless must be addressed. The trembling sinner must be led to him who is the sinner's friend, and as the shadow of a great rock in a weary land. The wandering Christian must be sought out and brought to the fold of Christ. The doubting Christian must be instructed patiently and diligently till all his scruples are removed. The selfish Christian must be excited to deeds of benevolence. The indolent Christian must be roused. The active Christian must be urged on to a more entire devotedness. I must meet you too in every variety of condition as well as in every diversity of character;—in prosperity and in distress—in health and in sickness—in the day of bereavement and in the hour of death. All this, you see, requires a versatility of talent, and a kindness and patience and firmness of disposition, which God has given only to a few. And therefore I say that this duty is to me appalling in prospect, as it must be oppressive in its performance.

On this topic I must be permitted to add a few words of caution. People who love their minister often embarrass him and not unfrequently bring him into circumstances of great temptation by their kindness. They wish to see him always among them not only as their pastor but as one of themselves,—entering into all their projects, sharing in all their pleasures, and even, it may be, taking a part in their amusements. Now the minister who does this neglects his duty, and, generally if not always, loses some part of the official sanctity of his character. His duties demand all his time and soul, and his public character demands that his hours of relaxation—if he has any—should be his own and should be spent in such retirement as his own discretion shall choose. I ask you therefore to look on me as your pastor, and never to forget the duties of my pastoral relation. In that relation I must visit you. I must be seen in the house of mourning—in the chamber of sickness—by the bed of death;—but, I pray you, do not ask to see me in the circle of gaity, or at the banquet of mirth. I am your minister,

and if you knew your minister as well as I do, you would not seek to lead him into temptation.

Another important part of my duty as your minister will be, to lead in the discipline and all the proceedings of the church. Every minister is the pastor of his church, that is, he is placed over it as a shepherd, for supply, for guidance, for defence. He is its bishop—that is—he is commissioned as its overseer, for watchful superintendence and constant direction. He is in some important sense responsible to God for its purity and prosperity. But at present there is neither time nor occasion for me to dwell particularly on this part of my official duty—for I have many other things to speak of, and I trust that the simple mention of it will be enough to bring before you distinctly, its perplexing labors, and its fearful responsibility.

The duties of which I have now spoken are such as a minister owes directly to the church and people committed to his own especial charge. But if I do what you expect of your pastor, and what God requires of his ministers, I must do more than this. You would not wish to have a minister who should be unknown and whose influence should be unfelt beyond the limits of this congregation. And God demands of me, if I am to stand here on the battlements of Zion, that I be ready—ever ready to lift up my voice in concert with my fellow-watchmen far and near. As each individual church is an integral part of that great community the kingdom of God on earth, so every pastor has duties to perform not only to the individual church over which he is placed, but also to the great kingdom of God with which his own church is connected. The kingdom of God in all its members, is one; and it is carrying on a war with the kingdom of darkness—a war which calls for strength, for forecast, for contrivance, for unity of action—a war which must have no truce but in conquest, no conclusion but in perfect victory. In this war every minister of Jesus is enlisted as a soldier; and to the general interests of the cause he owes all that he can do, according to the talents which God has given him and the circumstances in which God has placed him. This warfare is continued from generation to generation, and in our day the battle waxes fierce, and the trumpet call is loud and shrill and of no uncertain sound. The armies of Immanuel are

gathering force; and their great captain is leading them on, from conquering and to conquer. This warfare is carried on through the world, wherever the banner of the gospel has been spread out on the winds of heaven. And in our country all the circumstances of the conflict are such as hold forth at once the signal for effort and the promise of success. What these circumstances are I need not attempt to say, for without going into detail we can all easily see enough to warrant the conclusion, that in such an age and in such a country as this, every minister has much to do for the prosperity and the progress of the church universal—for the triumph of religion at home and the extension of the gospel through the world. And what a weight of responsibility does this reflection bring down on me. It is a great thing to be a minister. But to be a minister in the nineteenth century—to be a minister in a country like ours—to be a minister here, where my efforts ought to have an immediate and a mighty bearing on the triumph of the gospel through our land and through the world—O it is a fearful thing. Who is sufficient?

You see something of the labors which your minister must perform, and something of the responsibilities which he must sustain. And yet these responsibilities which might crush the spirit of an angel, and these labors which might exhaust the powers of a seraph, are laid on man, weak, sinful man—on me. And this leads me to speak of myself in my unworthiness and my infirmities, which I would do in all frankness of heart, and with entire confidence in your affection.

It would be useless for me on this occasion, to descant at length on the frailty of human nature, or the deep depravity of the human heart. Equally vain would it be to tell you that human frailty ever remains till the soul rises from its prison-house of clay; or that human depravity expires, even in the Christian, only with the last pulsation of expiring mortality. This you know—this methinks you can never forget; and you know too that your minister is human, encompassed with all the infirmities incident to man, and stained with all the sinfulness of our common nature. But sometimes men, in their partial judgment of an individual whom they love, while they acknowledge that he is a partaker in the common frailty and

depravity of human nature, seem to forget that his share in human frailty is something real, consisting in the peculiar infirmities of his individual character, and that his share in human depravity is equally a reality, and consists in the particular modifications of his individual corruption. Of this it is proper that I should remind you on the present occasion. You may be prone to forget it; but it is nevertheless so true that my language is not too strong when I say that the numberless diversities of individual character are little else than the diversities of human weakness and guilt. And when Paul said, "we have this treasure in earthen vessels," he meant to imply that the preaching of the gospel is committed to frail and sinful beings, and that every individual minister has his own infirmities and his own corruptions. One minister has too little versatility of character for the variety of his functions. Another has too much to accomplish anything either for his own improvement or for the cause to which he is devoted. One is chained down by an unconquerable indolence; another feels the fires of an unholy ambition ever kindling and burning within him. One would seem to be incurably tainted with avarice; another is equally distinguished by a native prodigality of temper. One is so entirely professional in his habits that he has no sympathy with men; another is perpetually beguiled and drawn aside by the fascinations of literature. One is morose in his disposition, and uncommunicative in his manners; another injures the cause of his Redeemer by the ungovernable gayety of his spirit, and the unrestrained levity of his conversation. One is phlegmatic, and another is passionate. One is too timid for action, and another too impetuous for deliberation.

You all know this, for it is a thing exposed to your daily observation. I know it too, as well as you do. You know too —and I would not have you forget for a moment—that your minister must be like other ministers, frail and sinful. And the longer you know me, the more distinct will be your conceptions, and the more thorough your conviction of this. I have long been convinced of my infirmity and my depravity; but never was my conviction so impressive as it is now, when I look at myself, and at the commission which I am called to

execute. How true is it that we have this treasure in earthen vessels. I speak not of youthful immaturity and youthful inexperience; for it is good for a man to bear the yoke in his youth—it is good for a man to acquire experience, and to learn the full compass of his powers, by the greatest and the earliest efforts;—and he who would accomplish high purposes of good, in the brief period of human life, must begin betimes to do with his might whatsoever his hand findeth to do. I speak of what I feel within me, and of what others have observed in my conduct—of constitutional frailties and unsubdued corruptions. What they are I need not attempt to say—for if you know them not already, you will soon know them all, and better perhaps than I shall ever know them. Of such things as these I speak—of the thousand temptations that will beset me in all my paths, and against which I must struggle—under all this weight of responsibilty—to the end. Who is sufficient for these things?

Who that is thus encompassed with infirmity, and burdened with guilt, can endure discouragement in such a work as this? And yet, when I look forward to the years that I must spend among you, it requires no prophetic wisdom to descry the perplexities and trials that will conspire to hedge up my path and to overwhelm my spirit. Blessed be God that I know but little of the things that must befall me here. Blessed be God who ever covers with clouds and shadows the coming trials of our pilgrimage. But who, that looks backward with cool reflection, and then forward with serious thoughtfulness, needs any monitor to tell him that "we spend our years as a tale that is told," or that each successive year will come over him with its own oppressive griefs and withering disappointments? So when I look forward with deliberate thought to the years that I am to spend among you, I can see that they must be "few and evil";—I can see that they may be very few, and I can know that every one of them will bring with it its own weight of affliction. It would be inappropriate on this occasion to speak of such trials as are common to all—of personal afflictions,—bereavement, and disappointment, and distress. Equally inappropriate, and altogether ungenerous would it be to anticipate the time, which I trust will never come, when the kindness of my people shall

have passed away, and the coldness of disregard, or the sternness of dislike shall be found instead of the affection which I now read in those looks of gladness, and hear in those tones of love with which you bid me welcome. I would describe to you, if I could, the sorrows, and discouragements, and trials peculiar to my office. I would tell you how the minister must share in all the sorrows of his flock, till every affliction and every grief of theirs becomes his own. I would tell how discouraging it must be, in the midst of all his labors, to feel that imbecility and that unworthiness of which I have just been speaking. I would tell how sore must be the trial of his faith, and how deeply painful to all his tenderest feelings, when he sees the souls for whose salvation he labors and prays,—going onward and downward to death. But I know not where to begin; and if I should attempt it now, the time would fail me before I could know where to end.

Let me conclude, then, for this morning, with one brief request; and I make this request in view of all that has been said. Brethren, pray for me. Who is sufficient for these things? I am not. You know that I am not. You may do whatever your affection prompts, to cheer me on in the performance of my duties. Over my infirmities and faults you may spread the mantle of your love. You may seek to give me consolation under the discouragements and sorrows that will conspire to overwhelm me. But all this will be of little avail. Your affection, your forbearance, your sympathy cannot gird me with almighty power. Who is sufficient for these things? —"I can do all things through Christ strengthening me." To all among you, then, I say, brethren, pray for me. In the little circle for social prayer, let your Pastor be remembered. In the morning and evening worship of every family, let supplication be made for him. In the retirement of every closet let his image mingle with your thoughts; and when you get nearest to the throne, let his name ascend with your most fervent aspirations. Then my labor among you will not be in vain. When "I publish the name of the Lord," "my doctrine shall drop as the rain and my speech shall distill as the dew." I shall appear before you arrayed in the salvation of our God, and all his saints will shout aloud for joy.

[The following note is on the fly-leaf of the sermon.]

N. B.—I wish it to be understood that when I preach a sermon like this—*occasional* in its subject and design, I shall be entirely willing to lend the manuscript to *all* such members of the society as feel a particular desire to read it. But the inconveniences and losses, which many ministers experience from the practice of *lending all their sermons*, are so many and so great that I hope none will require it of me.

SERMON

PREACHED ON HIS SIXTY-THIRD BIRTHDAY, BY
REV. LEONARD BACON, D.D.

THE MEASURE OF OUR DAYS.

PREACHED FEB. 19, 1865.

PSALM XXXIX. 4, 5.—LORD, MAKE ME TO KNOW MINE END, AND THE MEASURE OF MY DAYS, WHAT IT IS; THAT I MAY KNOW HOW FRAIL I AM. BEHOLD, THOU HAST MADE MY DAYS AS A HAND-BREADTH, AND MINE AGE IS AS NOTHING BEFORE THEE: VERILY EVERY MAN AT HIS BEST STATE IS ALTOGETHER VANITY.

In another Psalm, "the measure of our days" is more definitely spoken of:—"The days of our years are threescore years and ten; and if by reason of strength they be fourscore years, yet is their strength labor and sorrow, for it is soon cut off, and we fly away." Some men, having an extraordinary tenacity of life, live on till they have completed eighty years, or even more, under an ever accumulating burthen of infirmities; but they are only the exceptions that prove the rule. Seventy years is the ordinary or normal duration of a completed human life. Most persons, of course, die much younger, but of them we say that they die before their time.

Long ago it was thought that the seventy years length of human life is divided naturally into terms or sections of seven years each. Perhaps the thought is not altogether fanciful. If we allow the first seven years of life to infancy, and the second to childhood, the third completes that part of human

life which may be called the time of preparation for the full responsibilities of manhood in society. At the age of twenty-one, the youth is regarded as having become a man capable of performing all the duties of citizenship. Seven years later—at twenty-eight—he is no longer a young man. Add seven years more, and he has already reached the noon of life—half way from the cradle to the grave. For the last seven years he has been in the full maturity and vigor of his powers, and through two more of these weeks of years—if he escapes disease and serious accident—his bodily strength, as well as the force of his mind, remains undiminished. But when he has completed the seventh of the septennial periods, and enters on his fiftieth year of life, he finds that his day has begun to decline. He is not yet in his old age, but he begins to find that the large majority of men in active life are younger than himself. He can do as much work as ever, and perhaps can do it quite as well as ever; but gray hairs are on him here and there, and he knows it; his face is marked with deeper furrows; his complexion has lost all the tints of youth; his sight grows dim, and needs some artificial aid. Gradually but steadily, through twice seven years, the change is going on. His mind may be as active as ever, the faculty of judgment and foresight, trained by long experience, may be wiser, and more to be relied on than ever; but he begins to find (and every year the discovery is more complete), that he can endure less of hardship, and that he is more liable to infirmity. Thus he comes to the end of the ninth septennial period. He has completed sixty-three years of life; and there remain before him only seven short years—very short indeed—to complete the "threescore years and ten." Henceforth he is an old man, growing older every day. What remains of life to him, is like the sunset of our northern climate—twilight slowly fading into darkness.

Just at this point I am standing to-day; for to-day I enter on the last seven years of the "threescore years and ten." I remember how singular the impression was when I first heard the expression from a father in the ministry, about thirty years ago, that he "thought he had about ten years work left in him." He was sixty years old, and his constitution was un-

broken; and he thought he might live on, and work on, about ten years. Accustomed as I then was to think more of the uncertainty of mortal life than of its certain limit, I was startled by the definiteness of the calculation. But now for some time past, I have been learning to calculate my own future with the same definiteness. The element of uncertainty remains, but the element of certainty is constantly becoming more predominant in all such calculations. I know not what a day may bring forth; but I know the measure of my days, that the days of our years are threescore years and ten, and I know that, of that measure, only seven short years remain to me. I know that those seven years will be years of decadence and decay—that every one of them will tell upon my mortal frame, that every one of them will press me forward to the front rank of old men who have out-lived their generation.

Meeting you, my friends, in the house of God to-day, and standing before you to speak and to teach in Christ's name, I propose simply to present to you some of the views which impress me as I look upon life from my present position. Postponing the review of my ministry in the pastoral office to a more appropriate occasion, and preferring to say as little as possible about myself, I only intend to show you, if I can, how this life which we are now living, seems to one who finds that he has so nearly completed the measure of his days.

I. First of all I am impressed with this: THE MEASURE OF OUR DAYS ON EARTH IS ALTOGETHER INADEQUATE TO THE MEASURE OF OUR CAPABILITY AS INTELLECTUAL AND SPIRITUAL BEINGS. When we know most thoroughly how frail we are, and realize most clearly that God has made our days as a hand-breadth, and that our age is as nothing before him; then it is that we feel most deeply the disproportion between the narrow measure of our days and the boundless development and progress of which our higher nature is capable. How much more might we do—how much higher might we ascend in knowledge and wisdom, and in likeness to God—if life were not so short! For example, I have been learning from the Scriptures, first as a child, then as a man, and then as a minister of the word, more than fifty years; and yet it seems to me that now I am only beginning to appreciate the treasures of

wisdom and knowledge, and to apprehend the evidences of God's love, which are brought to us in that holy book. So through all these years I have been learning—as my busy life has yielded opportunities—something about God's works in nature, and his providence unfolding into history, but I am only beginning to know what I might know. I know more now than I knew a year ago. I hope to know more next year than I know now. I hope to go on learning, year after year, till sight shall fade from my eyes, and the worn-out brain shall cease to serve me. But, oh, how much more might I learn if I could have another term of threescore years and ten! From my childhood I have been learning also, under God's gracious teaching (though, alas! inaptly and slowly), the great life-lesson of confidence in God, of satisfaction in his will, of fellowship with his abhorrence of wrong, and of free coöperation with his love. Is all my possibility of progress in this respect shut up within the narrow measure of my mortal days?

I have no hesitation, then, in saying that, in proportion as God makes us to know our end, and the measure of our days what it is, that we may know how frail we are, the consciousness of not being created for this life only grows deeper and stronger. The promise, "With long life will I satisfy him," can never be perfectly fulfilled in such a life as this. Not "threescore years and ten," nor "fourscore years" are enough for the capabilities of our intelligent, affectionate, and spiritual nature. The machinery of this mortal body may be clogged and broken, may wear out and be useless—it may become an incumbrance, a burthen, a prison—the soul, weary of what has become its burthen and its prison, may long to be released by death; but it is only a life beyond the reach of these infirmities that can satisfy the soul. It is only such a life that can develop all the capabilities of our higher nature. "And now, Lord, what wait I for? My hope is in Thee." The hope that clings to God is a hope that cannot die.

Such is one view of life as seen from the position at which I stand to-day. This life is not enough for us. We are made for more than this.

II. Looking at our mortal life in the light, as it were, of life's sunset, I am impressed with this view: No man lives to any

GOOD PURPOSE WHO LIVES FOR HIMSELF ALONE. My individual life on earth—what is it? Its whole duration is only a few years at the longest; and, when it is ended, what will be the difference to me whether I have been rich or poor—whether I have lived in one house or another—whether I have been clothed in purple and fine linen and have fared sumptuously every day, or have shivered in rags and been pinched with hunger—whether the sculptured marble is piled above my grave, or only the rounded turf shows that there a dead body was buried? My individual life, by the ordinance of the Creator, is intimately blended with other lives in relations of duty, of dependence, and of love; and the ties that bind me to others and make their welfare dear to me, forbid me to live for individual interests of my own. My life in this world is not individual but social, and, as I approach the end of life, it is natural for me to take less thought for my individual interests here, and more for the welfare of those whom I am so soon to leave behind me. As I find and feel that my work is almost done, the appeal seems more urgent than ever before: "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might, for there is no work, nor device, nor knowledge, nor wisdom, in the grave;" but O, how preposterous does it seem, at this time of life, to be working for individual and selfish interests of my own! When my end is just before me, and I understand so clearly the measure of my days, what it is, my individual interests in this world sink into insignificance; but the affections which bind me to those with whose life my life is blended, to those who in the course of nature shall survive me, and to those who shall come after me when the places that know me now shall know me no more, lose none of their strength. It is natural for me to love the dear ones in my home, and all that are nearest to my life, the more and not the less for that I must leave them so soon. For the same reason it is natural for me to care not less but more for the future of the flock among whom I have labored so long in my high vocation, now that my labor is so nearly ended. For the same reason, it is natural for me, in these few last years of life, to care not less but more for those aggregated and enduring interests which involve the welfare of millions and of successive genera-

tions. Now that there is, in this life, continually less and less that can tempt my selfish hopes, is it not natural that I should do what I can, more freely and earnestly, for the commonwealth, for the nation, for the church of God on earth, for the world of mankind?

Think, now, young as well as old, is this view of life an illusion? Or is it a sober sense of the reality? Think, is it wise to make your own individual and selfish interest the end for which you scheme, and work, and struggle in this world? Think, is not that great law of religion—that law which is so gloriously illustrated in the life and death of God's Incarnate Son—that law, "None of us liveth to himself"—revealed to you even in the measure of your days? In this dying yet enduring world, made up of human lives so intimately mingled with each other in all sorts of natural affections and sympathies—where every man is connected with those around him and with others far away, in ten thousand relations of inevitable dependence and of duty—where each individual life, so transient in itself, is inseparably related to the enduring interests of society—how preposterous is a life of mere self-seeking? How truly is that life described by the Psalmist: "Surely every man walketh in a vain show: surely they are disquieted in vain: he heapeth up riches, and knoweth not who shall gather them." Are you willing to live such a life?

III. Looking upon human life from the position in which I stand to-day, I am impressed with this view: WORLDLY DISTINCTIONS, HOWEVER GREAT, ARE INSIGNIFICANT WHEN COMPARED WITH DISTINCTIONS OF PERSONAL CHARACTER BEFORE GOD. In proportion as we consciously approach the end of our probation, and know, distinctly, the measure of our days, what it is, all those distinctions which worldly minds most value, lose their importance in our view. Wealth, social position, learning, intellectual eminence, the admiration and applause of men—all such things, as I advance in life, seem less and less to be respected in comparison with goodness, purity of heart, the simple and earnest love of truth and right, and the unselfish readiness to labor and suffer at the call of duty or of love. These elements of personal character seem more and more beautiful—more and more desirable—to one who surveys life,

calmly, in the mellow and sober light of life's latest years. What are all worldly distinctions—wealth, station, honor, admiration, applause—when seen no longer in the bewildering glare of this deceitful world?—what are they to one who knows and feels that his remaining days are as a hand-breadth and his life as a vapor?—what are they when seen in the thoughtful twilight between this hurried, transitory life and the hereafter?

Is this view a mistaken one? Or am I right in the impression which I get in looking upon life as it is now presented to my view? Is goodness more worthy to be honored than any sort of greatness—more to be desired as a personal endowment than all riches and honors in this world? Is it better to be like Christ than to be anything within the range of human possibility? Is it better to have that dignity and that felicity than to have all that the world can give you?

You acknowledge, then, that this view of life is not a mere hallucination, and that to be like Christ is really the best possible attainment. Well, do you know *how* you can become like Christ? He calls you to believe on him, and to follow him, that you may be like him. "Come to me," he says, "all ye that labor and are heavy laden"—ye that are walking in a vain show—ye that are disquieted in vain—ye that are laboriously and fruitlessly seeking great things for yourselves—ye that are heaping up riches and know not who shall gather them—"come to me, and I will give you rest; take my yoke upon you and learn of me, for I am meek and lowly in heart." Learn of him, taking his yoke upon you, and giving yourself up, confidingly and gratefully, to his guidance, and you shall be transformed into his likeness by the renewing of your mind, and shall find that if any man be in Christ he is a new creature. You can never form such a character without his intervention reconciling you to God, and giving you his Holy Spirit.

IV. This brings me to say that, as I now survey the measure of my days, I am more than ever before impressed with THE CONVICTION THAT NO SORT OF LIFE IS SO REASONABLE OR BLESSED AS A LIFE OF GODLINESS. The nearer I come to the end of my time on earth—the narrower the space between me and my grave—the deeper and clearer is the feeling in my soul, that godliness (as religion is called in the New Testament), the

hearty acknowledgment of God, the habitual worship of God, the free and thankful service of God in all the work he gives us here, the soul's joyful confidence in God's love and wisdom, fellowship with the Father and with his Son Jesus Christ, is that without which life is wasted and lost. Godliness—the habitual sense of God's loving presence and unfailing care, and the consciousness of walking with him in all duty and through all the vicissitudes of joy and sorrow—the habit of referring all things to God's will, and of trusting all things to his wisdom and his love—is the strength, the vital growth, the highest beauty, and the sanctity, of all human goodness; and without it life, as related to our highest capabilities, is a failure. Life without godliness dishonors God by dishonoring the nature which he has given us. Unless God be with us, all the bloom of life is ever vanishing away, like the withering grass, like the fading flower;—the grace of the fashion of it ever perishing. But if God be with us, if we see the Lord always before us, if all our affections and all our thoughts pay homage to him, then, all along the way of our pilgrimage, the earth blooms with unfading beauty, and life, to its latest hour, is full of light.

Let me say farther, in this connection, that, as I grow older, the idea or conception of godliness becomes, to me, more simple as well as more attractive. God is revealed to men in Christ—revealed to you—revealed as reconciling the world to himself. If you will learn of Christ, he will make you acquainted with God—acquainted with him not only in his majestic purity, in his adorable and awful abhorrence of evil, and in the grandeur of his law and government, but also in his loving kindness and the unspeakable tenderness of his regard for you in the ruin into which you have fallen by sinning against him. Let Christ teach you, and you shall see in him the glory of the Father—a glory not far away beyond the stars, but near at hand to love you, to embrace you, and to bless you. Learn of Christ, and you shall speak to God, as a child speaking to a father. "The doctrine which is according to godliness," and in which godliness has its root and life, is not a system of metaphysics or of philosophy; it is simply the story of Christ loving us, living for us, suffering and dying for

us, and living forever as our Saviour. It is the simple but sublime testimony, "God so loved the world that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life." It is the "faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptation, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners." Accept that faithful saying—take to your heart that sublime and inspiring testimony—grasp it as life from the dead—cling to it as your hope forever. Thus you shall receive the kingdom of God as a little child, and in receiving it you are born again. Thus old things in your theory and plan of living, and in your way of thinking pass away, and all things become new; and the life which you live here on earth is a pilgrimage to heaven. "Behold, what manner of love is this which the Father hath bestowed on us!"

TWO SERMONS

PREACHED ON THE FORTIETH ANNIVERSARY OF HIS SETTLEMENT, BY REV. LEONARD BACON, D.D.

MORNING DISCOURSE.

REMEMBRANCE OF FORTY YEARS IN THE PARISH.

PREACHED MARCH 12, 1865.

DEUT. VIII. 2.—THOU SHALT REMEMBER ALL THE WAY WHICH THE LORD THY GOD LED THEE THESE FORTY YEARS

The words of Moses to the tribes of Israel, after their forty years of wandering in the wilderness, are equally applicable to you and to me this day. Forty years ago, on the second Lord's-day in March, 1825, I began my public ministry in this house as the Pastor of this Church and Society. Your kind congratulations offered to me on the anniversary of my installation, relieve me of the necessity of any apology for the use which I propose to make of the text, or for the seeming egotism of a discourse in which I cannot avoid speaking of myself. The relation between you and me is such—so like a confidential friendship cemented by long acquaintance—that I may speak without any fear of being unkindly interpreted, even though the occasion leads me to speak of "myself as your servant for Jesus' sake." A free use of personal reminiscences

may be permitted on this occasion, and may help the serious and religious impression which such an occasion in the house of God ought to produce on you and on me.

Forty years ago, this congregation had been more than two years without a pastor, Dr. Taylor having been dismissed from his charge in December, 1822. The pulpit had been supplied, some of the time, by the late Pastor; and, while his services could be had in that way, the people were comparatively indifferent about obtaining a more permanent ministry. Yet several persons had been employed who might be regarded as candidates. Of these, one, whose subsequent history was not creditable to himself or to religion, was very solicitous to obtain a call, and succeeded so far as to rally a considerable party in his favor. Another was the amiable and gifted Carlos Wilcox, afterwards the first Pastor of the North Church in Hartford. The gentle simplicity and attractiveness of his character, and the elaborate exquisiteness and evangelical earnestness and instructiveness of his discourses, made such an impression, that probably he would have been invited to the pastorate, but for the belief of judicious men that his health would not be adequate to so great a charge, and that his life would be—as it proved—a short one. Another candidate was Albert Barnes, then recently from the Princeton Seminary, who supplied the pulpit for six weeks, and who is remembered to this day by some among us, who heard him at that time with a just appreciation of his capability. Perhaps the church and society never made a greater mistake than when they threw away the opportunity of placing in the pastoral office here a man who has since been so distinguished for his usefulness as a preacher and a Pastor. I have never known how to account for it but by supposing that his not being a graduate of Yale College was permitted to have too much weight with leading minds in the congregation. Yet no consideration of that kind could hinder the society from uniting quite harmoniously in a call to one whose voice they had not heard, but who was in the height of his popularity as Pastor of a Presbyterian church in New York, the Rev. Samuel H. Cox, now surviving in his venerable age. Perhaps it was well for his reputation and usefulness that he declined the call, for marvelously as his gifts

were adapted to the sphere in which he was then shining, there is room for doubt whether they were equally suited to so quiet a city as New Haven then was, and to the staid disposition and sturdy Congregationalism of this church.

At last the Society's Committee, partly (as I suppose), at the recommendation of Professor Stuart, sent for a young man who had been studying theology at Andover. Seven years before he had come, a fatherless boy, to Yale College; and, in consideration of his circumstances, he had been admitted to the sophomore class, though imperfectly prepared for that standing, and though the college rule as to the age for admission must be somewhat relaxed in his favor. But though for three years he had walked these streets, and though the college officers were strangely kind in their estimation of him, he was almost as much a stranger in the city of New Haven as if he had passed those three years of college-life at Cambridge or at Hanover. Perhaps half a dozen members of the congregation —hardly more—knew him by sight, and of them not more than one had ever heard him preach. But the committee knew that he had never sought an opportunity of appearing here as a candidate, and that on one occasion, when incidentally in New Haven, he had refused to preach lest it might be thought that he had put himself in the way of the invitation.

My introduction here was unexpected to myself. Having passed a fourth year at Andover, as a resident licentiate, rendering some little assistance to the Professor of Sacred Rhetoric, and preaching occasionally in the churches of that region, I had determined to find for myself a field of service in the west; and on the 28th of September, 1824, I was ordained to the ministry by the Hartford North Consociation, convened in its annual meeting at Windsor. The next day, on my return to Hartford, I received a letter from the committee of this society, inviting me to supply their vacant pulpit. In compliance with that invitation, I preached here for the first time on the first Sabbath in October, and, with the assistance of President Day, administered the Lord's Supper. After another Sabbath I insisted on pursuing my journey westward, that, at least, I might confer with my mother before relinquishing or even suspending the design to which I had com-

mitted myself. The result was that I returned; and after five more weeks of probation, having preached, in all, fourteen sermons, I withdrew.

But I must not proceed in this garrulous method. Yet, in order to show you just how things were in relation to my introduction to this ministry, I may say that at the annual meeting of the society held at the old Orange street lecture-room, December 11th, a vote inviting me to settle in the ministry here was carried by forty-two against twenty-two, and thereupon the meeting was adjourned. At the next meeting (Wednesday, December 15th), the subject was reconsidered, and by sixty-eight against twenty the society voted their approbation of my services, and their desire that I should settle with them in the work of the ministry, and requested the church to unite with them in inviting me "to take charge of the society and the church connected with it as their Pastor and gospel minister." In the evening of the next Lord's Day, December 19th, a responsive vote was passed by the church, uniting with the society in the call. At an adjourned meeting of the society, five days later, they agreed on the terms and conditions of settlement which should be proposed to the Pastor elect, and appointed a committee to "communicate with him on the subject of his settlement." My answer, accepting the invitation, was dated at Andover, January 17, 1825; and upon receiving it the church and society united in the appointment of committees to make arrangements with the Pastor elect for his installation.

I have mentioned these particulars partly for the sake of reminding you how few of all the persons who had any part in the transactions which I have described, are now alive. Let me, therefore, repeat the names that appear upon the record. The moderator of the society-meeting was the Hon. James Hillhouse—at that time more widely known and honored than perhaps any other citizen of Connecticut. He continued to worship here almost eight years longer, but now nobody can remember him without remembering the third part of a century. He was at that time an old man, whose active life began as long ago as the Declaration of Independence, and whose unbroken force of body and mind was the wonder of his

friends; yet I am now only about seven years younger than he was then. The moderator of the church-meeting was the Rev. Dr. Morse, a venerable man, retired from the ministry and from all public employments, but he was only eighteen months older than I am to-day. The society's clerk was Timothy Dwight Williams, a young merchant greatly beloved and esteemed, the efficient and devoted superintendent of the Sabbath-school. He has been dead thirty-four years, but I did not think of him as a young man when he died. The committee entrusted by the society with the duty of communicating their call, were the Hon. Dyer White, Deacon Nathan Whiting, and Deacon Stephen Twining. The call from the church was communicated by its senior officer, Deacon Samuel Darling. The committee of arrangements were, on the part of the church, Deacons Darling and Whiting; and, on the part of the society, Hon. Isaac Mills, Captain Henry Daggett—a revolutionary officer—and one young man, William J. Forbes. The youngest of all these died beyond the noon of life, more than twenty-five years ago; and how few are there here to-day who can distinctly remember his face and figure, or even the public grief at his funeral!

I go back to the council which was convened for the installation. It consisted of twelve members, clerical and lay, of whom three are still living. And, inasmuch as customs have changed since then, I may be allowed to speak of the proceedings more particularly than I should otherwise do. In those days it was thought that the ordination or installation of a Pastor was a transaction too serious to be hurried over. A day of fasting and prayer had been kept by the church in preparation for the appointed service. The council was assembled on Tuesday, March 8th, at the old wooden lecture-room in Orange street, and was organized by the choice of President Day as moderator, and Professor Fitch as scribe. There was a respectable attendance of clergymen and theological students, and also of those who, as members of the church or of the society, had an immediate interest in the proceedings—so that the room was pretty well filled. The examination was protracted; and many questions were asked, of which I could not then see the bearing, and which I answered without suspecting their re-

lation to theological parties and controversies then soon to break forth. That examination having been completed, and the candidate having been approved, the public service did not follow in the evening—still less was it postponed to the next Sunday evening, for the sake of getting a large audience, and avoiding the competition with places of public amusement; but, the next morning, at nine o'clock, the council re-assembled at the lecture-room with the committees and officers of the church and society; and, when the record of the proceedings had been read and corrected, the council moved in procession to this house, the officers of the church and society taking the lead. Here a large congregation had already assembled, filling the seats, above and below, save such as had been reserved for the procession. The introductory prayer was offered by the Rev. Carlos Wilcox, of the North Church in Hartford. The sermon (afterwards published), was preached by the Rev. Joel Hawes, of the First Church in Hartford. The prayer of installation was offered by the venerable Stephen W. Stebbins, of West Haven, whose memory, even in his own parish, has now become a beautiful tradition, though he lived sixteen years after the time of which I am speaking. The charge was given by Dr. Taylor, as former Pastor of the church; the fellowship of the churches was expressed by Mr. Merwin; and the closing prayer was offered by Professor Fitch.

You recognize the names of the three survivors. President Day had then been at the head of the College less than eight years. To-day his successor has been in office more than eighteen years. Professor Fitch had just completed the seventh year of his ministry. He resigned his charge thirteen years ago, claiming, after a longer term of service than any of his predecessors—and reasonably claiming—exemption on account of his advancing age. Dr. Hawes is only seven years my senior in the ministry. He, too, in his yet vigorous old age, has laid down all the responsibilities and burthens of his pastoral office, and is now rejoicing in the ministry of his successor.

There is no record by which I can conveniently and exactly ascertain how many members there were in this church forty years ago. In 1820, (May 1st,) the number was three hun-

dred and sixty-five. The large additions of the two following years—far exceeding the removals by death and by dismission—must have increased the number to about five hundred and fifty, in 1825. But of the entire body of communicants at that time, there are now connected with this church, and residing in the city of New Haven, only forty,—of whom six are confined by the infirmities of age, and will probably never visit this house again. Thirty-four only of the five hundred and fifty (or thereabout) who were members in full communion forty years ago, remain now among us to sit down at the table of the Lord. Surely, my friends, though I may say that you are dearer to me than your fathers and predecessors could be with whom I entered into this pastoral relation, you cannot deny that it is time for me to count myself among the survivors of a generation that will soon have passed away.

As I call to mind the circumstances in which I entered on my ministry here, I cannot but wonder that I am here to-day. The church, at that time, was much less homogeneous and united than it is now. Less than twenty years had passed since the dismission of Dr. Dana, who had been conspicuous all his days, both here and in his earlier pastorate at Wallingford, as one of the "Old Light" or "Old Divinity" party—the "Old Arminians," as they were often called by way of reproach. Under his ministry there was little sympathy with reminiscences of "the Great Awakening" in the time of Edwards, or with any measures or efforts tending to a religious excitement in the community. In the nineteen years and four months since the termination of his ministry, there had been two pastorates: that of Professor Stuart, which continued three years and ten months, and that of Dr. Taylor, which continued ten years and eight months. Those two men though greatly unlike in some respects, were alike in this;—they believed in the revival of religion—they believed in the Edwardean or "New Light" views of what religion is as a personal experience—they believed in the distinctive New England theology—they were powerful preachers, each in his own way, their sermons being exceedingly unlike the cautiously correct and coldly elegant discourses of Dr. Dana. The first of those pastors had commenced, and the other had carried on, a revo-

lution in the prevalent character and habits of the church. Yet, at the end of twenty years, there were some well preserved remains of what the old church was before the ministry of Mr. Stuart. There were elderly people who had been trained under the ministry of Dr. Dana and of his predecessor Mr. Whittelsey, and who had no great share in the intense religious activity that had flamed up around them—men of great worth and great weight in the community, and of unquestionable character as Christians, but who had not been accustomed in their youth to weekly prayer meetings, or to evening-meetings of any kind. On the other hand, there were those who could hardly conceive of religious character as manifesting itself in any other way than in the activities of a general awakening. In a church thus constituted, it was hardly to be expected that a young Pastor, unskillful and inexperienced, would be acceptable to all parties.

Moreover, the place to which I had been introduced was exceedingly difficult in other respects. Professor Stuart, by his earnest and rousing sermons, had taught the people not to be satisfied with any preaching but such as would make them think and feel, and had made the place a difficult one for his successor. Dr. Taylor, in his turn, had made it more difficult. The society was proud of having had two such Pastors in succession, and proudly grieved at having lost them. I think I understand myself; and I know it is not an affectation of modesty to say that I never had any such power in the pulpit as they had in their best days. For many years after the commencement of my pastorate, I was habitually brought into most disadvantageous comparison not only with those distinguished preachers, but with others of like celebrity. How it was that I continued here long enough to become a fixture, cannot be easily explained. I only know that the congregation was not made up of critical hearers; that the few who were disposed to be critical and to find fault because my poor discourses did not equal those of my predecessors, were not the most capable of forming an intelligent and judicious opinion; and that those whose unfavorable judgment, had it been freely uttered, would have been fatal to me, were very kind.

Nor was this all that made my position here a trying one.

The pastorate of Professor Stuart had been made memorable by a great religious revival, the first that had shaken this community in more than fifty years. A new era of awakening had opened in New England and elsewhere. Dr. Taylor's term of service was marked by two such times of spiritual refreshing—the last of which was just about coincident with the close of his ministry. This was in most respects a great advantage to me, for which I hope to be thankful forever. But it made the place very difficult for a young and inexperienced Pastor. The revival, considered as a movement in the community, had spent itself; and there were those in the congregation who naturally expected the young minister to reproduce immediately the excitement which they had enjoyed so much, which had gathered into the church more than a hundred in a single year, and in which Mr. Nettleton, the famous revivalist, had employed all his skill.

I have mentioned the fact that a minority in the society voted against my settlement. Though I never desired to know or remember who they were, I had the satisfaction of knowing that most of them were soon numbered among my kindest friends. Others, who were at first among the most enthusiastic of my friends, and whom I regarded as the best and most active members of the Church, were disappointed (as they had good reason to be,) and began to think very seriously that New Haven needed a more efficient ministry. Before one year had been completed, I began to be depressed with the feeling that those who had hoped so much from me were disappointed in my endeavors to serve them, and with the desponding expectation that my ministry would be a failure. Dear to me are the names of some whose fatherly counsel and comfort, and of others whose friendly intimations and tokens of sympathy, kept me at my post when tempted to seek some other employment. At last, just as the third year was closing, there came a time of revival; and, in the ensuing year, forty-eight persons, most of them younger than their youthful pastor, were received to communion on the profession of their faith. From that time onward, though I have had much to dishearten me in the consciousness of falling far below my aims and hopes, and though I have not been left without my

share of personal and domestic sorrows, my burthens have been lightened by the feeling that I was not laboring in vain, as well as by the ever growing evidence of regard on the part of a people who have not only honored me for my work's sake, but have loved me far beyond my desert. From the time of that first distinct and memorable success in my ministry, I have known better than I knew before how to preach the gospel, and I trust I am still learning.

I need not enumerate here the various periods of spiritual prosperity and progress in the congregation, which have cheered and lightened my work, and without which my ministry would have been a sorrowful failure. Oh that we might see such times of revival again before I shall rest from these labors! The last six years have left upon our records no traces of great success; and the thought of continuing to labor thus —the accessions to our communion hardly keeping the number good—is the only painful thought in the prospect of my growing old.

An examination of our records—careful but not absolutely exact—shows me that in these forty years twelve hundred and sixty-four members have been added to our communion. The number received by profession, six hundred and six, is considerably greater than the whole number of communicants either now or at the time of my installation. Meanwhile, we have given largely of our members to other churches that have grown up around us. I find the results of my ministry not only in the stability and growing usefulness of this Church, but also in many of the younger churches. Half the original members of the Third Church went from us, with our free consent and with my hearty approbation. Our colored members—a very respectable class in their religious character—were dismissed, with a few exceptions, to unite with others of their race in forming the African Church. What is now the College Street Church began in the zeal of a few young men, most of whom went from us. The Chapel Street Church, at its beginning, might almost have been called a daughter of the old First Church. More recently the Davenport Church is the result of a city-mission conducted in our name, and largely aided by our contributions. Most of our Cedar Hill parish

ioners went to the Fair Haven Church. The Church at Westville was formed, mostly, out of this.

I must postpone to the afternoon some things which I had intended to say, familiarly, about the changes which have been going on for the last forty years outside of our own congregation or parish—in this city—in our country at large—and in relation to the general interest and progress of Christ's kingdom throughout the world. But before I interrupt these desultory recollections, let me say that the results which have come from this feeble ministry of mine, are not summed up in the statement that the old First Church, through all these years of change, has held its place in the community of sister-churches—is now as numerous and as strong as at any former period—is firm on the foundation of the ancient faith in Jesus Christ the Saviour of lost men—is training up its children, as diligently and as intelligently as at any former time, in the right ways of the Lord. No, the records of this ministry are written (for weal or woe) on individual minds that live forever, and whom it has been my privilege to guide and strengthen, to instruct and to comfort, in life and in death. Those records are written forever on minds that are now in heaven before the throne of God and the Lamb—on minds that have passed beyond the reach of hope and opportunity—on minds still in this world of trial and of conflict; some, around me here; others far away in the West, or on the bloody fields of the South, or where our golden States look out on the Pacific, or in lands beyond the sea. Those records are written forever on minds that have believingly received the word, and have learned to love Christ and to serve him—and, alas! on minds to whom the word of life is becoming a savor of death unto death, and whose condemnation will be that they loved darkness rather than light.

AFTERNOON DISCOURSE.

REMEMBRANCE OF FORTY YEARS IN OTHER RELATIONS.

PREACHED MARCH 12, 1865.

DEUT. VIII. 2.—THOU SHALT REMEMBER ALL THE WAY WHICH THE LORD THY GOD LED THEE THESE FORTY YEARS.

In the morning discourse, I intimated my purpose to speak, this afternoon, in a familiar way, concerning some of the changes which have been going on around us within the last forty years, and which may be regarded as involving the progress and welfare, and the duty and responsibility, of this ancient church.

I. Most naturally, our thoughts turn first to the changes which forty years have brought forth *in the city of New Haven*. In the changes which our city is continually undergoing, whether for good or for evil, whether in growth or in decay, this church of our fathers must always have a parochial—and I might almost say, a parental, interest. Every church sustains an intimate relation to the local community in which it dwells, and from which its interests and its first duties are inseparable; but the relation of this church to New Haven is in some respects peculiar. Historically, the town itself, as an organized community, is a daughter of this church. It was for the sake of planting here a church encumbered by no human traditions, and dependent on no human authority, that the founders of the New Haven Colony left their homes in pleasant England, and their trade and affairs in busy London,

and ventured their all in the enterprise of establishing here a civil commonwealth of Christian men, "the Lord's free people;" and this is the church which they planted here before their settlement had even received an English name. It was for the sake of gaining for their church a place and habitation, that all this beautiful plain, with the surrounding hills and waters, was purchased of the savages whom they found here. It was for the sake of their church that they planned their city, and reserved this central square for public uses, first of all building here their humble temple, and then making their graves around it. It was not till after they had constituted their church by selecting from among themselves the seven men whom they deemed most "fit for the foundation-work," that their civil organization was solemnly inaugurated, the same seven men being entrusted with that work also by the free consent of all the planters. Such was the relation of this church, in its beginning, to the civil community which was formed around it; and though political theories and arrangements, and laws and forms of government, have changed, it has never ceased to care for the welfare of the town. Its position as a center from which Christian influences are to radiate, becomes more important as the town grows in population and wealth, and in all those industries and institutions that constitute its commercial importance and its power. If the future of New Haven is to be worthy of its history, those moral and religious influences which the founders of this church brought with them, and which have given character to so many generations, must operate in time to come as in time past.

Forty years ago, the population of the city was, by the then latest census, 7,147. We may reckon its actual population in 1825, with Westville and Fair Haven, as not much more than 8,000. Within the area of the township, there were two Congregational churches, one Protestant Episcopal, one Methodist Episcopal, and one Baptist; and all the church-edifices, except the Baptist, then recently built, and only half as large as it now is, were on the Green. Within the same area, now, there are probably 50,000 inhabitants—six times as many as there were then. The two Congregational churches are now ten, with nearly 3,500 communicants; and connected with these

churches there are three city-mission chapels in which public worship is regularly maintained. Besides these there is an independent church which was originally Congregational in its government. There are also seven Protestant Episcopal churches with one mission chapel,—six Methodist Episcopal churches, including their German mission,—and three Baptist churches. In addition to all these, we have a German Moravian church; a small German Baptist church; a Universalist church; three large Roman Catholic churches, filled to overflowing with congregations of emigrants and children of emigrants from Roman Catholic countries; and finally, a synagogue of German-speaking Jews. If an intelligent person had fallen asleep in New Haven forty years ago, and had waked up this morning, he would hardly have known the place. Such a man, waking after forty years of unconsciousness, would be confounded. In the jangle of the sabbath-bells, sounding from so many towers, he would be lost; nor would he find himself till he should look upon this Public Square. Here, in the aspect of these three churches, side by side, he would see the old New Haven once so familiar to his view.

We need only count up, by name, these places of worship,—comparing the present time, in that respect, with forty years ago,—and we realize how great a change has come to pass. It is not merely that what was then little more than a pleasant village, though dignified with the name and charter of a city, has now grown to be larger than any city in New England then was; it is not merely that the streets which were then so quiet are now crowded and noisy with business; it is not merely that the place has become a great hive of manufacturing industry; it seems almost as if New Haven had been detached from the old Puritan State of Connecticut, and had been anchored by some foreign shore. The population here, forty years ago, was of purely English descent, and I think I may say that, with the exception of a few colored people, there were not twenty families here whose ancestors did not come over with the first settlers of New England. But where are we now? Strangers of other races, and of other languages and traditions,—the Celt, the German, and the Jew,—attracted by the liberty which our fathers achieved for us, have come in,

by thousands, to share our inheritance, and to mingle their destiny with ours.

Such changes in the city, and especially in the character of its population, cannot have taken place without increasing greatly the responsibility of the New Haven churches as local institutions. What was the local or parochial work of our two Congregational churches forty years ago, compared with what the Congregational churches in New Haven, (not to mention those of other names and forms, but of like precious faith), ought to be doing now? The time will not permit me to dwell upon this thought. None who hear me can fail to discern something at least of its significance. In this respect, the change which the last forty years have made is greater than all that came to pass in the foregoing century. Thus measured, the distance between this day and the beginning of my ministry here is greater than the distance between 1825 and 1725.

Other changes have taken place here, which have great significance. Forty years ago, New Haven had really no system of public schools. The Lancasterian school, in the basement of the Methodist church on the Green, was the only common school worth naming; and that was a school for boys alone, the Lancasterian school for girls not having been established. In all the city there was no such edifice as a school-house for the common schools. A few district-schools, taught by women, in hired apartments, were sustained partly by dividends from the school-fund, and partly by a petty charge for tuition. But now the common schools of New Haven, distributed throughout the city, and provided with commodious and stately houses built expressly for their use, are almost a university of themselves,—the people's university. Free (in theory) to all the children of the city, as the highways are free to all travelers, they exceed in the variety and extent of their teaching, and in the thoroughness of their discipline, all that I dared to hope for, when, on the first Thanksgiving-day after my installation, I attempted to give some views of what common schools ought to be. At that time, my views, as I found reason to believe, were deemed chimerical by practical men, but now they are more than realized in almost every particular. Nay, so high are the aims of the system now in operation, that there is

danger of its leaving out of view the most important reason for its own existence, namely, the duty of the State to take care effectually that no portion of its population shall sink into barbarism, and, therefore, to take care that no child in the community shall be permitted to grow up without the rudiments, at least, of a civilizing education. What we most need, just now, is not higher and better schools for the benefit of such families as are able and willing to make use of them, but some adequate provision for the benefit of children whom our admirable system, as now administered, does not reach,—some arrangement that shall include the children who are now excluded, because, in the extreme poverty of their homes, they cannot comply with existing regulations,—some arrangement that shall take hold of the neglected children in our streets, those young mendicants that are growing into thieves, those boys that are growing up to be ruffians and burglars, those wretched girls whose prospect in life is misery and infamy. Forty years ago, that stratum in society which now lies below the reach of our common schools, hardly existed here. At most it was too inconsiderable to be dangerous. But now, in the confluence of nations and religions which swells our population, the danger is too great to be neglected.

Think of another change. Forty years ago the vice of intemperance, engendered and perpetuated by the common use of intoxicating liquors for refreshment and conviviality, had never received any serious check in this community. The moderate drinking of such liquors was a universal fashion. At that time the mischievousness of the fashion was hardly suspected. Certainly the obvious and unfailing tendency of moderate drinking to become, in multitudes of instances, immoderate, had never been adequately impressed upon the public. The drinking-usage was everywhere, and everywhere the fashion was as despotic in its demands as it was perilous in its tendency. None could abstain from the personal use of those liquors, without incurring the reproach of eccentricity and perhaps of moroseness. Not to offer such refreshment in ordinary hospitality seemed inhospitable and niggardly. On the occasion of my installation, a public dinner was of course provided for the council and attending clergymen, together

with the officers of the church and society; and there was an ample supply not only of wine but also of more perilous stuff. I also remember that, two months later, when I attended for the first time a meeting of the Associated Pastors of the district, the sideboard of good father Swift, at whose house we met, was decorated with decanters containing distilled spirits, and of more than one kind. But that very year the Christian duty of voluntary abstinence as an expedient against the tendency to intemperance, and of combining, by mutual pledges, to break the power of a tyrannical fashion, began to be recognized by Christian men, and thenceforward such means of refreshment disappeared from ordination-dinners and all clerical meetings. In a little while the tyrannical fashion had lost its power. Every man was at liberty to practice personal abstinence, either for his own safety or for the sake of saving others; and there was no law of hospitality requiring any man to tempt his guests by inviting them to drink with him. I need not say how much good was gained in those early years of the temperance-reformation; nor need I say that the liberty which was then achieved remains to this day. Yet it must be confessed that, within the last few years, much has been lost. We had gained some measure of safety for our young men. I may even say that the convivial use of wine and spiritnous liquors had become unfashionable, at least in the better classes of society. Much has been lost in these respects. Never were young men, in this city, more beset than now with temptations to intemperance, and to the vices which accompany intemperance; and, so far as my opportunities of observation have informed me, the old fashion of introducing intoxicating drinks for conviviality in social entertainments is reviving. Partly this may be a natural reaction against the attempt to propagate extreme opinions, and to enforce them by denunciation; but in no small part it is the result of ill advised and impracticable legislation. One consequence of the latest law enacted in this State against the sale of intoxicating liquors, was the establishment of private club-rooms, where young men—and some who are not young—train themselves and each other into habits of intemperate drinking. I could tell you of one such club—what its chosen name is, I do not know, but I could tell you

where its rooms are—a club, some of whose members have died already of the habits which they formed or indulged and strengthened in those secret apartments, while others, warned in vain by what they have seen, are going on to the same fate. The history of the temperance-reformation in its origin and progress, and in its lasting success, is full of encouragement, and, on the other hand, the history of its reactions and declensions is full of admonition.

II. Let us now look beyond our immediate neighborhood, and think of our relations to *the country at large*. The New New England Churches have always been characterized by a patriotic spirit. When the English exiles at Leyden passed over to America and commenced their settlement at Plymouth, there was planted, on "the wild New England shore," the seed not only of a Christian civilization, but of a nationality distinct from that of the English people. That seed, planted in weakness, might have been trodden down and destroyed: but when the Pilgrims were followed across the Atlantic by the great Puritan migration from old England; when the towns on Massachusetts Bay, and the towns on Connecticut river, and then the confederate towns of the New Haven jurisdiction, came into being as political communities sharing in the life and molded by the power of that religious polity which English monarchy and English aristocracy would not tolerate; it became certain that there was to be here, in the fullness of time, a nation not simply English but Anglo-American, a nation with its own distinctive character and life. Most naturally, therefore, the churches of the New England polity have been characterized, through all their history, by a patriotic sympathy with the growth and welfare of this great Anglo-American nation; and looking back, as we do, on this occasion, to a date just five days after the inauguration of John Quincy Adams, it is natural for us to ask what changes these forty years have wrought in our country, and in the Christian work which the churches have been doing and are yet to do for the nation.

Forty years ago the United States were twenty-four in number; now they are thirty-six. Then only one State had been established beyond the Mississippi; now there are three

beyond the Rocky Mountains. Then, in the fifth year after the census of 1820, the population of the United States was estimated at eleven millions; now, in the fifth year after the census of 1860, it cannot well be estimated at much less than thirty-five millions. Such are some of the most obvious changes which our country has undergone since I began my work—changes which mark and measure the steady progress of the nation in material greatness.

In this connection we cannot but remember that, forty years ago, there were in the United States about one million and seven hundred and fifty thousand slaves, and that the census of 1860 gave the number at a little less than four millions. When I began my work in this place, the country had recently been agitated by an unsuccessful attempt to secure the abolition of slavery in Missouri before the admission of that State into the Union. At that time, the religious feeling of the country was strongly, and, I may say, unanimously pronounced against the institution of slavery. Religious men, even in the slave-holding States, professed to regard that institution as an evil which was to be endured till it could be peacefully and safely abolished. Certainly there was, in Connecticut, no party, religious or political, that dared to speak for slavery as if it were a just or beneficent arrangement, or as if the institution was capable of any defense, either on grounds of natural justice, or in the light of the Christian religion. Slavery and the internal commerce in slaves were then regarded as "the peculiar institution" of those States in which they were legalized; and the idea that the Constitution of the Union had made slavery national, and had given it a right to propagate itself without let or hindrance over all the national territory, had found no acceptance here.

My own mind had been deeply interested in the discussion of slavery as related to the future of our country. The Missouri question had been sharply debated in Congress and everywhere else, while I was a college-student; and by religious writers and speakers it had been discussed as a question involving great religious interests. In the progress of my theological studies, I have been led to inquire more carefully concerning the duty of Christian patriots to the black population of this country, both bond and free. From the beginning of my offi-

cial ministry, I spoke without reserve, from the pulpit and elsewhere, against slavery as a wrong and a curse, threatening disaster and ruin to the nation. Many years I did this without being blamed, except as I was blamed for not going far enough. Not a dog dared to wag his tongue at me for speaking against slavery. I have always held and always asserted the same principles on that subject which I held and asserted at the beginning. Yet you know how I have been blamed and even execrated, in these later years, for declaring, here and elsewhere, the wickedness of buying and selling human beings, or of violating in any way those human rights which are inseparable from human nature. I make no complaint in making this allusion; all reproaches, all insults endured in the conflict with so gigantic a wickedness against God and man, are to be received and remembered not as injuries but as honors.

Where are we now? The institution of slavery, so powerful only a few years ago, so arrogant and encroaching, so determined either to rule the Union or to destroy it, is perishing under the vials of God's wrath poured out upon our country. The end of the great rebellion which was begun for the purpose of making slavery perpetual, is drawing near, and it is sure to be the end of slavery. What a change is this! I have expected and predicted that slavery would be abolished in our country, knowing assuredly that there is a divine justice in the providence that rules the world. There was a time when I hoped for a peaceful abolition in the progress of civilization and under the influence of Christianity; but, years ago, the ferocious tyranny that permitted no word of discussion or of inquiry tending to overthrow the system, and that kept the slaves by law in brutish ignorance so that their bondage might be perpetual, forbade that hope. For years, all really thoughtful men have felt the growing probability that slavery would end in blood. Yet, till this war began, we never thought that the end would be in our time. That I have lived to see slavery already virtually abolished, and its complete extinction drawing nearer every day, fills me with wonder.

Somewhat less than twenty years ago, I published a volume of Essays on Slavery, which I had contributed to various periodicals. A copy of the volume fell into the hands of a village

lawyer in one of our great western States. He was at that time quite unknown to fame, but his neighbors knew him well as an intelligent, sagacious, honest man, capable of great things and worthy of the highest trusts; and he had just then been elected, for the first time and the last, to be their representative in Congress. Less than four years ago, not knowing that he had ever heard of me, I had the privilege of an interview with him; and his first word, after our introduction to each other, was a reference to that volume, with a frank approval of its principles. Since then I have heard of his mentioning the same book to a friend of mine in terms which showed that it had made an impression on his earnest and thoughtful soul.

The man to whom I refer has just been inaugurated, the second time, President of the United States; and his illustrious name is forever associated with the proclamation which sealed the doom of slavery. I am not vain enough to think that his great mind, so earnest in the love of justice, so confident in the conviction that right must finally prevail against wrong, so far-seeing in the discernment of principles and their bearings, needed any guidance or teaching from me; but it is something to think of in this review of forty years, that when ABRAHAM LINCOLN, nineteen years ago, first found himself, as an elected representative in Congress, face to face with slavery in its relation to questions of practical statesmanship, the studies and debates through which I had been conducted were in any way serviceable to him.

As we think of the new aspect which the abolition of slavery, now almost complete, gives to the future of our country, the home-missionary work of the American churches arrests our attention. It was in the year 1825 that consultations were held, and arrangements made, which resulted in the institution of the American Home Missionary Society. That organization was formed with the design of combining in one system of coöperative efforts the strength of the entire Presbyterian body, and of some other ecclesiastical connections, as well as of the New England churches. At first the design of coöperation was in some degree realized; but, gradually, the contributing churches of other denominations and connections have fallen off and entered into separate enterprises, till now

the institution can hardly be said to have any supporters save the Congregational churches in New England, and those that have sprung up in New York and the West. How great the home-missionary work in the United States has become, and what hold it has upon the Christian patriotism of the country, I need not undertake to show statistically. Aside from all that is done by the two great bodies of Presbyterians, and by the churches which trace their descent from Holland, and by other excellent and powerful confederations of churches more remotely related to us, the work of the American Home Missionary Society, in the area which it covers, in the contributions to its treasury, in the number of its missionaries, and in the success which it has achieved and is still achieving, far exceeds all that we thought of forty years ago. Its missionaries, are, to-day, not only in all the States of what we then called "the West"—not only in all the regions of that "valley of the Mississippi" which so filled our imagination thirty years ago—but far beyond, in the Rocky Mountains, by the Great Salt Lake, and amid the strange confluences of population that are developing the resources of our Pacific States.

But home-missions in the strictest sense are only a part of the evangelization-work in our home-field. In the larger sense, all the organizations which are at work for the diffusion of religious knowledge, or for securing in the new States and Territories the institutions of Christian learning and education, are coöperating in the home-missionary work. Forty years ago, the American Bible Society had not entered on the tenth year of its existence. Forty years ago, the American Tract Society at Boston had been working in a humble way about eleven years; and just at the time when I was beginning my official ministry here, a few good men of various ecclesiastical connections were instituting in the city of New York another American Tract Society much more aspiring in its aims. Forty years ago, the American Sunday School Union was making its earliest appeals to the public. Forty years ago, nobody had dreamed of any such thing as a systematized effort on the part of Christian patriots in these older States for promoting collegiate and theological education at the West, by aiding in the foundation and early support of colleges and

theological seminaries like those of our own New England. These suggestions may help the young to understand, in part, what changes some of us have seen since the time when we were young. You whose years are yet before you, think how great a system of voluntary enterprises, for giving to our country a thoroughly Christian civilization, we have seen growing up in our day. We are soon to leave in your hands the beneficent undertakings which we have helped to inaugurate, or in which it has been our privilege to coöperate, and we bid you remember that, with all their efficiency, they are not yet commensurate with the work of making our country what it ought to be.

Think of the new era which is to open upon us when this war shall be ended. With slavery overthrown, and the unity of the nation recovered and vindicated, the millions, black and white, whom slavery has kept in a barbarous or half barbarous ignorance, will have become in reality, and not in name only, our countrymen, to be enlightened and elevated by Christian influences. Thenceforth the necessity of guarding the institution of slavery by laws against teaching men to read, and by the violent suppression of dangerous truth, will have no place in any State or Territory of the Union, but our whole country, in its imperial extent, will be open to that free gospel which proclaims that God hath made of one blood all nations of men, and which demands for all men "the Bible without a clasp," and therefore demands and establishes the free schools in which all children alike may learn to read the Bible for themselves. A great work of evangelization must be done for our country within the next twenty years. All that has been done in these forty years is only, as it were, a preparation and a beginning. God, who has trained us for the work, and has encouraged and strengthened us by giving success, is now opening the way and calling us forward to a glorious consummation.

III. Our remembrance of the period which we are reviewing will not be complete unless we take a still wider view. Through all the course of these forty years, changes have been steadily and rapidly going on, that have great importance in relation to *the general interest and progress of Christ's kingdom in the world.* I do not refer to wars and political revolutions,

so much as to changes of another sort. The period has been characterized more by the peaceful progress of civilized nations than by great wars among them; and, though there have been changes of dynasty and of empire—some of them very significant—the political map of Europe at least remains, on the whole, very much as it was in 1825. But, all this while, great forces have been working to change the character and condition of the world.

We have often marveled at the increase of human knowledge, and especially of that knowledge by which man obtains dominion over material nature; but the general diffusion of knowledge is, in some respects even more significant. The apparatus and arrangements by which knowledge—and, to a great extent, knowledge really useful—spreads itself abroad, the demand creating the supply, and the supply ever stimulating the demand, is among the wonders of modern civilization. Think what the art of printing has become in its relation to the millions. Think of journalism, in its range of subjects, scientific, literary, political, religious,—in the diversity of its periods, quarterly, monthly, weekly, daily,—and with its countless pages falling everywhere, like autumn-leaves in a forest. Think what popular education has become, not satisfied with teaching children to read and write, but aiming to give substantial knowledge, with something of intellectual and moral discipline. Doubtless such diffusion of knowledge is more general in our country than elsewhere; but in almost every country of the civilized world, certainly in every Protestant country, there is the same sort of progress.

Another significant fact is naturally connected with the increase and diffusion of knowledge. The mutual influence of all civilized communities is constantly increasing. Forty years ago, the seas and mountains by which nations are separated from each other, and still more the diversities of language and of political and religious institutions, were far more effectual as barriers against international influence and international sympathy than they now are, or ever can be again. Every civilized nation is now in contact, as it were, with every other. Not only do the scientific discoveries and inventions of one country pass out at once into all countries, and become the com-

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mon property of civilized mankind; but the books which in one language charm or agitate the popular mind, are translated into other languages, or without translation extend their influence into other lands. Not popular literature only, but philosophy also, learns, more than heretofore, to utter itself in various languages. The thinking of Germany passes over into Britain and America; and the thinking of English-speaking nations reacts upon Germany. With the increase of facilities for travel in these years of peace and commerce, every nation comes more and more into contact with other nations by means of personal communication. Travelers and tourists of all sorts, seekers of knowledge and seekers of pleasure, are going abroad into all lands, sojourning here and there for a season, and then returning home. Great tides of emigration are setting from various nations of the old world to our shores; and then, by international postage and ocean-steamers, those Americanized myriads keep up a constant interchange of influence between the land of their new hopes and homes and the lands from which they came. Among all the nations of the civilized world, and especially among those of Protestant Christendom, there is a growing consciousness of more intimate relations to each other and of interest in each other's welfare. Perhaps no man who does not personally remember the time when there were no railways and no sea-going steamships to facilitate and stimulate international communication, and when the magnetic telegraph had not yet been invented, can fairly understand how great a change has come to pass in the intercourse of nations, in their knowledge of each other's affairs, and in their mutual influence.

One marked consequence of all this, is an increased acquaintance and a more intimate fellowship among the Protestant Christians of different nations and languages. There is beginning to be visible a reformed and evangelical catholicity, extending through all nations, and everywhere conscious of a living unity. Evangelical Christians everywhere are becoming assimilated in their religious views and teachings, and thus they are obtaining larger and more adequate conceptions of what the Christianity is which they hold in common, and which they uphold against superstition and spiritual despotism on the one hand, and against infidelity and destructive rationalism on the other. There is indeed no "gift of tongues" like that

which attested the first glorious coming of the Comforter; but Christian sympathies are awakened which utter themselves, praying and praising God, in all the languages of the civilized world, and which pass from land to land, and traverse oceans, with greetings of brotherly affection. We see not indeed—nor need we desire to see—a corporate unity under one ecclesiastical government; but we see what is better, a spiritual unity of aspiration and of voluntary coöperation for the advancement of that kingdom which is "righteousness, and peace, and joy in the Holy Ghost." A few years ago, it was my privilege to be present, for many days, in a great assembly at London, where representatives not only from Great Britain and Ireland and from the United States, but from Germany, from France, from Holland, from Switzerland, from Scandinavian countries, from the Protestantism of Italy, and from I know not how many other countries, were reporting to each other concerning the signs of the times, and deliberating on plans of more extended coöperation, and praying together for the universal coming of the kingdom of God. The great assembly was itself a "sign of the times"—an effective manifestation not only of the progress which spiritual Christianity, as distinguished both from formalism and from unbelieving rationalism, is making in the world, but also of the vital unity and free coöperation which are bringing into conscious fellowship the growing multitude of believers in whose conception and experience the Gospel is "the power of God unto salvation." Forty years ago such an assembly could not have been; and yet, so great is the change, that assembly, though the first of its kind, was only first in a series.

While these changes have been in progress, breaking down so many of the barriers between nations, and bringing evangelical Christians of all names and languages and nations nearer to each other in thought and sympathy, and in coöperation, the principle of religious liberty has been gradually working itself into the public opinion of the civilized world, and into the laws and government of various nations. Forty years ago, in England itself, conscientious dissenters from the established state-religion, whether Protestants or Roman Catholics, were subjected not indeed to positive persecution on account of their religion, but to many civil disabilities which

are now almost forgotten. What progress freedom to worship God—freedom to read the Bible—freedom to preach the Gospel—has made, within these forty years, in France and other European countries, not excepting Italy, nay, in realms beyond the bounds of Christendom, I need not now describe. The change, in this respect, demonstrates that the nations are already at the threshold, as it were, of a new era, when truth shall everywhere be free in the conflict with error, and throughout the world the emancipating and renewing word of God shall run without hindrance.

Let us, then, not forget what it is which gives the chief distinction to this nineteenth century,—namely, the great movement for the propagation of the Gospel through the world. We who are growing old have seen great things in our day. Looking back over these forty years, with thoughtful view, and recollecting how much of all my mortal life has been measured out to me, I cannot but thank God that I have lived in an age so full of zeal and enterprise in the work of preaching the Gospel to every creature. The modern era of evangelical missions to heathen nations may be marked as beginning near the close of the last century, when the religious awakenings of that century—the standard which the Spirit of the Lord set up against the unbelief and atheism that were coming in like a flood—had prepared a people for the work. Forty years ago, the chief evangelizing institutions through which the missionary zeal of Great Britain and America is now putting itself forth in all directions,—the great Bible and Missionary societies,—were already established; but the work was only begun. Much had been accomplished of preliminary labor; the field had been widely explored, languages had been mastered, missions had been commenced in many heathen lands, translations of the Bible had been made with various degrees of accuracy, wisdom had been acquired by experience; and there had been just enough of success to forbid discouragement. But what progress have we seen within these forty years! What do we see to-day? The isles are receiving God's law. Africa, on the eastern coast and on the western, is brightening with the light of the sun of righteousness. The hoary idolatries of India are losing their power; and converts to Christ in that land of immemorial darkness, are numbered by

tens of thousands. In Turkey and Syria, God's blessing upon Protestant missions has achieved freedom for the Gospel; and, not only there but in Persia, the Gospel is demonstrating its power to make all things new. In China, the missionaries from both sides of the Atlantic are working together, and, in the churches they have gathered and the steady progress of the truth, they see that their long labor is not in vain the Lord. The darkness of the entire world of heathenism is dotted over with radiant points of Christian influence; and the free contributions of Christ's disciples in all lands, and of all names, are poured forth in a volume ever swelling with the progress of the years, and are accompanied with prayers and aspirations which give assurance of ever growing success. Let the work go forward at the same rate of progress and development through another period of forty years; and then—in the fifth year of the twentieth century—how changed will be the aspect of this long benighted world! In all probability, there will even then be vast tracts of heathenism; wickedness may still be bold and blasphemous in Christian lands; the saints of God may still be crying to him: "O, Lord, how long?"—but the evangelization of the world, the work which the world's Redeemer has laid upon his church, will be far in advance of where it now is. Some of you (we know not who they are) will see that day; but the great majority of us, before the beginning of that twentieth century, will have ceased to have any share

"In all that's done
"Beneath the circuit of the sun;"

and I might now count off name after name of those who will surely be in that majority.

I am sure to be in that majority, for "I know that shortly," at the latest, "I must put off this my tabernacle." But I charge you whom I shall leave behind me, to be faithful and constant in this work of spreading through the world the knowledge and kingdom of Christ. So long as "Thy kingdom come" is on your lips, let it never be an empty phrase; let it never be anything less than the breathing of faith and earnest hope, and the consecration of your free offerings and your personal service as "fellow-workers unto the kingdom of God"—fellow-workers with those who have rested from their

labors, and fellow-workers with those who shall come after you. So shall you share in the triumphal joy, when heaven shall shout to earth, and earth respond to heaven: "THE KINGDOMS OF THIS WORLD ARE BECOME THE KINGDOMS OF OUR LORD."

My dear friends, of this Church and Ecclesiastical Society, I have now a few words more to say, of deep interest to myself and to you.

I am the oldest pastor in Connecticut, who has not, partly or wholly, withdrawn from his work.

The last ten years in a pastorate of half a century are necessarily years of diminished vigor and of diminishing success in the work of the ministry.

I am old enough, now, to ask for relief; and at the same time I am not too old to receive it without feeling that I am slighted by the offer of it.

Not for my own sake merely, but rather for your sake and your children's sake, I ask you now to relieve me while I am willing to be relieved. All that concerns the mode or extent of the relief, I would refer to your kindness and discretion. On that point I have only to say: Give me either a colleague, or (if such be your judgment) a successor. I do not ask for an associate, one who shall help me, and for whom I must be in some sort responsible. I ask rather for one who shall take charge of the flock, and be responsible for it, and whom I may help only as he may ask for assistance in the first few years of his work.

I am able to work, and may be able, perhaps, for ten years more. While I am still at your service in the work which I have so long performed among you, I trust I can find other work to do which will contribute to my support. I do not ask to become a burthen on you. I am willing to work while it is day. I only remember, and for your sake I remind you, that to me the day is far spent, and the night is coming when no man can work; and so I leave the matter in your hands.

"The Lord bless you and keep you: the Lord make his face shine upon you, and be gracious unto you: the Lord lift up his countenance upon you, and give you peace."

SERMON

Preached on Retiring from the Pastorate.

THE PASTOR RETIRING FROM HIS OFFICIAL WORK.

Preached September 9, 1866.

Acts xx. 32.—And now, Brethren, I commend you to God, and to the word of his grace, which is able to build you up, and to give you an inheritance among all them which are sanctified.

Few things in the history of Paul the Apostle are more characteristic of the man, or of the gospel which he preached, than this discourse of his to the officers of the Ephesian church, when they had come down, at his invitation, to meet him at Miletus, and there to part with him. The discourse, in all that he says to them about their official work and responsibility, in all that he says about himself, and in all that he says about approaching conflicts with evil, is a lesson to churches and ministers through all time.

Reading this discourse, we can hardly fail to observe how freely and naturally he speaks of himself, in the first person, and of his ministry. He was speaking to friends—to old and tried friends—in circumstances which required him to speak in that way. To speak otherwise, on that occasion, would have been affectation, and he would have failed to say the fit and timely words, had he been embarrassed by the fear of exposing

himself to the imputation of egotism. If I speak of myself this afternoon, let the occasion be my apology.

An official ministry of forty-one years and a half, in this ancient church, is now to be ended. On the first Lord's Day in the next month, forty-two years will have been completed since the first occasion on which I led the worship of God in this house, and attempted to dispense the word of life. It would be injustice to your feelings and my own, if I should retire from my official work among you without some serious and affectionate words appropriate to the occasion. For this purpose no better arrangement of topics occurs to me than that which the Apostle followed in his address to the Ephesian elders.

I. He appeals to their knowledge of himself. "Ye yourselves know, from the first day that I came into Asia, after what manner I have been with you at all seasons." So I may say, you know the course and character of my ministry among you from its beginning. But to how few of you can I say this literally and personally! Where are the men and women that knew the beginning of my service here? I look along this aisle—and that—and that; and how few are there to whom, as individuals, I can say: You personally know, from the first day that I stood here to preach the gospel, after what manner I have been with you at all seasons! Some such there are who are older than myself, and others who have grown old with me; and I thank God that every one of them is my dear friend to-day, esteeming me very highly in love—not surely for my own sake, as if I deserved it, but for my work's sake. The great majority of those who are now adults in the parish, were children, or were not yet born, when I began the work which I resign to-day. Yet I may say to them, as well as to the few who are of my own age, or older—to the congregation as a whole I may say—to all the churches of Christ in this city I may say—to the entire community of those around us who take any interest in the ministry of the gospel, I may say: Ye know after what manner I have been among you at all times.

It is a serious thought to a minister of the gospel, and especially to the pastor of a church, that so many people know him, and know after what manner he is doing his work, or has done

it. His work is essentially public—he is always under inspection and criticism. Others may seek retirement, and love to dwell in the shade; but he has no privilege of that sort, whatever his inclination may be. His gifts, his merits, and not these only, but his faults, his mistakes, his infirmities, his professional habits, his personal peculiarities, his infelicities of manner or deportment, belong in some degree to the public. Everybody in the parish knows all about him; and what the whole parish knows, everybody else knows. Everybody has a right—more or less clearly recognized—to talk about him, and to give an opinion for or against him, whatever he does, or whatever he neglects or refuses to do. All this is an inevitable incident of his position. He must bear this yoke in his youth; and if he lives long enough he must bear it till he is old. He cannot look upon his congregated hearers—he cannot meet his neighbors in any relation — without the thought: They all know after what manner I am with them at all seasons:—if I am faithful, the ineffaceable record of my fidelity is in their consciences; if I am unfaithful, they are witnesses against me.

II. The Apostle, in thus appealing to their personal memory, reminds them more distinctly of what he had done in that church, and of what he had experienced there. "Ye know after what manner I have been with you—serving the Lord with all humility of mind, and with many tears and temptations which came upon me by the plottings of the Jews—how I kept back nothing that was profitable unto you, but have showed you and taught you publicly, and from house to house, testifying, both to the Jews and also to the Greeks, repentance toward God, and faith toward our Lord Jesus Christ." I dare not say so much as this. Yet, appealing to you who know after what manner I have been with you, I may say that, if I know myself, I have been endeavoring, through all the days of this ministry, to serve the Lord Jesus Christ. Sure I am that, if I have served Christ at all, I have served him with a constant sense of imperfection and unfitness for so arduous a work. I have loved the work of preaching the gospel and showing to men the way of salvation; I love it still; I hope to die in it; but O, how far have I come short of setting forth, as it always seemed to me I might do, and ought to do, the reasonableness,

the attractiveness, the beauty, the glory of that gospel! As for the "humility of mind" which the Apostle speaks of, I think I know what it is, not only in that consciousness of moral imperfection in the sight of God which attends all the progress of the Christian life, but also in the consciousness of personal incompetence to so great a work. I love to preach, but if anybody has at any time been dissatisfied with my preaching, and has felt that it did not approach the divine greatness of the theme, let him be assured that I have been more dissatisfied than he. At the same time I may say: You know how I have kept back nothing that was profitable to you—no point of Christian truth or duty that has seemed to be needful, but have announced to you, publicly, and from house to house—in the great congregation, and in the more private teaching and application of the word—testifying to all alike, year after year, in times of revived religious feeling, and in times of comparative declension, the one comprehensive doctrine of repentance toward God, and faith toward our Lord Jesus Christ. This, as every hearer knows, has been, in its diversified bearings and relations—in the arguments by which it is enforced, the views of God and man, of time and eternity, of sin and salvation, by which it is illustrated, and the applications in which it bears on all the details of human duty—this has been the burthen of my ministry: Repent, for the kingdom of heaven is here—repent, and turn to God—repent, and bring forth fruits meet for repentance—repent, and believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, putting full confidence in his readiness and power to save you, and following him whithersoever his word and spirit will lead you.

One phrase in the Apostle's speech refers to what he had experienced at Ephesus. He speaks of his "tears," and of the opposition—the "temptations" or persecutions—which he had encountered from the machinations of the unbelieving Jews. His allusion in the word "tears" may be to some personal sorrow which was of course well known to his hearers on that occasion, but of which no record has come to us. Perhaps the allusion is only to the anxiety and the depression of feeling with which he had pursued his work, watching for souls, and grieved to see men dying in their sins. But when he speaks

of what befel him by the plotting of adversaries, we know what he means. We have, in the foregoing chapter, a definite account of the opposition which was made to him in Ephesus on the ground that his preaching interfered with commercial and public interests; and he implies that when, as he expresses it in one of his epistles, he "fought with wild beasts at Ephesus," unbelieving Jews, enemies of Christ crucified, were at the bottom of the mischief, as we know they were at Iconium and Lystra, and at other places. Now I have no thought of comparing myself with the Apostle in this respect. My life among you has not been without its share in the sorrows incident to our condition in a dying world; but why should I speak of such sorrows to-day? Let me rather say that, through your kindness, and by the favoring providence of God, my life among you has been eminently a happy life. My home, though often darkened by sickness and death, has been, and is, a happy home. Yet when I think of this long ministry, and of how many there have been, and are, to whom, in the name of a redeeming God, I have offered a great and free salvation, but of whom it would be presumptuous to say that the gospel which they have heard here will not bear witness against them to their condemnation—when I remember what thoughts, what hopes, what disappointments, I have had concerning them—when I remember what prayers, in the church and in retirement, have accompanied the invitations, the persuasions, and the warnings which I have addressed to them from this place, and in which I have been Christ's messenger to their souls—I can enter into the feeling which the Apostle uttered when he spoke of "serving the Lord with all humility of mind, and with many tears."

Something, too, I have known of that opposition which the free and earnest application of God's word to the sins of men rarely fails to excite. Of course I have never had any such experience as Paul had at Ephesus and elsewhere—such things are not to be expected here. Nor have I ever encountered any hostility on the part of this church, or of the ecclesiastical society. If here and there one has been unable to accept the views which have here been exhibited from the word of God, and applied to live questions of duty, such persons have never

formed a party in opposition to the Pastor. Sometimes such an one has been generously willing to recognize the fact that I must be governed by my own convictions, and sometimes another has quietly withdrawn to seek elsewhere a ministry better suited to the habit of his mind. But, after all, I have never had occasion to take alarm from that saying of Christ: "Woe unto you when all men shall speak well of you." The open enemies of Christian truth and holiness, and those who have had aims or interests adverse to the moral welfare of society, have never been my friends. It is a small thing to have been the song of the drunkard, and the jest of the ribald scoffer. Men who get gain by making drunkards, and whose industry helps to increase the aggregate of vice and crime in the community, filling the poor-house and the jail with the victims of their trade, have hated me and cursed me. Men who find their fellow-man "guilty of a skin not colored like their own," and who "for such a rightful cause" desire to tread him down—men whose interests in trade, or whose associations and aspirations in political parties, were so involved in the wicked institution of slavery that they must needs pay homage to that hideous idol, and cry in its behalf, from time to time, as Demetrius and his mob cried: "Great is Diana of the Ephesians"—and men who were disloyal or half loyal to their country when rebellion was striking at its life—have charged me with not preaching the gospel, and have cast out my name as evil. But their opposition has never done me personally any harm, (such men's opinions, as to what the gospel is, are of little consequence), and, in this closing hour of my service as your Pastor, I am thankful to remember that those who want an antinomian gospel, with no denunciation of wickedness, with no light for the conscience, and with no power to quicken the moral sense, have never spoken well of me. Opposition from such sources is a testimony that I have not shunned to declare all the counsel of God.

The Apostle could say, in all humility of mind, and without professing that he had never, in any respect, come short of his duty to Christ: "I take you to record this day that I am pure from the blood of all men, for I have not shunned to declare unto you all the counsel of God." While I know my infirm-

ity, and confess before God, and before you all, that I have fallen very far short of what I ought to have been as a minister of Christ in such a place as this, you are my witnesses this day that, so far as the scope and range of my preaching of God's word is concerned, I have kept back nothing that was profitable, and have not shunned to declare unto you all the counsel of God, and that, in that view, I am free from the blood of all men.

III. Another topic in Paul's discourse at Miletus is even more personal to himself. He speaks of his own future, and of the uncertainties which were before him. "I am going," he says, "to Jerusalem, carried along like a prisoner—bound in the spirit—bound in conscience—not knowing the things that shall befall me there." There were many things distinctly in prospect that might have discouraged him; but his great desire was that he "might finish his course with joy, and the ministry which he had received, to testify the gospel of the grace of God."

In regard to my own future, I have little to say. I am not departing from you. Here, where I have lived so many years, I expect to pass the brief remainder of my life. How it is that my official ministry in this dear congregation has come to its conclusion, I can hardly explain to myself otherwise than by saying that God has so ordered it. When I proposed to you, a year and a half ago, to relieve me of my pastoral care and labor, entirely, or in part, at your discretion, I had no plan or prospect for the future, other than that perhaps I might find time in the evening of life to perform, for the churches of New England, a service to which I had been urged by friends and by brethren in the ministry, but which I felt I should not perform with the undivided care of this congregation resting on me; and that, while performing that service, I might also be doing some good by giving instruction to theological students concerning the New England church-polity and church-history. My thought was that I might go on with my pastoral charge for another year or two, and then perhaps for yet another, till you should find a successor for me. But your singular kindness and generosity in meeting, and more than meeting, my wishes, and in making provision for me and those depend-

ent on me in my declining years, became a significant intimation to me—an intimation, not of your wish, but of your generous willingness, that I should lay down my office. And then—just as the arrangement was complete which you have made for me—a most unexpected invitation to a different kind of work was laid before me. In other circumstances, I should not have listened to such an invitation. There is no promotion in going from this pulpit to a theological chair—as pulpits and professorships are to-day. The transfer might have been preferment forty years ago; but times are changed. For many years I have been devoutly thankful that I was not a professor of theology; and never have I desired a position so exposed to the censures of those good men who feel that their vocation is to be jealous for their traditional orthodoxy. But, notwithstanding my reluctance, the circumstances in which I found myself, when the invitation came, seemed like a clear revelation of my duty. I go "bound in the spirit"—reluctantly—under a sort of necessity laid upon me in God's providence—not knowing how I may succeed in my new work. It is a work in which my term of service, at the longest, must be very short, and for which I can now make no preparation other than that which my more than forty years of service and experience in preaching have given me. I may fail in it. I have not dared to commit myself to it but for a single year. But if, by the blessing of God, I succeed in it, I shall leave a great legacy of good behind me, having finished my course with joy, and the ministry which I have received of the Lord Jesus to testify the gospel of the grace of God.

IV. The Apostle speaks anxiously, and in words of warning, as to the future that was before the church at Ephesus. Charging the elders or bishops, who were his hearers, that they should take heed to themselves and to all the flock over which the Holy Ghost had made them overseers, he says: "I know this, that after my departing grievous wolves will enter in among you, not sparing the flock. Also of your own selves will men arise, speaking perverse things to draw away disciples after them." He foresaw dangers coming upon that church from without, and dangers arising within, but he could say in confident hope: "I commend you to God, and to the word of

his grace, which is able to build you up and to give you an inheritance among all them which are sanctified."

Shall I say anything to you about your future? I remember the past. The history of this church, for two hundred and thirty years, testifies of God's care and favor. He brought hither a vine as out of Egypt. He cast out the heathen, and planted it. He prepared room before it, and caused it to take deep root. "She hath sent out her boughs unto the sea, and her branches unto the river!" Will he not behold and visit this vine and the vineyard which his right hand hath planted? Will he who has guarded this church, and upheld it through so many ages, and so many changes, forsake it now? I call to mind the changes of these last forty years. What hath God wrought! Think, brethren, what has been going on in this world since you and I have been in this relation to each other. No age of history, save only that in which Christ came and his gospel began to run its course of conquest, has been so full of marvelous changes as the age in which we have been living, and which is covered by the personal recollections of the old men among us. Think what revolutions of empire there have been—what changes in commerce and the intercourse of nations—what strides in the progress of civilization, of knowledge, and of the arts that minister to human power or human comfort. Think how marvelously these changes have been made subservient, on the whole, to the advancement of civil and religious liberty, to the more general diffusion of knowledge in all civilized nations, and to the spread of the gospel through the world. Such views are familiar to all intelligent persons, but it requires a more thoughtful mind, observant of spiritual things, to realize what changes have been taking place within these forty years in the universal church of Christ—especially how the religious thinking, and the religious activity, and the various manifestations of religious experience and spiritual life, in the entire extent of Protestant and Evangelical Christendom, have really advanced from the position of forty years ago. Other changes, of no less significance than those which crowd our memory, will mark the remainder of the waning century. The kingdom of Christ is advancing; and, as dependent on it or subsidiary to it, governments will

rise and fall, old empires will pass away like exhalations, science will make new discoveries in all the realms of nature, commerce and art will give new power to industry, and the wealth of nations—especially of free and Christian nations like our own—will increase beyond all former calculation. Peril is always incident to progress, and, as I look to the immediate future, I foresee dangers to the churches—dangers in which this church must share. I foresee danger from without, in the prevailing tendency of modern thought acting on the churches and their ministry through all the channels of literature, and coming in on all the vehicles of intellectual influence. The tendency of modern thought is to the denial of a personal God, and therefore to a scheme or body of opinions which is really atheism cloaking itself in words that seem to be religious. That is the danger from without—the danger of a pantheistic Anti-Christ, for even now there are many Anti-Christs—the danger of conceptions and principles, plausible but heathenish, creeping into the churches in the guise of a religious philosophy, like wolves in sheep's clothing. At the same time I foresee danger from within—nay, I see it actually present, and growing every day. The danger from within is in the growing wealth of the members of the churches, and in those habits of self-pleasing, and conformity to the world, which wealth engenders. O my Christian brethren in this church, take heed to yourselves—take heed to the flock. Take heed in the choice of a Pastor. Take heed to place over you, in the ministry of the word, not one whose brilliant rhetoric shall attract the thoughtless without making them thoughtful, and who shall pull down other congregations to build up this, but a man earnest to save souls, a man full of the Holy Spirit, and of that power which comes from communion with the mind of Christ, a man who will feed the flock of the Lord which He has purchased with his blood. Thus I commend you to God, and to the word of his grace. Let your trust for your future be in that gospel which is in the power of God to salvation, and in God who gave it. He is able to build you up, and to give you an inheritance among all them who are sanctified.

More than this the Apostle said to his hearers at Miletus. In order to secure them against the dangers which he foresaw,

he commended to their attention the beneficent and self-denying character of the religion which he had taught them. Having referred to his own example, reminding them how far he stood above the suspicion of mercenary aims and views in the work which he had done among them, and with what self-denial he had served them in the gospel, by his personal industry contributing to the necessities of himself, and of those that were with him, he ended his discourse by saying: "I have showed you all things, how that so laboring ye ought to support the weak, and to remember the words of the Lord Jesus, how he said: 'It is more blessed to give than to receive.'" The beneficent spirit of Christ living in his followers—self-denying activity and generosity in doing good—earnest and unwearying coöperation in the work of Christ—is the conservative power by which the church, under the guardianship of Christ himself, must be held up, and built up, in all the times of temptation that come upon the earth. Those who are working for Christ, and with him, against the wretchedness, the ignorance, and the wickedness, of the world—consulting and praying together, and provoking one another in holy emulation to love and good works—are workers together with God, and, in the consciousness that he is with them, they know that their fellowship is with the Father and with his Son Jesus Christ. Religion is to them not a speculation nor a dream, but a life, and no plausibilities of pantheistic philosophy, in whatever form of literature or science, can turn them from their faith in a personal God, who discerns between good and evil, with infinite joy in the one, and infinite abhorrence of the other. The temptations which come with increase of riches shall not prevail over them, for the discipline of work and self-denial in the service of Christ is ever training them to acknowledge that, as they are Christ's, so all that they can call their own is his, and cannot without sacrilege be used for their own self-indulgence and vain glory. Brethren and friends, in this final hour of my official ministry among you, I charge you, as you would be safe from the temptations that in the future will beset you from without and from within, take heed to yourselves and to the flock, and let this church become progressively earnest and large-hearted in the work of the Lord. Remember that pure religion and unde-

filed before God and the Father is a religion of personal beneficence, and of protest in spirit and life against all in this world that pollutes the soul. Be, not in profession only, but in all your activity and aspiration, followers of Christ as dear children—followers of him who, though he was rich, for our sake became poor—followers of the world's Redeemer, and workers together with him—working and giving as well as praying—working for God—working, through every good enterprise and institution for the church, for the suffering or the degraded, for neighbors and fellow citizens, for posterity, for the country, for the world. So shall God, by the word of his grace, build you up, and give you an inheritance among the saints.

A few words will sufficiently explain the position in which I stand henceforth as related to those who have been the people of my pastoral charge. My relation to the Ecclesiastical Society will be simply that of a grateful pensioner. From this day the pulpit is no longer mine. I have no responsibility for it, and no control over it. My resignation having been accepted by the society and consented to by the church, I am simply a retired Pastor, not dismissed by a council, and commended to the churches for another settlement, but one who has served his time out, and been released from service. In this church I am a brother—an elder brother, and, in the sense of that Apostolic precept, "Is any sick among you? let him call for the elders of the church," I am still an elder. Till the time comes—which I pray may not be distant—when you will have another Pastor, call for me, as freely as heretofore, when any is sick among you, and where the windows are darkened by death. Let no member of this congregation think that the tie between you and me is broken in that respect, or that it is weakened, so long as you are without another Pastor.

Is all this a dream?—or is it a waking reality? Is it indeed a fact that I am now laying down what has been my life-work? Of the less than sixty years this side of the dim and shadowy period into which my memory cannot distinctly penetrate, almost forty-two are identified with my work in this church. All my plans in life—all my intellectual pursuits and enjoyments—my studies and my relaxations—my dearest affections

—my domestic joys and sorrows—all my hopes this side of heaven; yes, and my hopes that reach into that brighter world—my prayers—my daily consciousness of infirmity and dependence—my conflicts with temptation—my confidence in Christ's grace and strength—my experiences of religious comfort, and aspirations after likeness to the Saviour—have been inseparably connected with that burthen, heavy but happy, which I now lay down before you and before God. You cannot think it strange that the laying down of such a burthen, so long incorporated with my life, seems to me almost like a dream.

Twice, since the beginning of this year, I have been called to preach at a Pastor's funeral, and somehow it seems as if I were performing the same sort of service to-day. Among the Pastors of the Congregational churches in this city, the two that were nearest to myself in age, and with whom I had been associated from the beginning of their ministry in their early youth, have died; and the pulpits that were theirs are vacant. This pulpit which has been mine is vacant, though I am yet alive. It is a singular coincidence of events, under the providence of God, that these three churches, the oldest of our order in New Haven—the three that have had pastorates continuing, respectively, into the twenty-eighth, the thirty-third, and the forty-second year—are now at once looking to the great Shepherd and Bishop of souls, and waiting for Pastors. One generation goeth and another generation cometh. The age to which my life belongs is disappearing and passing into history, and another age, in which the most of you will survive me, is beginning. Brethren and friends, for your own sake, and your children's sake, and for the sake of all those interests which are involved in the purity and spiritual prosperity of these churches, let prayer be made continually, that in the new age which is opening, these churches, enriched with the ministry of godly Pastors, able and faithful, may stand together, and do all their part in the work of training souls for heaven, and of filling the world with the knowledge and the glory of the Lord.

HALF-CENTURY SERMON,

Preached March 9, 1875, by Rev. Leonard Bacon, D.D.

Psalm lxxi. 17. O God, Thou hast taught me from my youth.

Never till this day, in the two hundred and thirty-six years since the gathering of this church, has one of its ministers lived to see the fiftieth anniversary of his induction into office. John Davenport was more than forty years of age when he kept that first Sabbath in the wilderness; and, thirty years afterward, he resigned his charge and removed to end his days in the service of another church. His two associates here, first William Hooker, and then Nicholas Street, were men who had served elsewhere many years, not only in the national Church of England, but in New England, before they came to New Haven. The first, after a brief ministry as teacher of this church, returned to England. The other, succeeding him almost immediately, and continuing six years after the removal of Davenport, died at an advanced age, but had served this church less than sixteen years. James Pierpont, the first of our pastors born and educated in this country, died at the age of fifty-five, after twenty-nine years of service. The pastorate of Joseph Noyes continued forty-five years, including three years after the ordination of his colleague and successor. Chauncey Whittelsey, though he had never held office in any other church, was nearly forty years old at the date of his

ordination, and the period of his ministry was only thirty years. James Dana was more than fifty years old when he came from the church in Wallingford to be Pastor of this church; and in less than twenty years he yielded his place to a young man. Moses Stuart was Pastor not quite four years. Ten years and a half were measured between the ordination and the dismission of my immediate predecessor, Nathaniel William Taylor.

Yet of the nine whom I have mentioned as having been pastors and teachers in this church, all save one died in old age, while only the first two and the last three were removed otherwise than by death. I have numbered, perhaps, as many years of life as the most aged of my predecessors; but, though I was relieved from the burthen of the pastorate eight years and a half ago, I have never been in form, dismissed from the office. Therefore I regard myself, and am kindly recognized by the church, as *pastor emeritus*. Some reason, too, I have to believe that "having obtained help from God," I have not been thus far mischievous in that relation. Neither from my gifted and honored successor, nor from the deacons, nor yet from members of the church or of the ecclesiastical society, has there come to me even the least or most indirect manifestation of any jealous or unkind feeling toward the old minister. I have always been in my place here on the Sabbath, unless detained by illness or called to some occasional ministry elsewhere. I have not assumed to preside in church meetings, for, though still an elder, I am not presiding elder. I am sometimes commissioned to appear for the church as its Pastor in ecclesiastical councils. I am often called to officiate here in the preaching of the word, in the celebration of the Lord's Supper, in the baptism of your children, in the admission of members, as well as from house to house in funeral services, and on other occasions of sorrow or of gladness. So, being still in some respects a Pastor of the First Church of Christ in New Haven, and acknowledging the continued respect and kindness (far beyond my deserving) shown me in that relation, I have invited you to meet me here to-day for a religious commemoration of what took place in this house fifty years ago.

The ninth of March, 1825, was one of those bright days which introduce the spring. An ecclesiastical council had

been convened on the preceding day, and had performed all its duty preliminary to the public solemnities of the installation. Meeting again that morning, the council, with the Pastor-elect and the committees of the church and the society, and with clergymen not members of the council, moved in a somewhat formal procession from the old lecture-room in Orange street to this house.

Of the members of that council there is now not one survivor. The church in the United Society, the church in Yale College, the church in West Haven, and the First, South and North churches in Hartford, were present by delegation, all save two of them represented by both Pastor and messenger. The President of Yale College, and my immediate predecessor, then in the third year of his service as Professor in the Divinity School, were also members of the council by personal invitation. President Day was moderator, Professor Fitch was scribe. The public service was begun with prayer by the Rev. Carlos Wilcox, whose ministry in the North Church at Hartford had just begun and was soon ended. Another Hartford Pastor, the Rev. Joel Hawes, preached one of his best sermons. The venerable Father Stebbins, of West Haven, offered the prayer of installation. Dr. Taylor gave the charge. The Rev. Samuel Merwin, who had been nineteen years the pastor in the United Society, gave the right hand of fellowship, and then the closing prayer was offered by the scribe, Professor Fitch. This is not exactly like the programme of a modern installation, with its invocation and scripture reading before what was once the introductory prayer, and with its "charge to the people," borrowed from the Presbyterian theory of church government, and too often made the vehicle of unseemly quips and jokes; but fifty years ago it was enough.

Fifty years ago! What was I then? Where am I now? Then, as I entered this house in the procession, and from the high pulpit looked over the great assembly, the thought of the responsibility coming upon me, the thought that within these walls the great work of my life was to be wrought, filled my eyes with tears. Yet how ignorant was I of what things were coming upon me! How inadequate were my anticipations of what my work would be; and, with all my consciousness of

insufficiency, how little did I understand the disproportion between myself and the place into which I was inducted! To-day, at the end of fifty years, I come into this house, and where am I? The same walls enclose us; the same vaulted roof is over us; the same spire catches the slanting beams of sunrise and of sunset, the same old graves are beneath us, but what else remains? Those into whose faces I now look are as far removed in time from those into whose faces I looked that day, as the congregation then assembled was from the congregation in the old "middle brick" meeting-house before the declaration of independence, before the battle of Bunker Hill, before the first gun of the revolution was fired at Lexington. Those now before me who remember that installation are not so many as there were in that congregation who remembered the sacking of New Haven by the British—an event which seems to the living generation like a dim tradition from some distant age.

We, too, who remember, are conscious of change in ourselves. We are changed in our position and relations, in our views and habits—changed by all the difference between childhood or youth and the decline of life. Yet under the consciousness of change there is a profounder consciousness of identity. Our thoughts, in our old age, are not the same that they were fifty years ago; our feelings are not the same; we look on the world around us as through other eyes than those of our youth; we look forward with very different expectations and desires; but great as are these changes in the operation of our minds, like the changes in our bodily powers and functions, the fact that we remember and are at this moment bringing into one thought the present and the past, implies—nay, is the direct consciousness—that we are, each one of us, the same. That which the word "I" stands for, that which thinks, and feels, and wills, is permanent through all these changes. The earth on which I stood when I was a child, is the same, the sun that shone upon me then is the same, the changeless north star is the same, but the identity of earth or sun or star—the identity even of a material atom in all its combinations and through all the ages, is not more absolute than mine or yours. Changes sweep around us—changes are ever

going on within us, but the memory of one's-self is the consciousness of an identical, permanent, indivisible personality. That personal identity of which we are conscious, running on through all changes, thirty, fifty, seventy years, and more—must it not continue through the last change and beyond it? Emotion may be transient as the tear or the smile; but the soul that remembers it is permanent. Thought may follow thought like waves upon the shore, but that which thinks is imperishable. He who holds that there is thought without a thinker, and memory with no mind that remembers, and heroic purposes and struggle, but no personal will—or, more briefly, he who denies his own personal existence—may deny that he is to exist hereafter. But we who remember know that we exist—we know that through all the changes around us or within us, our indivisible existence is identical; and how can we admit that our consciousness of thought and will and memory is not immortal? May I not say that He who has brought life and immortality to light has made us conscious of our immortality?

Something of that consciousness gleams through the words which I have selected as a theme for this occasion: "O God, Thou hast taught me from my youth." The Psalmist, "old and gray headed," remembered the years of long ago—how when he was a child he thought as a child—how when he became a man he put away childish things; and, conscious of personal identity through the changes of so many years, he was conscious that God had been teaching him. Taking the hint which these words give me, I make them my own: "O God, Thou hast taught me from my youth." Instead of attempting to sum up the story of the changes which have taken place in this church, in our city, in our country, and in the world, and which have made this last half century one of the most wonderful "in the book of time," I propose to tell only of some changes which have been going on in my own mind; and, in so doing, I hope to preach not myself, but Christ Jesus the Lord.

I. How does God teach? In what methods, and by what means and processes, has he been teaching me? When I shall have answered this question, I will mention some of the lessons which I think I have learned—though imperfectly—under His teaching.

1. There is a divine teaching by means of those physical changes which mark the progress from youth to maturity and to old age. God has been teaching me in that way. You may stand in the morning sunlight on one of the hills that overlook our city from the east, and then you may come again and survey the same landscape, from the same point of view, in the light of the setting sun. How obvious the difference between what you saw at sunrise and what you see at sunset! There was no illusion in that morning light—there is none in the more golden radiance of the later hour. What you saw, when the light was behind you and all the shadows fell westward, was reality; and what you see now, with the shadows reversed, is equally real. But you know the landscape better by seeing it first in the morning and then in the evening, than if you saw it always in the same light. Somewhat like this is the difference between the outlook of the mind in the early vigor of its powers and its outlook in later years—a difference in the physical conditions of thought and knowledge. While fifty years were passing, what changes have there been in the brain, in the nerves, in the entire fabric of the body which the soul inhabits. By means of such changes God is teaching us. Fifty years ago, when my eyes were young, when the blood of young manhood was in my veins, when the fibre of the brain had not attained its maturity, when all the moods and impulses of youth were in full play, it was not possible for me to see things as I saw them at the noon of life, or as I see them now. Yet what God had then already taught me is incorporated and blended with all that he has been teaching me even to this day. If we think of the soul as born not for this mortal life only but for a great hereafter, we realize in a moment that these successive changes in the physical conditions of mental activity may be as truly essential to the soul's development as were those earlier changes by which the baby on its mother's bosom grew to the stature of a man. When I lay helpless on my mother's bosom, God, by physical changes—by growth of brain and nerve and muscle—made it possible for me to speak, to walk, to think, to work; and so he taught me. In like manner, by all the subsequent changes which make up the life of this material organism of ours, He has been teaching

me even to this day. And if there are before me years of senility and decrepitude, they too will have their place in the plan of God's dealing with my soul; and let me say, to the last, "O God, Thou has taught me from my youth."

2. God teaches every one of us by means of our association with other minds; in that method He has been teaching me. From our infancy onward, all our teachers are, or ought to be, God's servants, teaching us, by the direct action of their minds on ours, what He would have us learn. The direct action of one mind upon another, communicating knowledge, guiding and quickening thought, training the faculties of observation and reflection, touching the springs of sensibility, of conscience, and of love or hate, and in all these ways moulding the character, is what we ordinarily mean by teaching. So the mother and father teach their children, and the little children of a household teach one another, mind acting upon mind. So, all our lives long, we are in close association with the minds around us, and, if we are not too unteachable, they are always teaching us.

It is fit therefore, as I review God's dealings with me for these fifty years, that I make some thankful mention of how He has been teaching me by means of my association with other men, older than myself or my coevals, superior to me in the gifts of nature and of learning, or my equals. When I came to this pastoral charge in my inexperience, and with all the rawness of my preparation for the work, my immediate predecessor, instead of being numbered with the dead or removed to some distant post of duty, was my neighbor and friend. I was never in any formal way his pupil; I did not frequent his lecture-room, but in those early years my intercourse with him was constant and intimate. The direct influence of his mind on my thinking supplemented my inadequate studies in theology. He was then already far the foremost of the living theologians of New England, as he had been one of the foremost and most successful of New England Pastors, and my familiar intercourse with him taught me to think and taught me to preach. It was hardly a less privilege to be associated in the same sort of intimacy with Professors Fitch and Goodrich, and with President Day, who was to me as venerable then as he

could ever have been to those who knew him only in the later years of his presidency, or in that calm, long evening of his life which was so beautiful. Nor will I refrain from mentioning in this connection the modest and worthy man who was then Pastor of the church in the United Society, Samuel Merwin. He never thought himself the peer, either in learning or in mental force, of the eminent men whom I have just named; but he and I were the only Congregational Pastors in the town; there was no line of demarcation between our parishes, and yet neither of us had the faintest jealousy of the other. Our friendship was intimate, our intercourse constant, our mutual confidence without reserve. His personal acquaintance with the ways of my two surviving predecessors, and with their predecessor, and his nineteen years of experience before me in the pastoral office, were an advantage to me; and through him I became acquainted with the place, with traditions and memories then recent, and with the ideas and usages of times that were beginning to be old, and were vanishing away.

Outside of New Haven there were other ministers, by whom God taught me in those early days; one was Lyman Beecher; for though he removed from Litchfield to Boston within a year after my installation here, I often saw him and was often present with him in those meetings for fraternal consultation which he loved; and I rarely saw him without catching from him some electric flash of thought, some pithy saying easily remembered for its wit, and worth remembering for its wisdom, some story of his earlier or later experience in preaching, or some inspiring suggestion of work to be done for Christ and for humanity. Another was Nathaniel Hewit, then of Fairfield, afterwards of Bridgeport, whose connection with the Hillhouse family often brought him to this place. His power of fascination over a young minister was like that of the poet's "ancient mariner" over the "wedding guest;" and though I was not betrayed by that fascination into an acceptance of his austere and (as I thought), unbiblical theology, nor into the habit of seeing the present and the near future under the sombre light which his mind threw over them, I learned from him many a lesson which I have not forgotten. And yet

another, under whose influence I came in those early years, and whom I never ceased to love and honor, was Thomas H. Skinner, then of Philadelphia, and afterwards of New York. Through a series of years there was hardly a summer when he did not visit us. His child-like simplicity of affection and of trust, his power as a preacher, his eagerness to discuss the most difficult themes in relation to the divine redemption and renovation of sinners—all were helpful to me; and, as I look back to my youth, I bless God for my friendship with that saintly man.

It was my thought to speak of how God taught me by my friendly association with men who though I revered them, were not ministers of the word. But should I venture in that direction the time would fail me. I also intended to speak more at length of some younger than myself, with whom I have been a fellow-worker in this ministry, but I must forbear. Yet there are two names—nay, three—which I must mention. If ever there was a man with mental constitution utterly unlike mine, that man was Henry G. Ludlow; always overflowing with demonstrative affection and emotion, always ready to preach, and never preaching but with a flame of enthusiasm, at one moment weeping in pity or sympathy and at the next moment laughing with some gush of religious joy. It seemed almost as if nothing in him was commensurate with anything in me. Yet he loved me, and I could not, if I would, help loving him. There was help for both of us in that friendship; for if men love one another, working side by side, they are teaching one another by the very diversity of their gifts. The late Dr. Cleaveland became pastor of the Third Church when I was in the ninth year of my ministry here; and then, for the first time, I found myself associated in this half-colleague relation with a brother younger than myself—for he was five or six years my junior. Even before his ordination we began to be on terms of intimacy, consulting with each other almost daily as partners in the same work. I think that in that intimacy he learned something from me; and I am confident that I was taught something by my sympathy with him, and my endeavors to encourage him under the trials of his early ministry. When he became, at a somewhat later period, an alarmist

in theology, and, still later, an extreme conservative in politics, our intimacy was sometimes interrupted; but there was never, to my knowledge, any bitterness between us; and I trust that the mistakes which I thought I saw on his part, taught me something. I always knew that he loved Christ and loved the truth. And when I think of Dr. Dutton, I know that my long intimacy with him, never interrupted by a distrustful word or thought, was a blessing to both of us. If, in our constant intercourse, I as an elder brother was helpful to him, he as a younger brother was surely helpful to me. It was good to pray with him; good to talk with him; good to work with him. It was good to share his affectionate and ever faithful friendship—to see how he watched for souls, and how kindly he visited the suffering or the sorrowing—to see his strenuous loyalty to justice and to liberty, but generous indignation against wrong done to others, and his more generous forgetfulness or unconsciousness of wrong or insult offered to himself. Dear Brother Dutton! It seems lonesome, even now, to be living on without him.

Let me say why I have been so particular in these statements—as much so as I could well be without mentioning the name of any living friend. It is because I desired to give my testimony on this point for the benefit of younger ministers here present, and more especially for the benefit of the still younger men who are hoping to serve in this ministry. God teaches the ministers of his word, and helps them to make the most of what is in them, by means of their association with other ministers. No man who enters the ministry can afford to cut himself off from the benefit of constant intercourse, free and fraternal, with his neighboring brethren in the same ministry. When Pastors and other working ministers forsake the assembling of themselves together in brotherly association—when they lose the consciousness of partnership in a common work, and cease to meet for consultation and mutual help—then you may know that the ministry is losing power; that, instead of the union of hearts and hands which comes from conferring together about their difficulties, their successes, their studies and their plans of doing good, there will soon be petty estrangements among them, and mean jealousies, and scram-

bling rivalries—and that, instead of mutual improvement, there will be, in too many instances, no improvement at all. The minister, however gifted or privileged, who confines his views to his own parish as if he had no concern in anybody who is not or may not become a pewholder in his congregation, and who shuts himself up to his own separate studies, as if none of the brethren around him had any interest in him or any right to be benefitted by his attainments, will by and by grow stiff and narrow in his ways of thinking, and in his isolation his mind will shrivel. When I see a young minister holding back from fraternal intimacy with his brethren, recognizing no obligation on him to attend their meetings for consultation and mutual help, taking an attitude and position as of one who is above learning anything from the slow-going old-fashioned men who were so unfortunate as to come into the world a few years before him, and assuming that he has nothing in the world to do but to work his own parish according to his own wisdom, I have not much hope of him. A sacred proverb forbids us to indulge any large expectations concerning one who is too wise in his own conceit to learn anything from his seniors or from his compeers.

For my own part, I say again with devout acknowledgment, that God has taught me from my youth even to this day, not only in general by means of my association with other minds in the various walks of learning and of business, but especially by means of my constant association with other minds in the same high and sacred employment with myself. When I was the youngest among all the Pastors of the county or of the State, I was taught by kindly intercourse with elder brethren who had known my father before me; and, while I have been growing old in years, I have endeavored to keep myself young in mind and spirit by familiar intercourse with my younger brethren.

3. I was going to speak of books as another mode of the action of mind upon mind; for in that method God has taught me from my youth, and is still teaching me, but there is no time for what I would like to say on that point. I have never been a great reader, my life being too busy for that. Little of my time has been spent in libraries, nor have I aspired to emi

nence in any department of scholarship. But you know there is one volume which, above all others, has been the study of my lifetime, and the principles of which, as revealing God to men and reconciling men to God, it has been my life-work to unfold and apply. Other books have been useful to me chiefly as helps to the understanding and exposition of that volume; and from the beginning I have sought—alas that I have not sought more earnestly—to make my acquisitions in whatever direction subservient to the great end of announcing, explaining and promoting that kingdom of God among men which is the one comprehensive theme of the Bible. Not commentaries only and books of learned exegesis—not theology only in systems and controversies—but books in every department of knowledge have had for me their chief value in their relation to that one volume which has been my text book, and which is above all others, and in distinction from all others, God's own book. Philosophy—history—the physical sciences exploring all the realms of nature—the sciences of man, of government, and of that great complexity of rights and interests and duties by which men are connected with each other, and which constitute society and the State—every science that has to do with concrete realities—must, sooner or later, pay tribute to Christ and become subservient to his kingdom. In that confidence, I have studied my text-book, and have been ready to receive whatever light may fall upon its pages. I have never had any fear that, in the progress of knowledge, God may be eliminated from the universe or Christ from history. The revelation of God reconciling the world to himself, is what the Bible gives us, and what science can never take away.

4. Omitting, then, all I would gladly say—and perhaps garrulously—about some books other than the Bible, which have been eminently helpful to me, I proceed to speak, briefly, of another method in which God has taught me from my youth. Fifty years ago, when I was younger than most young men are when they enter a theological seminary, He who gives wisdom to those who ask it of Him began to teach me by my experience as a Christian Pastor. For the first two or three years, as might have been expected, by some depressing experiences—there is no need of my describing them—they were

such as come quite naturally to one in the position in which I found myself. I had undertaken a work too great for the immaturity of my powers and the inadequateness of my preparation for it. But from the first, I was not without some experience of another sort—the experience of wise and generous friendship among my people, and, better still, the experience which a Pastor gains by personal contact with souls coming to him for guidance in the way of life, and led by his counsel to lay hold on the hope set before them. And when, ere the third year of my pastorate was completed, there came a religious awakening in the congregation, that larger experience of the joy of "gathering fruit unto life eternal," taught me many a lesson which I could not have learned from years of converse with books and of earnest meditation. Then, and thenceforward, a new light was thrown over my work in the pulpit, in the study and in the parish. There was courage in the thought that my labor had not been in vain in the Lord; and that there were among my people so many who loved me because, under my teaching and guidance, in part, they had been introduced to the new life in Christ. If I do not deceive myself in these reminiscences, the people saw, and my brethren in the ministry saw, that I had learned something. Still I fell short, far short, of my own ideal, and of the better and more experienced ministers with whom I compared myself and was compared by others, but every new reviving in the more than forty years of my active pastorate was a fresh experience of God's teaching. Not only my public work in preaching and lecture-room talking, but my work from house to house (such as it was), my conference with individuals in various stages of religious thoughtfulness, my intercourse with the sick or otherwise afflicted, my funeral ministrations, my words of counsel and of prayer by the bedside of the dying, poor as at the best they must have been, were the better and the more valuable for all God's teaching of me by such experience.

5. I hasten to recognize one more of the methods in which God has taught me from my youth, namely, by His providence over me and mine. The events of every man's individual life, the burthens laid upon him, his successes and his disappointments, the relations of love and duty in his home, the joys and

griefs that alternately brighten and darken his dwelling—these and the like are what we call God's special providence over him; and they are, from beginning to end, a discipline by which God is teaching him. I think to-day of what God's providence over me has been for three and seventy years. I recall the first dawning of memory and the days of my early childhood in the grand old woods of New Connecticut, the saintly and self-sacrificing father, the gentle yet heroic mother, the log cabin, from whose window we sometimes saw the wild deer bounding through the forest glades, the four dear sisters whom I helped to tend, and whom it was my joy to lead in their tottering infancy—yes, God's providence over me was even then teaching me. Our home life, the snowy winter, the blossoming spring, the earth never ploughed before and yielding its first crop to human labor, the giant trees, the wild flowers, the wild birds, the blithesome squirrels, the wolves which we heard howling through the woods at night, the bears which we children heard of and feared, but never saw, the redskin savage sometimes coming to the door, by these things God was making impressions on my soul that must remain forever, and without which I should not have been what I am. I remember my later boyhood in another home and amid other surroundings—the petty mortifications and occasional hardships incidental to my position—the moral dangers which might have been my ruin but out of which I was strangely delivered—the circumstances that awakened, from time to time, something of religious sensibility—the opportunities and means of learning which were given me, inadequate, yet inestimable. God's care was over me then, and by His providence He was teaching me. I remember how, when my father had found rest in his grave, and my mother was a helpless though not friendless widow, God answered their prayer for their first-born, and brought me to Yale College. And here God taught me not only by the ministry of tutors and professors, with their text-books and their lectures, but also by His special providence over me. The penury and dependence, the privations and, I may say, hardships, as well as the opportunities of those years, were comprehended in the discipline by which God was training me. But why do I speak of these things? It is more appro-

priate for me to say, on this occasion, that through these last fifty years God's providence over me and mine has been a constantly instructive discipline. He gave me a wife whose dear memory is tenderly cherished, even now, by all who knew her and continue to this day. We set up our home in humble fashion, and He hallowed it and made it happy. He gave us children to love with that exquisite affection which parents know. He kept us poor, but we had food and raiment, and somehow they were paid for. We had no certain dwelling-place; but wherever our hired house was for the time, no house in the town was more gladsome with the voices of children. For more than fifteen years the shadow of death never fell upon our home. I had known sorrow, but there were some sorrows which I had never tasted. At last it came, and when my youngest born—just old enough to wonder why his father could not help him—was dying in my arms, after a short, sharp illness, ending with the agony of suffocation, ah! that was a new experience, and God was teaching me by it. Then, after two more children had been born, and we had lived a little while in the house which we could call our own, the wife and mother died, and the pleasant house was desolate. Well did I know in that dark day, that God's providence was teaching me. The children He had left me were dearer than ever for her sake as well as for their own sake, and closely did they cling to me. By my struggles for them, and by the earnest endeavors of the older ones to lighten their father's burthen, God was teaching me. By that entire experience God taught me—opening to my soul the treasures of His word, giving me some new qualifications for the ministry, by which those treasures are dispensed. Three years had been almost completed when a new mother, bringing with her all a true mother's love and patience, was given to my children; and what she has been to them and to me, through much infirmity and suffering—what reason they have and I have to bless God in her behalf—need not be told to any who know what my home has been for the last eight and twenty years.

But I must refrain. I have said enough to show what a conviction I have that all my life long, and especially through the last fifty years, God's providence over me has been a disci-

pline, teaching me, training me, making all changes subservient to the progress of my intellectual and spiritual being. Our life itself in this world is one continued course of education and teaching by the providence of Him who created us for immortality.

II. I promised to mention some of the lessons which I think I have learned within these fifty years under God's teaching. But in attempting to redeem that promise I will not weary you. Suggestions merely must suffice instead of details.

"O God, Thou hast taught me from my youth." What has God taught me? What have I gained from His teaching? (1.) I have gained, from one stage of progress to another, clearer and more just conceptions of Christian truth. My progress in that sort of knowledge was not ended when I came from Andover; it is not ended yet. I know more to-day—more adequately and exactly—what God reveals to us by the Bible, than I knew fifty years ago—more than I knew ten years ago; and I am still a learner, and hope to be a learner to the end. (2.) It is partly by those clearer and more just conceptions of Christian truth, that I have gained a broader liberality of judgment in regard to theological and ecclesiastical differences among Christians, and a corresponding enlargement of sympathy with all who follow Christ. I trust I am as far as ever from the liberality of indifferentism, but God has taught me, as He is teaching His churches everywhere, that they who believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and follow Him are agreed in the main thing and may agree to differ in other things. (3.) By the same teaching I have gained better views of what Christian experience is, and of how the Christian life begins and is sustained and manifested. Long ago I learned and began to teach—what I did not adequately know at the beginning of my ministry—that experience, however conformed to any tradition of what conversion and regeneration ought to be—must be tested by the character and not the character by the experience, and that wherever the Christian character appears in the authentic "fruits of the Spirit"—there is no need of inquiring for the story of the psychological process in which the character began; and thus I am learning, more and more, to recognize as belonging to Christ all who profess and

seem to love Him. (4.) I have also gained, and am gaining, by the same method, better apprehensions and a more firmly grounded faith concerning the future of Christ's work and kingdom in the world.

That future, I am sure of it, and, though I know only in part, I know better than I once knew, what it will be. It is impossible for one who remembers the last fifty years—the most eventful half-century in the world's history, not to believe that Christ will reign over all nations—that the spirit of Christ will pervade all literature, that all philosophy will pay homage to His gospel, that the progress of science and of all the arts subservient to human welfare will facilitate the progress of the gospel till it shall have conquered the world, and that the wheels of time are revolving swiftly to bring the day when voices shall be heard on high "praising God and saying the kingdoms of this world have become the kingdoms of our Lord and of His Christ."

Yes, I have seen the coming of the glory of the Lord. I bless God that I have lived in such a world as this, and have had my humble part, my work to do, in such an age as this. Why should I not say, when the hour of my departure comes, "Now lettest Thou Thy servant depart in peace, for mine eyes have seen Thy salvation?"

I cannot close better than by reading the following, which I would ask you to sing if we had not lost our good old hymn books:

My God, my everlasting hope.
  I live upon Thy truth;
Thy hands have held my childhood up
  And strengthened all my youth.

Still has my life new wonders seen
  Repeated every year.
Behold my days that yet remain,
  I trust them to Thy care.

Cast me not off when strength declines,
  When hoary hairs arise.
And round me let Thy glory shine
  Whene'er Thy servant dies.

Then in the history of my age,
  When men review my days,
They'll read Thy law in every page,
  In every line Thy praise.

SERMON

Preached by Rev. Leonard Bacon, D.D.,

November 24, 1881.

Psalm cxlvii, 20.—He hath not dealt so with any nation: and as for his judgments they have not known them. Praise ye the Lord.

I attempt this service with hesitation because of my bodily infirmity, though the service is to me a privilege. Nothing is more probable than that this is my last opportunity of preaching a Thanksgiving sermon. Therefore, having the opportunity, I make the attempt, trusting that you will hear me with kind allowance for my failing strength.

Formerly, the Thanksgiving festival was characteristic of the New England States—each State by itself appointing a day for the public acknowledgment of God's goodness in the circling year. But now, our kindred—the children of our New England fathers—have spread themselves over the breadth of the continent; and they have carried with them, into all the States and Territories, some remembrance or tradition of what the old Thanksgiving was in New England congregations and New England homes; and so, at last, the "venerable usage," is characteristic of the American people. We meet to-day not only at the call of our own Governor but also at the call of the President of the United States. We meet not only as citizens of this old commonwealth, but as citizens also in that great union of commonwealths which we call the nation.

This is therefore a national giving of thanks; and we meet in this temple that we may devoutly acknowledge God's wise

and gracious providence over our common country. We might find matter for devoutly thankful meditation in God's goodness toward this city of New Haven, or toward our own Connecticut; but let us rather occupy the hour with thoughts about God's dealings with this great fellowship of States—especially during the year now drawing to its close.

As we turn our thoughts in that direction, one terrible fact seems to darken the whole field of vision. On the fourth of March, James A. Garfield was inaugurated President, and a new era of peace and splendor over our whole country seemed to have begun. The people had placed him in the chair of Washington and of Lincoln because they trusted him; and when they saw his modest dignity in that high station, the statesmanlike way in which he entered on his work, and at the same time the republican simplicity of the man and the Christian beauty of his domestic life, their admiring confidence in him grew stronger day by day. The East and the West, the North and the South, were all hoping great things from the four years of his administration. But on the second of July—two days less than four months from his inauguration—he was mortally wounded by an assassin's bullet; and as the intelligence was flashed from the capital, the whole nation was aghast with horror, and all good citizens of every party felt that they had never known before how much they trusted him and loved him. Seventy-nine days his constitutional strength of body, sustained by his heroic will, resisted death; and then he died. Every day of that protracted agony had endeared him to the people, for the whole nation was watching as it were at his bedside. As they saw the efforts of medical science and surgical skill, hope alternating with discouragement—as they saw that gentle yet strong-hearted wife nursing her hero, suppressing her tears and choking down her anguish that she might cheer him with her familiar tones and smiles—as they saw his patience like the patience of a martyr, his cheerful trust in God, his Christian readiness to die—they loved him as a brother; manly voices broke at the mention of his name; thousands even of those who were not much given to prayer cried: Pray for him; and when he died, there was never before a national grief so deep and so wide. Where, between the two oceans, was the

man who did not feel the national bereavement as a personal sorrow?

This national calamity—this unanimous national grief—is what confronts us first and most conspicuously as we look back upon the year. Assembling in the house of God to-day, we feel that it is only a few days since we met here to bear our part in the funeral solemnity so far away and yet so near. How can we keep a national thanksgiving under so dark a cloud? —*How?* Have we never learned that Christian song which tells us that

> "God moves in a mysterious way
> His wonders to perform,"

and that

> "Behind a frowning providence
> He hides a smiling face"?

Do we not know that what we see is the dark side of the cloud, and that, beyond it there is the splendor of the sky? Nay, do we not already catch some glimpses of the "silver lining"? Do we not see the cloud breaking and its edges tinged with gold and crimson?

A devout man, believing in God's father-care over him, learns to say, in view of remembered disappointments and bereavements, "It was good for me to be afflicted," and so he can be thankful even for the discipline of sorrow. May not God's care for the welfare of a favored nation—not less than his loving providence over his individual children, manifest itself, sometimes, in visitations of calamity? In the light of this consideration let us think of how God has been dealing with us as a nation while the cloud was hanging over us.

First, then, we have this to be thankful for in connection with that great national sorrow—the call to prayer was not unheeded by the people. On the third day of July last, that apostolic direction concerning public worship: "I exhort that, first of all, supplications, prayers, intercessions, and giving of thanks, be made for all men; for kings and for all that are in authority, that we may lead a quiet and peaceable life in all godliness and honesty,"—was observed, and it has been observed ever since that day, as I think it had not been observed for a long time previous. I have had occasion, at intervals within the last

fifteen years, to take notice of the fact (as others have taken notice of it) that when our worship in this house on the Lord's day has been led by occasional preachers, instead of being led by a Pastor in charge of the flock, the prayers have not always made mention of the men entrusted with authority in the State and in the Union. Indeed, if I mistake not, prayer for the government and the men who administer it—prayer for the sovereign people, and for governors and others commissioned by the people to administer our public affairs and to provide for the common welfare—has been the exception rather than the rule in our Lord's day assemblies. I cannot but think that it has been so elsewhere, and too generally throughout our country. In Protestant Episcopal congregations, prayer for the President and for others in authority is offered every Lord's day through the year; prayer especially for Congress whenever Congress is in session. The same sort of prayer is offered in churches of other names, if it so happens that the minister who conducts the worship is one whose ideas and ways are in some degree old fashioned. But there seem to be some ministers, and I fear there are many, who are hardly aware that the assembly on the Lord's day in the Lord's house is, first of all, an assembly for prayer, and still less aware that, of all prayer-meetings, that meeting of the church and of all who join with it in public worship ought to be the most solemn and most effective. Too often the thought seems to be that prayer and hymns (and sometimes perhaps prayer and music) are appropriate and helpful as accessories to the sermon, and that the people come together as hearers only rather than as worshipers.

But on that third day of July last, all over the breadth of the continent, the feeling in every congregation was that they had come together "first of all" for "supplications, prayers, intercessions;" and that they must pray for the President of the United States. The assassin's shot startled the nation as if the apostolic direction about public worship in Christian assemblies had been repeated in thunder. Thenceforward, week after week, while the President lingered between life and death—Sabbath after Sabbath whether it was the Christian Sabbath or the Jewish—prayer went up in his behalf from all assemblies. Whether the meeting-place was a cathedral or a cabin, it was

felt to be a place for prayer, and the burthen of prayer was everywhere that one burthen of anxiety and sorrow which was on the heart of the people.

The shock, then, which went through the nation with the report of that murdering pistol, was a call to prayer, and the call was not unheeded. If it is a fact, as I trust it is, that, in our worshiping assemblies, both ministers and people have been learning a lesson about what belongs to public worship, and that henceforward the Sabbath prayer for the President of the United States and all others in authority shall be as inseparable from the common prayer of all the churches as it is from the common prayer of Protestant Episcopal congregations, shall we not be thankful for the lesson great as is the cost of it?

I know there are those who silently or openly are asking, What is the use of such prayer? The thought is in some hearts, All that prayer brought back no answer; we prayed, and the whole nation prayed that the wounded President might live, but he is dead, and what was the use of all that prayer? What the use of prayer! That is an old question,—older than the book of Job. Long before any prayer-guage or prayer-test was thought of, a certain sort of men could say, "What is the Almighty that we should serve him, and what profit should we have if we pray to him?" I have known believing souls who, though they could not leave off praying, were perplexed by what seemed to them the inefficacy of their prayers. They had prayed, and our Father who is in heaven had not given them what they desired and hoped for. Some such, perhaps, are here to-day,—perplexed and beclouded with speculations about the efficacy of prayer. We prayed, they are saying in their hearts—we prayed, and tens of thousands joined with us in the prayer that the illustrious sufferer might live; but all that prayer remains unanswered,—he is dead; what profit had we? But think, O doubting soul, think! What is prayer? Is it dictation? or supplication? Does it command God what to do and what to refrain from doing; or does it bow down before him in the spirit of submission to his will? What is prayer but the cry of dependent and short-sighted creatures appealing to the infinite love and the infinite wisdom of God? Is it your theory that your prayer is unanswered and lost unless your

desire and your wisdom can be permitted to overrule the counsels of God? Have you a right to say that your prayer is not heard or not answered, if it does not suspend the operation of those physical laws and forces which God established in his work of creation, and by which he rules the world in his providence? I know there is a current theory which implies all this—a theory by which religious souls are often darkened and distressed, and which unbelievers hold when they would encourage themselves and others in an atheist life. It will be a great thing for the health of the churches and for the growth of pure and true religion in our country, if this great instance of what such believers and such unbelievers call unanswered prayer shall open the eyes as well as hearts of all Christian worshipers to that other and true theory which makes absolute deference to God's wisdom, with childlike submission to his will, an essential element in prayer. Thus it was that Paul prayed so earnestly and persistently for relief from his thorn in his flesh, and was answered by the promise "My grace is sufficient for thee." Thus our Lord Jesus prayed, "O my Father, if it be possible, let this cup pass from me; nevertheless, not as I will but as thou wilt." Often the God of our salvation answers prayer "by terrible things in righteousness." It is mere unbelief to say, or to think, that the prayer of this nation for its wounded and dying President was all in vain.

Let us then hold fast our faith not only that God is, but that he is a rewarder of them who diligently seek him. We pray, "Give us this day our daily bread," and it is our privilege to see by faith the hand that feeds us. If we thus pray, our daily bread is God's answer to our daily prayer. True, he feeds the ravens also that have not sense enough to pray, and he feeds myriads of men that never pray. But those men, senseless of God as the ravens are, live on a lower level of existence than that on which men walk with God. Here is the true idea of prayer. If we pray in spirit and in truth, prayer brings us into communion with God and into a familiar friendship with him. It is a mistake to think that an outburst of religious feeling or any glow and rapture of meditation is prayer. The man who prays has something to ask for—business, as it were, to be transacted at the throne of grace. He has need of God's

help in relation to this life and in relation to the life hereafter; he has work to do; he has duties, cares, affections, hopes and fears; and he brings them to his Father. That Father knows him, cares for him, listens to him, and answers him with blessings. God is his friend, is with him in his daily life, is taking care that all things shall work together for good to him. God's friendship is worth more to him than the utmost prosperity of those who are without God in the world can be to them.

The friendship of God is as important to a nation as to an individual or a family; and as God befriended Israel of old, so he has befriended this nation hitherto. And may we not accept it as a token of his friendship, that he has so loudly and sharply roused us to the duty and the privilege of prayer for those to whom the great trusts of government are committed. That sort of religion which is too spiritual to pray for anything so mundane and secular as civil government in the State and the nation, is too spiritual for this world of work and conflict. Let it retreat into cells and cloisters, let it hide itself in caves and deserts; but let us have a religion that can pray as God would have us pray for all that are in authority—for the sovereign people, for the President as the prime minister of that sovereign, for governor and legislators, for senators and judges. Wo to this land of ours, with all its riches and all its historic glory, when the notion shall have prevailed that government in this nation, with all that concerns our political existence and activity, is too profane a thing, too much within the jurisdiction of the god of this world, to be prayed for or thought of in the churches. God has warned us to pray and faint not. Let us be thankful for the warning.

Another and more obvious effect of our national sorrow may well be regarded as a benefit for which the nation should give thanks. The murder of the President, with that long suspense between the shooting and the death, has made the nation more conscious of its unity than ever before. The shock of that great crime was felt with equal horror on the shore of either ocean, and through all the States from the northern frontier to the southern. It was felt—may we not say with confidence and therefore with thanksgiving?—it was felt not more in New York than at New Orleans, not more in Boston than in Charles-

ton, not more in Chicago than at Mobile, not more here in New Haven than in Richmond. Twenty years had passed since the outburst of a civil war that was to dissolve the Union, and sixteen years since the surrender of "the lost cause." The process of reconstruction with all its painful and exasperating incidents had been completed. The South and the North were slowly yet manifestly coming into relations of amity and mutual respect. But still there seemed to remain some hot embers in the ashes of old enmity, and there was the possibility that those embers might by some malignant breath of faction be kindled into rage. May we not say to-day that the last embers of enmity between the North and South have been extinguished in the common sorrow? Among the people who, only sixteen years ago, laid down their arms before the victorious forces of the Union, there was no other feeling than that a horrible crime had been committed against *them*. *Their* President had been shot and not merely a Northern President; the horror and the grief were theirs and not ours only. The negroes of the South and those who had been their masters mourned together and lifted up their hands in prayer with one accord. In the first horror, in the long anxiety, in the national grief and funeral, there was an awakened consciousness—thrilling from the North to the South and from ocean to ocean—that we are one people.

Thus when to the industrial exhibition in the chief city of Georgia there came the products of the South and the machinery of the North, all saw, all felt, and all rejoiced to feel that in this great Union of States there are no antagonist interests; that the prosperity of each contributes to the prosperity of all; and that if one member suffer all the members suffer with it.

There is yet another consideration pressing upon us. Can we forget the expressions of international regard and sympathy that were called forth by our affliction? There is no need of my telling you what they were. Let me rather ask, What did they signify? What *do* they signify to us as we remember them? When the sovereign of the British empire—Queen and Empress—was sending her messages of tender and anxious inquiry, those messages told us indeed that "a true woman's heart was beating under the royal purple," but that was not the whole significance to us. When all the potentates of Chris-

tendom and the rulers also of Mohammedan and pagan empires sent, through their embassador and minister, the homage of their sympathy, what was the reason, what the signification of the fact? When, at the telegraphic announcement of the death of James A. Garfield, the bells of old cathedrals and parish churches in England and Scotland were tolled as if responding to the bells that were tolling on this side of the Atlantic; when, on the day of our President's funeral, the symbols of mourning were hung out in London as if London itself were one of our cities; when that widowed Queen (at the mention of whose name American hearts reply "God bless her" more fervently, perhaps, than if there had never been a Declaration of Independence) sent her loving words of condolence to the widow of our President and to his venerable mother, the backwoods farmer's widow; what was the meaning, to us, of all this international sympathy?

The circle of a hundred years has just been completed since that surrender which ensured and virtually certified to the world the independence of the United States. Between that 19th of October, 1781, which saw the surrender at Yorktown, and that 19th of October, 1881, which saw our national salute to the imperial flag of Great Britain on the spot where it had been struck in acknowledgment of defeat, there had been a century of progress. International animosities are losing their old bitterness. International sympathies are growing stronger. We see this—and it is much to be thankful for—in the expressions of regard and sympathy which have come to us in our national affliction. But we cannot fail to see that they signify to us more than this. The feeble Union of thirteen States, as they were in 1781, with their population of less than three millions scattered along the Atlantic coast, has become the firmly compacted Union of thirty-nine States with a population of fifty millions. We have become—let us not say *the* foremost, but—one of the foremost powers of the world. All nations are looking towards us, not in fear (God forbid that they should have reason to fear us!) but in wonder at our advancement in population, in wealth, in all the elements of civilization, and as they look they are learning how great a blessing from God a government like ours—self-government—may be to a people capable of self-government.

Remember, then, our national responsibility. That is the thought which ends my service here to-day. A national thanksgiving ought to quicken the sense of national responsibility. What the twentieth century, now drawing near, is to be for the millions upon millions that are to inhabit this land of ours—what it is to be for the whole world—will be determined largely by what the people of the United States are and what they do in the nineteen years that are yet to be numbered in the nineteenth century.

In that national responsibility each individual citizen has his part.

Rev. Timothy Dwight, D.D.

Dear Sir—The officers of the First Church and Ecclesiastical Society in New Haven have appointed us a committee to thank you for your very appreciative and tender address delivered at the funeral of our late Pastor, Rev. Leonard Bacon, D.D., and to request a copy of it for publication.

We are with great respect very sincerely yours,

H. C. Kingsley,
L. J. Sanford,
T. R. Trowbridge, Jr.

New Haven, January 15, 1882.

Messrs. Henry C. Kingsley, Leonard J. Sanford, Thos. R. Trowbridge, Jr.:

Gentlemen—In reply to your kind note of the 15th, allow me to say that it is a matter of much gratification to me to know that the words which were spoken, from the depth of my own feeling, at the funeral of Dr. Bacon were such as to meet the approval of his friends in the church and congregation whose pastorate he held for so many years. If it will be a pleasure to yourselves and to others to preserve the address as a memorial of the friend whom we all so sincerely love and honor, I shall be happy to place it in your hands for publication.

With much respect, I am yours very truly,

Timothy Dwight.

New Haven, January 19, 1882.

ADDRESS

By Prof. Timothy Dwight, at the Funeral of Rev. Leonard Bacon, D.D.

December 27, 1881.

We meet together, this afternoon, as a company of friends —almost as the members of a single family,—that we may render the last service of regard and kindly affection to a man who has long been held in honor by us all. We meet in this House of Public Worship, rather than at his own home, because no private dwelling could receive within its walls the large numbers who, by reason of his departure from among us, are filled with a sense of personal bereavement, and because it seems fitting that one who has for so many years borne witness here for the truth and for God should be carried to his burial from this consecrated place. But we do not meet for the utterance and hearing of formal eulogy, or for the minute setting forth of those events and works which have made his career so remarkable. A time for this will be asked for, and will be found, by the community when, the first freshness of our grief having passed away, we may be able more calmly and thoughtfully to estimate what he was and what he did. A great man and a good man, such an one as does not often live in any city, large or small,—the full narrative of his life, whether told by some competent and loving fellow-worker in the good cause here to an assembly of his townsmen, or recorded in a volume which may bear to other regions and another generation the knowledge of his character and his influence, cannot but be a

blessing to every one to whose serious reflection it may present itself. It would be a loss indeed, if the story were not, at some early moment, to be thus given to the world. To-day, however, we only speak to one another as if a sorrowing household, sorrowing most of all for the word which we have heard, that we shall see his face no more. Our thoughts are voiced, as it were, in a half-suppressed whisper of affection and grateful memory in the very presence of the dead. They are spoken by one of the company to the rest, in the few moments before we say our last farewell at his open grave. They cannot review the past history. They must be imperfect even as related to the fullness of what we feel. The talk by the fireside on many a Sunday evening in our several homes; the tender recollections in many an hour of converse with our own minds,—these alone will complete the picture to each one among us of the friend who has just left the things that are seen for those that are unseen. And yet—as in the family circle—we cannot help recalling, even at this hour, some traits of his character, and asking the questions, What of the past, and What of the future?

Our friend who has now finished his earthly work was a man of varied powers and of admirable qualities, both of mind and heart. He was made by nature on a grand scale. We who knew him as a fellow-citizen and a friend came to understand this more and more fully as the years passed on. Those, also, who merely saw his face, and heard of him or from him in other places, were impressed by the same thought. No man could read a page of his writings or listen to one of his more powerful discourses, without having some true appreciation of his extraordinary ability. We have often said this, as we have spoken about him in the past. We say it again, and with a deeper sense of its truth, if possible, at this hour. And why should we not allude to it even here, as his mortal part still lies before us. It is not as praise to him that it comes to our lips (which, at such a time, he might wish to be left unexpressed), but as a grateful remembrance for ourselves. These powers and qualities made up the life of the man. They rendered him what he was to our thought. They will cause him to be a living influence for us in the future.

As I bring him once more before my mind, he appears as a man of wonderful memory; of clear perception of truth; of that logical power which belongs, not indeed to the authors of systems of philosophy, but to the ablest advocates in the conflicts of thought; of wide and comprehensive mental grasp; of a rhetorical skill and culture characteristic of the best writers of our language; of an uncommon poetic sense and feeling; of such extraordinary suggestiveness and fertility in ideas, that his mind could never be inactive or at rest; of so exquisite humor that it was a continual charm to listen to his conversation; of a native dignity of expression which everywhere compelled respect; of a beautiful combination of intellectual vigor and tender feeling. How often have we found him, when questions of the past were before us, ready to bring forth from the storehouse of his recollections those minute details and that freshness of living fact which contain within them the reality of history. He seems, from his earliest years, to have seized upon all that he heard from persons who were older than himself, and to have laid it aside in his mind for use at any moment. His remembrance was in this way prolonged, if we may so express it, over a period of half a century or more before the time of his birth. It was thus enabled to realize for himself and for us the earlier life of New England, and in a high degree that of the city where he and we have found our home. His reading, also, carried him back into the more distant past. Here, again, the accuracy of memory brought everything into his lasting possession. He was an authority with regard to historical facts and dates. He had a most lively interest in all that was interesting in every period and in every land. He comprehended and entered sympathetically into the struggles of other ages, and, while he lived with an enthusiasm for the present beyond that of most men who know little of what is behind it, he fired the energies of his spirit by the example of the heroes and martyrs of liberty and of faith. I am sure that the men who fought for their rights against tyranny and oppression in England two centuries ago and more would have recognized him as a kindred spirit, and would have seen in him, as he carried on the conflict in this later day, the influence of their own lives. Truly, we have lost in his dying much of

the past; much, which had been within his own experience much more which was so made a reality through his memory of what he had heard and read, that it seemed as if he must have experienced it. I feel that the world has, in a certain sense, grown younger to us all than it was a few days ago, from the passing away of what was in his recollection.

How quickly, also, his mind moved. He had more new and fresh thoughts in a day, we may almost say, than most men, even men of culture, have in a week. I never knew a mind more rich in ideas, more constantly active, more awake in every direction, more ready to effervesce and scintillate with bright thoughts, when aroused by the excitement of intelligent conversation. As St. Paul's ideas seem to have pressed for utterance, oftentimes, more rapidly than the pen of his amanuensis could record them, so in the case of our friend I have sometimes felt that the mind was unable to contain all that was in it, and that, as he poured forth his thought in its abundance, he was, as it were, only thinking aloud. He was not, however, like some men, a constant talker. He could be silent in the contentment of his own meditation as easily as he could speak. But he needed only to be stimulated by the presence and discussion of cultivated friends, and his mind opened at once in every beautiful way. The rich resources of memory, the precision of his thinking, the play of keen wit, the love of truth, the purity of sentiment, the facility of language, which were characteristic of him, all combined to make the expression of his thoughts delightful to the hearer.

There are few persons within the circle of our knowledge I am confident, who exhibit in their style so much of rhetorical finish and of the purest English expression. Every sentence, whether written or spoken, appeared, to fall, as by a natural law, into the proper order and to assume a rich musical character, kindred even to that which has given to the English version of the Scriptures such power over multitudes of minds. It was this, in a large measure, together with his appreciative sense of what was fitting, which made us all trust him in any emergency to say the right words in the right way. What a sweet and solemn strain, as if coming down the ages from the times even of the old prophets, there was in his prayers. What a

measured eloquence in his best discourses from the pulpit, and in his orations on the memorial and festive days of the commonwealth. What a charming picturesqueness when he told of the simple life of our grandfathers or of the trying times of our Revolutionary history. We turned to him, as by a unanimous impulse, whenever the spirit of patriotism was to be fired, or the gratitude of the people to God for our national blessings was to find its best expression, because we knew that his words would be fitly spoken—would be, in the language of the Old Testament writer, like apples of gold in pictures of silver. The grand march of the ages appears also in some of his hymns, as in that which opens with the words,

> "O God, beneath thy guiding hand,
> Our exiled fathers crossed the sea;
> And when they trod the wintry strand,
> With prayer and psalm they worshipped thee."

and the true poetic and tender emotion, which were so marked in his nature, manifests itself in others, such as that whose beginning is,

> "Weep not for the saint that ascends
> To partake of the joys of the sky."

or the hymn for the evening twilight,

> "Hail tranquil hour of closing day."

This last-mentioned characteristic of his mind was most beautifully exhibited—as so many here present know better than any one can tell them—in those seasons of sorrow when he was called, in the households of his people, to do for the dead what we are now doing for him. I shall never forget the pathos, and Christian tenderness, and sweet utterance of hope and confidence with which he guided our thoughts along the uncertain future of life, and to the Kingdom of God in heaven, as we were celebrating the Lord's Supper in the Divinity School at the close of the last college year. It was at about that time that the first warnings were given to his mind that he might ere long be called away to another life, and he may have been thinking then of what has now been realized.

With what brilliancy of intelligence, what strength of clear reasoning, what effectiveness of wit, what manliness of free debate, he contended for righteousness and truth, when the bat-

tle was raging around him. There have been few statesmen in the country who have sounded the clarion notes so often as he has done. There are many in this house who recall the old days of the contest between the slave power and the free in our nation, especially in the later stages of it; and where in all the land is there a more conspicuous figure, rising before our memory of that warfare, than this honored man whom we bury to-day? He would have accomplished the end by peaceful measures, if he could. But when he saw that there was no peace—that there was to be and must be a war of ideas, he threw himself with energy and with eloquence into the strife. And when the conflict of argument was followed by the war of arms, his voice and his heart were wholly and constantly for the country until the hour when victory was secured for the right. He was a true patriot. It has been said that his writings established Abraham Lincoln in his opposition to the slave-system; and thus we may gain some estimate of what he accomplished for the good cause. We speak in his praise, at this hour, for what he did in those days now happily gone into the past. But, when we are thinking of him as a man, we rejoice that among the grounds of our admiration and our friendship are the powers of heart and mind which made him, then and always, what he was in the warfare for the truth.

In his stormiest conflict with the enemies of right and the common weal, however, I do not believe that our venerated friend had any personal bitterness. He had a deep sense of righteousness, a strong conviction of the truth. But his opposition was to what was false and wrong. It was not a private hostility. He was a genuine lover of freedom. He had the courage of a soldier when he had once committed himself to the battle. He even gloried in being present in the thickest of the fight, with all its excitement and its danger. Yet it was the cause that he fought for, not his own reputation. He was as little inspired by selfishness or ignoble feeling as any man whom I have ever met.

In the conflicts on less vital subjects than the one just mentioned, it has often been the play and force of his intellect alone which have been engaged. He was always, no doubt, a formidable controversialist. He rejoiced in debate and discus-

sion, and was ready for it at any moment. But he was by no means a passionate, or a jealous, or in any way a bad-hearted opponent. He never desired to do evil to another. He never cherished the remembrance of evil inflicted by another upon himself. He never waited and watched for an hour of requital or revenge. For sixteen years my associate professors in the Divinity School and myself have had the most constant opportunities for the closest intercourse with him; and it is our united and joyful testimony, as it is that of his two colleagues in the pastorate, that we have never had the acquaintance of a man of nobler temper, of more kindly nature, of a more beautiful spirit as related to fellow-workers, of more freedom from suspiciousness or jealousy of other men, of larger-heartedness—a man, in a word, to whom we could give our affection and esteem more willingly than to him. And though he does not need our testimony where he is revered by every one, as he is in New Haven, it is a satisfaction to us to give it, as we find ourselves bereft of his presence for all the future of our lives.

The Apostle John is called a Son of Thunder in the gospel by St. Mark. To some it has appeared strange that such a man could afterwards become the gentle, loving disciple who leaned upon the breast of Jesus, and who, in his latest days, made it the burden of his exhortation to his Christian brethren, that they should love one another. In the case of the friend whose loss we mourn to-day, it was the heat of the conflict and the zeal for the truth (as it may have been in the apostle's early days), which made him to the view of many, a man of bitter hostility. But it was only the armor and the smoke of the battle, which were concealing the man. How clearly, in these sixteen years of which I have spoken, the reality of the nature has shone forth, and has proved that the combatant, who was full of the soldier's spirit as he fought for the cause, was at the same moment abounding in kindliness and love towards all men. How plainly, also, those years of intercourse with him have manifested to us who looked upon his daily life the loving character of his personal relation to the Master. He was like Peter and Paul in his labors, his energy, his earnestness, his ability and readiness to sound the notes of battle; but in his own soul's life he had much of the simplicity and beauty of the Johannean love to Christ.

Our honored friend was magnanimous; he was generous; he was always disposed to aid in any work in which he was engaged with associates; he had no desire to take away from the honor or reward of others in order to increase his own; he was a hearty believer in the powers and capabilities of young men, and was hopeful for them; he was ever a promoter and advocate of the highest well-being of the community. He had the kindly instincts of a true gentleman. He had the trustful, serious, self-sacrificing, devoted, manly, godly spirit of a sincere Christian.

How much he did for New Haven can be measured and estimated best by observing what a place he holds in the regard of his fellow citizens, and what weight has, for these many years, been given by them to his opinions and his words. He has been identified with the life of the city for half a century. Its interests have been near to his thoughts and to his heart. His energies and his wisdom have responded to its call whenever they were needed. It has been an interesting sight to see him, in his later life, as he walked about the streets. Others have spoken to me of it, and I have often thought of it myself, as a noble element in our life here, that a man like him who has contended for more than a generation against evil, and in the name of God has warned and rebuked evil-doers,—a man who has had no favors to ask or to give, but who has simply tried to do the Great Master's work and to speak for him, no matter who opposed or threatened,—should have been able to gather around himself at the end the veneration of men of every party in Church and State, of the poor and the rich alike, of the foreign citizen as well as the one born upon the soil, and should pass the bright and lovely evening of his lifetime without an enemy. I am glad that our eyes have been permitted to witness this sight, and that the city of our abode has this honor for itself. The name of Leonard Bacon will surely be always enrolled among the number of those to which the highest place is assigned in the history of New Haven.

Our friend's career had a remarkable completeness. He had lived beyond the ordinary limits of human life, and in two months more would have seen his eightieth birthday. And all the years from childhood onward were full of work. From his

early maturity, even from his college days, he won the esteem of all who knew him best, both for his mental power and his moral excellence. At the age of twenty-three, when most young men are still in the work of preparation, he was called to the pastorate of this Church of Christ. Though scarcely more than a boy in years, he proved himself to be no unworthy successor of the ablest men who had preceded him. He took a high rank as a preacher, and as a man he was among those whose power was felt throughout the community and the commonwealth. For forty years, a period as important as any in the country's history, he labored in this office, giving his daily service to his people, but striving for the good cause, also, in the regions beyond. He worked steadily onward until he had survived the older generation to whom he ministered at first, and then he handed on the message of the Gospel to their children, and even their grandchildren. But he lost none of his strength and ardor as time passed away. For a great many years before he laid aside his active work here, he was the most conspicuous leader in the Congregational ministry, while none in any branch of the Church held a more prominent place. He made this Church to be known and honored everywhere. At the end of this extended period he said to his people that he had served them long enough for their highest well-being, and asked them to give the work and the responsibility of his office to another. Then he devoted himself with all the enthusiasm of youth to a new employment. He became a teacher of Doctrinal Theology,—a successor in the Divinity School of our University of the distinguished divine whom he had also followed in the pastorate. In this new position he found delightful occupation. He gave to his pupils the fruits of his long years of thought and of learning, and he ever kept his mind open to the truth. When this position was subsequently filled, in accordance with his own views, by the gentleman who now holds it, he took, at the urgent request of his colleagues, another chair of instruction. To ten successive classes of students he has lectured upon Church Polity and American Church History, subjects respecting which he was as well qualified to communicate valuable knowledge as any man in the country. His work in this lectureship continued to the latest moment. I

found him on Thursday afternoon of last week giving the concluding lecture of the term, and before the sun had risen on the second morning afterwards his life on earth was over.

Success and honor attended him in both spheres of his activity from the beginning to the ending. He had the consciousness that he was doing good service, which would be lasting in its influence, both in this Church and in our Theological School. To what he has done for the former the Christian knowledge and Christian thought of many among the living and the dead have borne witness in the past. The Christian life itself in others has owed its beginning to his teaching and his prayers. Even in these declining years of his old age, he has almost resumed the duties of its pastor and has thus centralized its Church life in himself in no small degree. His work in the School of Theology, on the other hand, is well known to his associates and to many of its friends. For his efforts to establish the school on the best foundations, and to give it its highest efficiency and an honorable fame, the churches throughout the land may well be grateful to God. For his instructions and his personal influence more than three hundred ministers now in the work of the Gospel in different parts of the country and the world remember him with unfeigned regard, while they all have a tender feeling towards him as a venerated father and friend.

The great causes for which he has labored have always been good ones also, and to a remarkable degree his efforts have been manifestly attended with good results. He has rejoiced for years in the victory of freedom and of the cause of the Union, for which he strove so long and so well. His mind which has had such extraordinary interest in the progress of the world, has been granted the vision of the wonderful things both for science and for Christianity accomplished in our generation. He has passed his lifetime in an intellectual circle and in a cultivated city. He has known the greatest earthly blessing—a happy home, sacred in its joys, and equally sacred in its sorrows. He has seen his children grow up around him and find for themselves spheres of usefulness and honor, while their children also have added to the comfort and satisfaction of his old age. He has been permitted to behold

the sunlight of heaven shining along his pathway, as the end of his earthly pilgrimage began to draw nearer. He has had the privilege of working to the last, with all the freshness of his mental vigor and all the buoyancy of an ardent soul. He has died almost in a moment, and almost without a struggle. Happy life,—we say to one another,—who could have wished it to be otherwise in its progress or in its closing?

The closing was at the hour of earliest dawn on Saturday last. It was a falling asleep, as we call it. But the sleep was only of the bodily powers. The active spirit passed at that moment beyond our earthly vision to its home. As the tidings came to us so suddenly, I could not but ask myself in the hours that immediately followed, What is the new experience through which he is now going? We often think of the great account and the solemn judgment when life is ended; and every serious mind must feel the influence of this coming scene as giving to all that we do here a deep significance. But, as I tried to picture to myself the beginning of the new state of existence for our venerated friend, in those first hours, I could not help thinking that the judgment was found in his case to be all comprehended in a Father's welcome to the heavenly house. May we not believe that dying was to him but the closing of his eyes to the familiar surroundings of the home in which he had lived so long and so happily, and the opening them a single moment afterward to the other home beyond our sight; and, thus, that there was no interval or waiting.

Every sudden death brings the unseen world very close to our thought, and seems to show us that it is only a thin, though impenetrable, veil that separates life here from life there. But when we find a man like him whose departure from us we now mourn dying so suddenly, we are almost forced to think that any break or interruption in the mental and spiritual work is impossible. Our friend, on the last evening, was engaged in the preparation of a paper upon one of the vital questions of our national life. He left it lying on his table unfinished, as he retired to rest for the night. It was, like so many that he had written before, a discussion of an evil which has long disgraced the nation, and was designed to inspire the public mind with right ideas, and to help, in some measure, towards a good result.

In the morning, instead of returning to his study table and resuming his work, as he had expected to do, he saw the veil parting asunder, and, in answer to a call from the Divine Master, he entered within it. And then it closed behind him. That was all. Surely we must believe that in that other room, or other home, he found another work all ready for him to begin, and that he at once turned to it; employing now his unwearied and widely-ranging powers, not indeed in the removing of evil, for this no longer manifests its presence, but in some line of joy and blessing, in some service of love and good-will. Yesterday, at home in the body, and therefore absent from the Lord. To-day, absent from the body and at home with the Lord. What a wonderful—what a wonderfully blessed experience! Who of us would not wish for the same experience for himself, when the end comes? The dying of our friend seems little like death. It seems, rather, like what St. Paul speaks of when he says in such expressive language, "That which is mortal is swallowed up of life."

I think of our honored friend, once more, as he comes into the society of kindred souls in that other life. What does the heavenly vision reveal to us? A mind like his, which has so realized the life of other times within itself, must, as it would seem, now find itself associated with the perfected spirits of the early Christian fathers of our own city and New England—with men like Hooker and Davenport and Pierpont and Brewster. It must be brought into union with the heroes of civil and religious liberty who struggled for the good cause in former ages and generations in this or other lands, some of whom died in the dark days of the conflict, and some with the first sight of the victory. It must ally itself with those who have from the beginning been honored by God with a summons to a peculiar and illustrious work for Him on earth and with the thankful remembrance of succeeding generations. It must draw very near to the glorious company of the Apostles, and the goodly fellowship of the Prophets, and the noble army of the Martyrs. The assemblage of the great and good must gladly open their ranks to welcome such a man, as he enters on his new life, ransomed like themselves from the power of sin, and received by their Lord and his with a divine benediction.

I think of him, also, as joyfully meeting with the brethren in the ministry of the Gospel with whom he labored here before old age had come upon him, and to whom he bade farewell long since as they went to heaven; with the brethren and fathers elsewhere, also, whom he knew and honored as they equally knew and honored him; with that little company of faithful men, whose presence among us the older portion of this audience well remember, the men who made up so large a part of the life of Yale College for half a century, Day and Silliman and Kingsley and Goodrich, and the rest. As they recognized him in the days gone by as their associate and helper, it must be with an especial joy that they see him again, now that, after so long a time, he is admitted once more into their society, his work on earth so happily completed.

We think of him even more tenderly, as we try to realize his reunion with the great number of believers who have listened to his teachings and his prayers in this ancient church, but have finished their earthly course before him. For more than fifty years they have been entering, one by one, into the world to which he has now been called, and in their happy thanksgivings for their own blessed life in heaven we may not doubt that they have often borne his name upon their hearts. As he has followed them to the same glorious home and is beginning his new life there, what must be their feeling and the holy greeting which they give. He stands among them a loving and beloved friend,—to find, for all the future, the happiness of his soul manifolded by the happiness of theirs; the satisfaction in his life's work deepened and heightened continually as he is able to appreciate more fully the measure of its good results.

And, if we may draw still nearer to the inmost circle of his past life, we think of him, still again, as seeing once more the members of his family whom God has taken to Himself in other years; among them that one who cared for him with an eldest daughter's affection for so long a period, and at whose grave we saw him standing, it seems as if but a few months since; and that gentle, loving son, whose death in the prime of his age was so great a loss to the church and the ministry, the beauty of whose Christian living and whose generous spirit, which had shone so clearly all the way through life, seemed to

beam forth with an almost unearthly brightness when, in the later hours of the day before his death he said, "It may be that to-morrow I shall be allowed to touch the hem of the Saviour's garment." We may not trust ourselves with the thought of such a meeting. But it must be one which passes in its joy the power of our present understanding, and one which shall be followed by a happy, hopeful waiting for those who are left on earth.

And then, above and beyond all else, there is revealed to us the vision with which the New Testament prophet was blessed. "They serve Him day and night in His temple. He that sitteth on the throne shall spread his tabernacle over them. They shall hunger no more, neither thirst any more; neither shall the sun strike upon them, nor any heat; for the Lamb which is in the midst of the throne shall be their shepherd, and shall guide them unto fountains of waters of life; and God shall wipe away every tear from their eyes."

Such was the past, and such, we may believe, will be the future for this noble Christian preacher and teacher, this pure-minded lover of his country and of mankind, this friend of ours who labored and prayed for the kingdom of God unceasingly until he had almost reached the age of eighty years, and then in a moment, and in answer to a sudden call, went to his reward.

"A mortal arrow pierced his frame,
  He fell—but felt no fear.

Tranquil amidst alarms,
  It found him on the field,
A veteran slumbering on his arms,
  Beneath his red-cross shield.

His spirit, with a bound,
  Left its encumbering clay;
His tent, at sunrise, on the ground,
  A darkened ruin lay.

The pains of death are past,
  Labor and sorrow cease;
And, life's long warfare closed at last,
  His soul is found in peace.

Soldier of Christ, well done!
  Praise be thy new employ;
And while eternal ages run,
  Rest in thy Saviour's joy."

It is now forty-four years since, on my first coming to New Haven as a boy just nine years old, the friend respecting whom I have spoken these words received me kindly to his house, almost every day, as the playmate of one of his children. He had at that time only reached the middle point of the allotted three score and ten of human life, and yet how old he seemed to my childhood's thought. I know of nothing more strange or beyond belief which the open vision of the future, had it been given to me then, could have revealed, than that for so many years I should be his associate and colleague in the work of his later life. But so it has been ordered in the progress and changes of time, and the one to whom I looked in the early days as my father's friend, I now most gratefully remember as my own—of an older generation, indeed, but so full of confidence in those younger than himself, and sympathy for them, that we almost forgot the difference of the years and felt that he was one with us in our labors and our thoughts. As I recall to mind, to-day, the period in which we who have been working together in the Divinity School have known his presence with us, I rejoice that we may bear into the coming time the assurance which he gave, at one of our last meetings, of his deep satisfaction in the perfect and uninterrupted harmony of our association. With tender feeling he expressed the thought which we all were thinking—but we thought, also, how much of it was due to his own unselfish and friendly spirit.

That I have been requested by his family to say the words of affection and regard which all hearts here wish to be spoken before we bear him to his burial, I feel to be a great kindness to myself. The words might have been said by others in a more fitting way, but I am sure that there is no one beyond the limits of his own household who could bear more willing witness to what he has done and especially to what he has been. Our last farewell to him is spoken at this hour with sorrow that we are to meet him here no longer, but, as we think upon his life, it is spoken with the pleasantest memories of the past and the most joyful hopes for the future.

The sermon preached by Rev. G. L. Walker, D.D., is given to the Committee for publication in response to the following request.

New Haven, January 15, 1882.

Dear Sir—The Deacons of the First Church in New Haven, and the committee of the Ecclesiastical Society connected with it, have appointed us to convey to you their thanks for the discourse delivered by you this morning at their request, in which you portrayed so faithfully, and in such loving and eloquent words, the character of our former Pastor, Rev. Leonard Bacon, D.D., in his relations to this church.

We are also instructed to ask for a copy of your discourse for publication.

We remain, with sincere respect and esteem,

H. C. Kingsley,
L. J. Sanford,
T. R. Trowbridge, Jr.

Rev. Geo. L. Walker, D.D.

A SERMON

ON

The Pastor of the First Church of New Haven,

BY GEORGE LEON WALKER.

Preached January 15, 1882.

Numbers xx. 29.—And when all the congregation saw that Aaron was dead, they mourned for Aaron thirty days, even all the house of Israel.

The nature of the service I am to attempt to-day is, as I conceive of it, a very definite one. The termination of a pastoral connection, subsisting in more less completeness of meaning for nearly fifty-seven years, and the request of the officers of the bereaved church that some words should be spoken of the honored man who sustained that relationship, by one whose only fitness for this undertaking is his succession for a while to the title and duties of the office when the elder pastor laid them down, indicate very plainly the quality of the action proper to this occasion. It is not a general and complete survey of the life and character of Leonard Bacon that this hour calls for; but some little retrospect and consideration of him, in connection with this church he loved so well, and which so truly loved and honored him. Other voices and other occasions may more fittingly deal with the broader aspects of his large and many-sided personality and with the variety of his public work.

Suggestions of these things have already found expression, not only in that tender and discriminating address spoken in this house at the funeral service, but in the pages of the secular

and religious press, whose manifold utterances are bearing testimony to the importance of the place he filled in the general eye, and the value set on the many great obligations under which he has laid his fellow-men. Indeed it is within the scope only of the chapters of an ample volume adequately to tell the whole of what Doctor Bacon was and did.

A writer of rare fertility and on many a theme, a historian of penetrative insight and patient research, a leader of men's minds in matters of public welfare, a commander on every field of ecclesiastical struggle, a strong pillar of support to every philanthropic enterprise, a conversationalist of unsurpassed richness of resource and raciness of utterance, a poet whose sweet strains find frequent voice in our worship, a complex and various minded man, combining elements any one of which were distinction enough for most,—it is only the leisurely pages of biography which can set properly forth the portraiture of his character and the record of his work.

Fortunately our duty is a narrower one. We meet to-day in this church, which, though it by no means confined, was nevertheless the center of his most distinctive labors, to speak of what he has been to this flock of his early and only pastoral charge. Such outlooks and glimpses into other and wider spheres of his activity as his characteristic work in his own people's behalf will hurriedly allow, we may not quite shut out; but Leonard Bacon, the Pastor of the First Church of New Haven, is to-day our theme.

This house of worship where we are gathered was about eleven years old when its echoes were wakened for the first time by the voice which was to be familiar here so many years. That was on the earliest October Sunday in 1824. It was the first Sunday after Mr. Bacon's ordination to the ministry, which had been conferred on the Tuesday previous through the hands of the Hartford North Consociation, met at Windsor, September twenty-eighth. Tradition tells that the youthful appearance of the preacher, who was in fact only twenty-two and a half years old, excited at once the interest and the criticism of the congregation accustomed to the commanding presence of his predecessor, Nathaniel W. Taylor, and many of whom recalled still the "stiff and antique dignity" of Dr. Dana, who had dis-

appeared from his place in the pulpit by the side of Moses Stuart only twelve years before.

This division of opinion respecting the competence of the young man to occupy a position so conspicuous as this, and rendered doubly exacting by the ability of his two immediate predecessors, expressed itself in the hesitation with which, after having listened to "fourteen sermons" from him, the Society still debated the question of his "call."

At length at a "second meeting" on the subject, on December twenty-eighth, by a vote of sixty-eight against twenty, the Society expressed their desire that he should settle with them, and the church joined in the invitation. The call thus half-cordially given was however listened to; and on the seventeenth of January, 1825, affirmatively answered. And on the ninth of March following the formal exercises of the Pastor's induction into his office here took place. The sermon on the occasion was preached by Mr. Hawes the Pastor of the First Church in Hartford—himself in the seventh year of his ministry—in the exercise of those fraternal courtesies which have marked the relationship of these two ancient churches of Connecticut both before and afterwards. Of course it hardly needs to say that all the members of the council who took part in the services of that occasion—President Day who was the Moderator, Carlos Wilcox who offered the introductory prayer, Joel Hawes who preached, Stephen W. Stebbins who offered the prayer of installation, Nathaniel W. Taylor who gave the charge, Samuel Merwin who expressed the fellowship of the churches, and Eleazar T. Fitch who led in the closing prayer, have gone —and most of them have for many years been gone—from human sight.

The young man thus put in charge of this influential congregation was not utterly a stranger to the town. Born February 19, 1802, at the far Western outpost of Detroit, and coming to his first memories of life as he tells us "in the grand old woods" of Ohio, on ground "never ploughed before," and in a cabin to whose door the "red-skin savage sometimes came," and around which the "wolves howled at night," he was nevertheless of Connecticut ancestry, and at the age of ten years was sent to be educated under the care of an uncle at Hartford.

From thence after about five years he had come, a now fatherless boy, to New Haven, and entered the sophomore class in Yale College; the rules of the institution being as he says "somewhat relaxed in his favor" on account of his youth.

Here, from fifteen to eighteen, during the three years of his residence in the place he had walked these streets, and he had doubtless at least occasionally entered the doors of this sanctuary, and heard from some gallery corner the impassioned utterances of Dr. Taylor, one of the princeliest preachers of New England's history. Little did the youth imagine, or the fathers of the congregation dream, how much wider a place in this church's history the unnoticed listener in the gallery was to fill, than even that eloquent man.

But though the young Pastor a little knew New Haven, New Haven knew scarcely anything of him. He had his way to make without other advantages than the resources of his own powers. And the obstacles to be overcome were peculiarly difficult. Not only had his formal call been a divided one, but he had that kind of disadvantage to surmount which, whatever be the unanimity of invitation extended to a new pastor, always arises from the remembrance by a congregation of preceding pastorates of any very special attractiveness and power. And the two previous pastorates had been very eminently such as make a successor's difficult. They had been marked by great religious awakenings, and they were those of men leaving a distinct and abiding impress on the people of their charge. I have myself, after the lapse of the whole duration of Dr. Bacon's active pastorate of forty-one and a half years in this place, heard old men and women recall and sometimes rehearse the eloquent utterances of Taylor and even of Stuart fourteen years previous, which had stamped themselves on their memory with ineffaceable clearness.

The new Pastor felt the difficulties of his situation keenly. He has told us about it himself in his retrospective discourses preached on the fortieth and fiftieth anniversaries of his settlement. In those addresses he describes the situation of matters, in various aspects, on his coming here—the yet unwelded fragments and remainders of old controversies in the congregation; the oppositions of "Old Light" and "New

Light" principles and personalities still remaining after the two revivalistic pastorates which had just passed, and other differences. But in especial, speaking of the difficulty of following two such preachers as Stuart and Taylor, he says with characteristic simplicity—and I may add with the characteristic modesty also by which, with all his gifts, Dr. Bacon was eminently marked—"I know it is not an affectation to say, that I never had any such power in the pulpit as they had in their best days. For many years after the commencement of my pastorate I was habitually brought into most disadvantageous comparison, not only with those distinguished preachers, but with others of like celebrity. How it was that I continued here long enough to become a fixture cannot easily be explained."

The explanation is however not so difficult as the modesty of the speaker indicated it to be. The new Pastor was not then or afterward the peer perhaps in the power of eloquent and moving pulpit utterance of his two predecessors, certainly of the latter of them. But he had pulpit powers of a high order, and he combined with them such a variety of gifts beside, as more than supplied the comparative lack in the single point in which the contrast was likely to be at once so easy and so misleading. He gave indications of being, if not a great preacher, what was more a great man and minister. The congregation soon began to find it out.

And yet his preaching suffered only by comparison with what was absolutely the best possible. It was itself always eminently good. It was marked, as were all his writings or utterances, by an almost matchless felicity of expression and clearness of style. And it had that best test of excellence, it was always best and most moving in dealing with the weightiest themes and on the most important occasions. I have heard it said that a kind of turning point in the appreciation of the pastor was a sermon on the government of God, from the text, "Thy commandment is exceeding broad." It might very well be the case. The subject was one especially fitted to the preacher's habit of thought. He needed a broad subject to give scope and play to his large mind. And a theme which enabled him to lay hold on and to state great moral principles

in their application to the duties and welfare of men, always was a theme by which he easily rose to a grave and commanding eloquence.

Not long after, too, in this early period of his ministry here, he had the satisfaction—more precious than any other to a Pastor—of seeing saving results from his labor. In 1828, forty-eight persons united with this church by confession of Christ. In 1831, in connection with protracted services held here whose solemn power has not yet died out of the vivid memory of many in this congregation, one hundred and eight. In 1832, thirty-three. In 1833, twenty-one. In 1837, thirty-four. The witness of the Spirit could not be mistaken. The suggestions which had occasionally been dropped during the first three years of the Pastor's labors, by some of the congregation who remembered with longing the revival times of Stuart and Taylor, "that New Haven needed a more efficient ministry," were heard no more. Henceforth his position was established as a minister honored of God and approved of man for his conspicuous fidelity and power in the Gospel.

But the mental activity and prodigious industry of the young Pastor could not limit his labor to the routine, arduous as most men find that routine to be, of the regular requirements of the pulpit and the parish. He flowed over in all directions, even in that early day, with frequent contributions to the press and addresses on topics of public interest at the time.

More scholarly in its quality, and distinctly pastoral in its aim, was his republication, in these days of this earlier ministry, of selected writings of Richard Baxter with editorial comments thereon.

But the chief work, collateral to that which he was ordained to in this pastoral charge, belonging to what may be called the first period of the Pastor's ministry, and a work which he fulfilled as a part of that ministry, was the preparation and preaching his thirteen *Historical Discourses*. He had been set as a light in an ancient candlestick. The old church of which he was Pastor had had a long and noble history. It was a line of eminent men into whose succession he had been brought. And the history of the First Church of New Haven was essentially the history of New Haven Colony. Nay, it widened out to

still broader relations, connecting itself with the story of the planting New England's churches and governments, and of the Puritan movements in the mother land from which the founders of New Haven had come. The two hundredth anniversary of the church was approaching, and as a loving tribute to her praise the Pastor prepared the *Discourses* which mark the arrival of that anniversary, and which mark also the completion of thirteen years of his own service in her behalf. Never had a church a more graceful and valuable offering. Among many undertakings similar in aim I know of none which can for a moment challenge comparison with that which put this church in the possession of so accurate and so attractive a chronicle of her history. This volume gained for its author at once a secure place among the best writers of New England. Marked by the truest historic instinct, and written in a style of charming vivacity and elegance, it constitutes one of the richest possessions of the church in whose service it was undertaken, as well as one of the most significant tokens of the industry and pastoral loyalty of its author. The Pastor was proud of his church. Henceforth the church was proud of him. The Pastor with filial fidelity had sought to do honor to his predecessors, and to the church whose representatives they were. The church now saw that among that line of honored men there was none worthier of love and admiration than the man who stood now at thirty-six years of age her representative, borrowing conspicuity no more from the place he occupied, but conferring conspicuity on the place. Mr. Bacon of New Haven, or Doctor Bacon as he just about this time began to be called by virtue of a degree from Hamilton College, was as well recognized a reality as New Haven town.

At this point, then, we may set the mark of the second great division of the story of Dr. Bacon's relationship to this church. Accounting the thirteen years up to the publication of the *Historical Discourses* as the first epoch, and the sixteen years after he resigned the pastoral care as the third, there lies between the two a period of about twenty-seven years of immense and varied activity. He was, at the beginning of this second period, according to his own judgment of the terms into which the life of man is naturally divided—as expressed in his beau-

tiful sermon on the *Measure of our Days*—"in the full vigor of his powers." Henceforth his life was that of a public man as well as that of a parish minister; a man of national reputation and influence.

It is impossible in a discourse like the present to touch even scantily on the diverse and manifold aspects of the work Dr. Bacon did during this period. Nor for my design is it needful. I keep singly to my purpose of setting those things before you to-day wherein the Pastor of this church fulfilled his duty to this charge.

But the main things which interested him were those in which his people had also a concern. And the clash of the weapons he wielded on other fields found a frequent echo within these walls.

The cause of Temperance had in Dr. Bacon an earnest advocate. At his installation here, at the public dinner provided by the society, there was as he tells us "an ample supply not only of wine but also of more perilous stuff." But among the zealous promoters of a reform in the practices of society in this matter, and of the legislation of the State concerning it, he was one of the earliest and most strenuous. I mention it however, mainly, at this time, as being one of the first instances in which in his people's behalf he threw himself distinctly across the prejudices of a very considerable number in his congregation, and very many in the community about him, in the advocacy of what he believed to be right. A pamphlet published by him at about the beginning of what I have called by way of convenience the second period of Dr. Bacon's ministry, shows at once the vigor of his utterances on this matter of temperance legislation and practice, and indicates plainly that his utterances had subjected him, in certain quarters called highly respectable in this town, to not a little obloquy and reproach. But there is reason to believe that here, as on some other fields of effort where he likewise crossed the prejudices of some of his congregation, he partly won and partly compelled an ultimate coincidence of opinion upon the matter.

As an earnest laborer in the great Benevolent enterprises of the day—among others of Missions, Foreign and Home—Dr. Bacon had few if any superiors among the pastors of New

England. Of many of the societies, having these interests in charge, he was among the founders or early directors, and he brought to their advocacy before this church, not only the comprehensiveness of view which made him an intelligent and effective promoter of the cause he espoused, but the courage which did not hesitate to press the obligation of beneficence upon his hearers. That this church has had and still has an honorable record upon the pages of most of the great organized Christian philanthropies of the time for the largeness of its pecuniary bestowals, is greatly owing to the fervor of his interest and the persistency of his appeals in their behalf. Himself the child of a missionary, the interests of missions were always dear to him. Himself a far-seeing watcher of the progress of God's kingdom among men, he discerned well how great a share in that kingdom's growth, missionary enterprises have had in the past and must have in years to come.

More conspicuous in its adaptedness to draw public attention, as well as doubtless more potent in stirring the various sensibilities of his congregation, was Dr. Bacon's attitude and endeavor in reference to Slavery. His interest in this subject had begun early. And his pen, even as far back as his Seminary days at Andover, had been occupied respecting it. From 1833 to 1846 it was employed often in a series of discussions, which frequently found their echo in the pulpit here, upon the various aspects of this national wrong, and which at the later of the dates mentioned were gathered into a volume. He himself says in the second of his *Four Commemorative Discourses:* "From the beginning of my official ministry, I spoke without reserve, from the pulpit and elsewhere, against slavery as a wrong and a curse, threatening disaster and ruin to the nation. Many years I did this without being blamed except as I was blamed for not going far enough. . . . Yet you know how I have been blamed and even execrated, in these later years, for declaring here and elsewhere the wickedness of buying and selling human beings, or of violating in anyway those human rights which are inseparable from human nature." This contrast of treatment which the Pastor's utterances met and which he so distinctly recognized, grew out, not of alteration in his sentiments but of alteration in the aspect of the

problem of slavery itself. The question became progressively less and less a merely philanthropic one, and more and more a political one. As long as it was confined chiefly to the sphere of ethics and beneficent sympathies the Pastor's utterances stirred little opposition. But when the question came to be one along the line of which parties divided in contest for governmental control, and the mercantile ranks split apart according to their interest in the ascendency of one or another theory of the province of legislation respecting this sin, the case was altered. The Pastor found himself in opposition to a great proportion of the friends and companions of his earlier ministerial days in the general fellowship of the churches, and to not a few in the closer precincts of his own congregation. Yet he himself rightly says, "I have held and always asserted the same principles on that subject which I held and asserted at the beginning."

It was so. It was the holding of those principles which led to the Pastor's early advocacy of the Colonization Society; it was the holding of them, too, which in the altered condition of the problem led him to cease that advocacy. It was the holding those principles which led to his espousal of the cause of the Amistad captives and in doing so to one of his first conflicts in the struggle which was to last so many years. Those principles led him to the long and acrimonious debates over the conduct of the Tract Society affairs, in which he parted company with some of his oldest and most intimate associates. They led him to the assumption, in 1848, of the onerous duties of a joint editorship, with Drs. Thompson and Storrs, of the *Independent*, whose then unpopular and execrated banner-inscription was, "We take our stand for free soil." They led him on Thanksgiving day, 1851, to preach from this desk his sermon on *The Higher Law;* the adoption of which political watchword, and the advocacy of which ethical principle, was by multitudes of the most influential and religious men of the land and some in his own congregation, regarded as the ultimate and perfect test of hopeless and perilous fanaticism. They led him in 1855 to advocate, even at the threatened expense of blood, resistance to the incursion of slavery into Kansas. They led him later on, when at last the struggle of arms came, to make this pul-

pit a tower for the sounding out of the battle-cry of freedom; and to make these walls, dedicated to the gospel of peace, to reverberate with that utterance of it which proclaims "deliverance to the captives" and the setting "at liberty them that are bruised."

It was a straight-forward, consistent course. But it cost him many friends. In other cities and other fellowships dear to him, many; some here. Darkened faces looked up at him from these pews. But he triumphed, because the right which he represented triumphed. And without a tinge of bitterness in the retrospect, he says of these alienations—let us be thankful for the most part only temporary alienations—"I make no complaint. . . . All reproaches, all insults endured in the conflict with so gigantic a wickedness, are to be received and remembered, not as injuries but as honors."

Less frequent in finding reverberating notes in this place, though occasionally finding them, were Dr. Bacon's activities as a representative Congregationalist. The Pastor was a Congregationalist on principle. Into the history and theory of the polity he had studied deeply. Upon it he wrote largely. Of its superiority to other forms of Church government he had no doubt. The pathetic and heroic story of its struggles in England and its planting in America always inspired him. He loved to speak and preach upon it, and often levelled a lance in debate with defenders of other systems. The arrogance of Episcopal claims in especial always amused him and often kindled his sarcasm or his ridicule; while among Episcopalians were many of his best-loved friends. Presbyterianism was a system he could and did heartily oppose, yet among Presbyterians he chose many dearest to him.

At all great Congregational assemblies he was a foremost, generally the foremost figure. At the difficult councils his was a guiding voice. The last extended platform of polity expressive of the generally accepted principles of our churches, and presented at the Council of 1865, was drafted mainly by his hand. Beyond all comparison he was looked to as the typical Congregationalist of America. Leaning a little in his later days, undoubtedly, more to that side of Congregationalism which makes for independency than that which makes for

mutual responsibility, and a little out of sympathy with the more recent movement of our churches toward combination and unity of action, he was nevertheless Congregationalism's most venerated representative.

And few can estimate the value, in the Ecclesiastical assemblies of this Commonwealth and the land—whether on occasions of stated and routine assembly or of exigent and occasional gathering—of the influence exerted by the Pastor of this Church. No consideration of Dr. Bacon's pastoral character could be other than incomplete which did not lay emphatic stress upon the work he did in our denominational Councils and Conventions through so many years. Through him this Church has had a voice in the guidance of the religious concerns of our own State, and the wider domain of Congregational Christianity, superior perhaps to that of any other. Unmatched in debate, unequaled in wit, unparalleled in fertility of resources, without a peer in his capability of swaying the deliberations of an assembly, his power was with almost complete uniformity employed for the uses of benefit and not of strife. On many an agitated debate he poured the oil of a composing and reconciling wisdom. Into any quarrel of an ecclesiastical character among the brotherhood it was difficult to force him to go.

While himself sturdily evangelical in his interpretation of Christian doctrine, and showing a certain leonine contempt for small assertors of independence and "liberality," he had large allowance for those who differed mainly in their philosophic statement of truth. In more than one theological controversy among leading ministers of this State, his influence was that of a mediator of separations, if it could not fully be that of a reconciler of oppositions.

This observation prompts to the remark that Dr. Bacon, spite of all his capacities for conflict, was a peace-loving man.

During the agitating periods of the Anti-slavery struggle previous to the war, he was often called the Fighting Parson. The title had a certain superficial pertinence, but it was superficial only. He himself said of it when spoken to on one occasion concerning it, and said with profound earnestness, "I never had a controversy on merely personal grounds in my

life." The declaration was nearly or wholly true. And another thing he said was also true in its application to himself quite as much as in its application to him of whom he was speaking. In his sermon at the funeral of Dr. Taylor he remarked: "Those who knew Dr. Taylor best, know how painful controversy as distinguished from discussion was to him. He loved discussion; but controversy with its personal alienations, its exasperating imputations, and its too frequent appeals to prejudice and passion, was what his soul abhorred." True as those words may have been concerning Nathaniel Taylor they could not have better told the truth concerning Leonard Bacon. A sweet and tender heart was united with his formidable powers of debate and, if need be, of conflict. His arrow-tips were not poisoned. A gentle, almost deferential manner toward younger and more humbly gifted men, disarmed envy and conciliated fear. The foremost man for prowess he was also well nigh the best-beloved.

But how now, the question arises, how about the distinctively home work of this Pastor, whose time was so largely employed in matters which had a confessedly important but only partial reference to this vineyard of the First Church? Well, the question is a fair one. And it deserves to be considered, especially in a survey of Dr. Bacon's life not so much as a whole as in the pastoral aspect of it.

And I suppose it may be fairly said it is a question admitting of a divided answer. These public services which so largely engrossed the time and thought of the Pastor of this Church, to a certain extent and in some directions diminished the effectiveness, at least the immediate local effectiveness, of his ministry. To some degree they gave excuse to an impression that the Pastor was more interested in things abroad than at home. They curtailed the number of fresh discourses from his pen, and necessitated the more frequent repetition of old ones. They made impossible the personal familiarity of the Pastor with all the members of his congregation which is, or was, one of the traditions of the New England ministry. That they did these things no more, is itself a striking testimony to the tremendous capacity for work lodged in the Pastor's comparatively slight frame. But that to some extent they did

them, was unquestionably in the later days of Dr. Bacon's responsible pastorate, to a degree recognized. But over against whatever possible deductions may properly be made from the local and immediate effectiveness of the Pastor's ministry on the grounds spoken of, there were great offsets. The Pastor brought into this place the sense of power wielded on other arenas of effort, and the people recognized it. He brought with him the light and inspiration of large endeavors and wide outlooks and contacts with great interests and men. His lesser performings caught some subtle touch of vigor and intelligence from his greater ones. He borrowed strength in his own consciousness, and in his congregation's eyes also, from his acknowledged supremacy elsewhere. A certain wise and rational allowance, creditable to both, sprang up and maintained itself between minister and people. They knew the pastor was doing a great work and in many ways. And he on his part knew that if he gave his people less than under some conceivable circumstances he might have done, he gave them enough. He gave them a full return. He loved his people and trusted them. They trusted and honored him. And they had reason to. For after all which the alertest criticism may suggest, what a pastorate his was! Forty-one and a half years of the fully responsible portion of it. And marked by what excellencies, in well nigh all that goes to make a pastoral success!

His Sermons. How simple in construction, how clear in expression, how direct in aim, how evangelic in sentiment, how solid in thought! They dealt always with important matters. No bursts of inexplicable passion, no rhetorical displays, no mystical musings, no aspirations for the rare, the unexpected, the sensational. They were grave, strong, manly sermons; not without exquisite passages of unsought beauty, and sometimes of noble eloquence, taking hold on the main question of Christian truth and conduct. They had the great value of a power of setting familiar things in clear and fresh aspects and relations. They were powerful with the strength of a firm hold on the great principles of the gospel, and they were rich with the results of a deep experience. They handled a wide range of matter; sometimes the highest of theology,

but then with reverence and skill; sometimes the most delicate in moral behavior, but then with consummate propriety and taste. They swept the field of faith and practice as thoroughly as any pastor's anywhere. They were such sermons as are an education to a congregation. And they found the center of their inspiration and the end of their aim in loyalty to Christ the Saviour and the King. Christ the redeemer for sin; Christ the conqueror of death; Christ the ruler of the world; Christ the head of the kingdom which is to come—these were the mighty truths out of a profound conviction and love of which those sermons came.

And his Prayers. The beauty and propriety and sober fervor of his prayers were something wonderful. In these unpremeditated but marvelously simple and appropriate outpourings of his mind and heart he came closer to his people than in his sermons, even at their best. He had the instinct to take up and upbear the common want or the special necessity of the hour, in an utterance of sweetness and majesty which it is given to few ever to attain. The listening and co-worshiping congregation were never jarred by inharmonious suggestions, never put in doubt as to the full propriety of the utterance; they rested upon and went along with his prayers in entire responsiveness to their devout and gracious supplication and thanksgiving. No liturgical utterances of prayer one can anywhere find, are more perfect types of what prayer should be, than the petitions which rose from his lips in this pulpit and in the family and by the side of the open grave, often were.

And his pastoral ministrations in his people's homes. The sincerity of his sympathy, the tenderness of his instruction, the wisdom of his counsel, the fervency with which he implored restoration to the sick, or asked comfort for the bereaved, these things are all known to you. And he had been taught thus effectively to minister to others, by the discipline of personal grief. Death had come into his circle many times. Infant days and manly and womanly years had alike been broken off in his household. The variety and the bitterness of bereavement was fully known to him. And from the school of that personal knowledge of tribulation he borrowed the experience which made his words and his silent presence, so often a consolation in

your abodes. Into too many of the homes in this city has he borne the Pastor's offices of help in hours of joy and hours of sorrow, to make it needful to say more.

Ah yes, take it all in all, it was about an ideal pastorate!

But the time at last came when in the Pastor's judgment it seemed best that he should be relieved of the responsible duties of his office. He announced this conviction in a sermon preached on the twelfth of March, 1865, the fortieth anniversary of his settlement. He was then sixty-three years of age. His eye was not dimmed nor his force abated. But he was the oldest pastor in Connecticut in active service, and he had done an amount of work no other pastor had done. With characteristic happiness of expression, and characteristic forecast of what would be wise in the case of most men he said: "I am old enough now, to ask for relief; and at the same time I am not too old to receive it without feeling that I am slighted by the offer of it."

In acceding to this suggestion on the Pastor's part, the Society recorded its inability to "see any symptoms of decline of power which should lead him to wish relief," but expressed a willingness to yield to his definitely declared desire, having first made "some suitable provision for our Pastor's remaining years, after the termination of his ministry among us." Such suitable and honorable provision having been made, the Pastor resigned his office, and on the ninth of September, 1865—to a day just forty-one and a half years from the March ninth, 1825, of his installation—he preached a sermon entitled, *The Pastor retiring from his official work.* But how little of a "retirement!" How little Pastor and people foresaw what was before them, or how long still a multitude of the practical services of the pastorate were to be fulfilled by the same beloved man. The event however serves definitely to mark a new period in Dr. Bacon's life and his relationship to this church, and one which presents him to us in an aspect certainly as admirable and lovable as any beside.

Coincident in point of time with the Pastor's resignation of his office, an invitation which he calls a "most unexpected invitation" to a Professorship in the Theological Seminary here was laid before him. He accepted it "reluctantly" and

went as he affirmed, "bound in the spirit, under a sort of necessity" laid upon him. And he added correctly: "There is no promotion in going from this pulpit to a theological chair." Certainly there was not for such a Pastor. He carried more with him than in any such transfer he could receive.

But having entered upon it, he identified himself with the Institution with his usual enthusiasm. He contemplated, as he said, a "term of service at the longest very short," but he remained an active worker there for sixteen years.

And in many ways his connection with the seminary marks a new epoch in its history. His association with it was eminently influential in securing the needful funds for its welfare. He took pleasure in its stones. How well I remember the satisfaction which was in his face on one gray day in July, 1869, when he came to my room to invite me to see the first ground broken for the erection of the beautiful edifice which stands on the corner of Elm and College streets; whose unoccupied niche underneath the window of his room could not be more appropriately filled than by his sculptured figure. And at every step of the Institution's history and development since—not a little of which has been owing to the connection with it of the ex-Pastor of this Church—his interest in it has been like that of a man whose whole life, instead of what he called his years of "decadence and decay," had been given to it. And one effect of that connection with the Seminary was, I think, personally favorable. It brought him into constant contact with young men and it helped to keep him young. It was a matter of frequent remark and possibly may have been true, that Dr. Bacon's preaching in this pulpit was younger and more alert in the years succeeding his resignation than it had been for several years before.

But anyway his youthfulness was surprising. However the body aged the spirit never grew old. The restless mind was hungry to the end. In his fortieth-year sermon he had said: "I know more now than I knew a year ago. I hope to know more next year than I know now." In his fiftieth-year sermon he said: "I know more than I knew ten years ago, and I am still a learner, and hope to be a learner to the end." And so he was, the freshest and alertest man there was in Connecticut's ministry to the last.

To this period belongs that other witness to the industry of the only half-retired Pastor's hand and brain, the volume on the *Genesis of the New England Churches;* a volume, however, which being not distinctly pastoral in motive I leave with only this mention.

But another aspect of Dr. Bacon's last period of life has a still closer connection with the history of this church, and exhibits in a yet more striking way this quality of the man. The old Pastor was to sustain the experience—it may be the trial—of a successor, nay of two of them. It is an experience proverbially difficult for a minister gracefully to bear. Two very eminent pastors in Connecticut had been put to the trial of it only a little while before, and had rather conspicuously failed. But this pastor did not fail. Did Dr. Bacon ever fail anywhere?

In a long and most kindly letter which he wrote to me in September, 1868, while my acceptance of the call of this church given me some months before was still pending, he says —and I quote it with personal reluctance, and only to set his position toward a successor in its true light—"I have no fear that my relations with you will be other than pleasant. Without assuming to be anything more than a *pastor emeritus*, having no official charge or duty in the congregation, I trust I shall always be ready to lighten your burthen if in any way I shall be able to do so. While it will be in some sort a trial for me to see the people thinking more of you and less of me; and loving you more than they have ever loved me, I hope to see it with humble thankfulness, and not with jealousy." And every word of that utterance was more than fulfilled. He was the most magnanimous man I ever knew. Had I been his son after the flesh he could not have been more coöperative or kind. Always ready to help when asked, he never volunteered even advice; he never in any instance or the slightest particular gave me reason to wish he had said or done anything otherwise. Apparently incapable of jealousy—even had there been vastly more opportunity for it than there was—he was to the pastor who followed him a supporter and comfort always. So was he to his immediate successor; so was he I doubt not to mine.

The termination of these two brief pastorates and the interregnum between them devolved upon the elder Pastor, in these sixteen years after his official resignation, a great deal of that parochial work which he had ostensibly laid aside. In his sermon at the laying down of his office he had said: "Till the time comes when you are without another Pastor, call for me as freely as heretofore, when any is sick among you, and where the windows are darkened by death." And while that pastor was yet coming; and in the more than two years interregnum after his departure before the arrival of a second; and in the more than two and a half years again, which have elapsed since that second's removal, the old Pastor has been the shepherd of this flock. Speaking from time to time from this pulpit with increasing pathos and earnestness; sitting nearly every sabbath on this platform where his presence was a perpetual benediction, he has come at your call, as he did aforetime from the first, to comfort your suffering ones, to baptize your children, to bury your dead. He has fulfilled up to the end—far beyond any duration contemplated when the words were spoken—the promise implied in his tender exhortation when he laid his office down: "Let no member of this congregation think that the tie between you and me is broken, or that it is weakened, so long as you are without another Pastor." And so he has left you a second time bereaved. So he has twice laid down his trust respecting you, this time forever. This place is lonesome without him. This flock is unshepherded. Many times more than when his successor or his successor's successor went are you without a guide and comforter.

But for him what a change! and for you what a retrospect!

For him the entrance on that larger life of activity and blessedness for which he yearned and of which he spoke in one of those *Commemorative Discourses* to which I have had occasion so many times to refer: "Not 'three score years and ten,' nor 'four score years' are enough for the capabilities of our intelligent, affectionate and spiritual nature. The machinery of this mortal body may be clogged and broken, may wear out and be useless, but it is only a life beyond the reach of these infirmities that can satisfy the soul. 'And now Lord what wait I for? My hope is in thee.'"

And for you what a retrospect! The retrospect of a ministerial life in your service of nearly fifty-seven years duration. The retrospect of as large powers as have in our generation been bestowed upon any man, devoted here to the salvation of souls and the welfare of the kingdom of Christ. The retrospect of a history which is built into the fabric of this old first church of New Haven, and is henceforth an inseparable part of its renown. For in the long catalogue of worthies in the pastorate of this church, from the broad minded and saintly Davenport whom your Pastor so reverenced and eulogized, to him whose loss we to-day deplore, no name shines with brighter luster, if indeed any beams with so various and effulgent ray, as the name of LEONARD BACON.

[*FROM THE INDEPENDENT.*]

REMARKABLE SUCCESSION OF PASTORS.

Reminiscences of a former Parishioner.

By Prof. Lyman H. Atwater, D.D., LL.D.

The recent death of Dr. Leonard Bacon revives some recollections of him and of the antecedents and surroundings of his early pastorate in the church of my nativity and nurture, which could not readily occur to those eminent men, not members of his flock, who have drawn such admirable sketches of him in *The Independent*. In that ancient church of my childhood and youth I trace back an unbroken lineage, natural and ecclesiastical, to one of its first founders, in 1638. He was driven by the persecutions of Laud to these then inhospitable shores, and joined in the attempt to found a "church without a bishop and a state without a king."

While yet a mere boy, I witnessed the installation of young Mr. Bacon, then barely twenty-three years old and of a somewhat diminutive stature, which, aside of a certain marked intellectuality in his look, gave him the appearance of a stripling daring to follow the giants who had, within the fresh memory of the congregation, preceded him. The assembly crowded the seats and aisles, according to the custom of the time, when ordinations and installations were great occasions. The Rev. Joel Hawes, Pastor of the First Church in Hartford, then coming to the zenith of what I once heard Dr. Bacon call his "great ministry," preached the sermon. It is indicative of the

change that has been effected, and was then just about to commence, that a considerable item in the bill against the ecclesiastical society for the expenses of entertaining the installing council was for the liquors furnished it. A short time after, the Rev. Nathaniel Hewit, of Fairfield, to whom, in my judgment, more than any other, belongs the credit of doing the first effective pioneer work in breaking up the old drinking usages of society, exchanged on a Sabbath with the new Pastor. With overpowering eloquence he denounced the "use of distilled liquors as a beverage." He so astonished and startled the congregation that not a few came away saying that a madman had been preaching. It was not long, however, before they concluded that the madness, if anywhere was in themselves. The great body of the people soon adopted Dr. Hewit's view in their practice. I advert to these things as signs of the opening of a new era of religious development and field of ministerial work at the threshold of his pastoral career.

Meanwhile, let us look for a little at the antecedents of his ministry, as found in the persons, characteristics, and influence of his two immediate predecessors, Nathaniel W. Taylor and Moses Stuart, whose pastorates, along with Dr. Bacon's, in the Central church of New Haven, have filled out the past of this century, save half a dozen years at its beginning. Mr. Stuart followed a Pastor not wanting in intellect and learning, but who, being trained at Harvard, had much of the tone and spirit which dominated those pulpits of Eastern Massachusetts that afterwards sunk into Unitarianism. This, with other causes, had fostered an orderly quietude in the congregation, already tending to stagnation and deadness. Dr. Bacon observes in his "Historical Discourses" (p. 279) that "hardly any two things, both worthy to be called preaching, could be more unlike than that of the old Pastor and that of the young candidate" (Mr. Stuart). That of the latter was bold, pointed, evangelical, fervid, electric. It was replete with the magnetic personality of the man and overmastered his hearers with the powers of the world to come. The same qualities in his professor's chair afterward made him a marvelous inspiration to his pupils and the great pioneer in giving Hebrew and Greek exegesis its due prominence in ministerial education. The four years of his

pastorate in the First Church were marked by a powerful revival, which greatly enlarged and quickened it and put vital religion in new ascendency among the people. He left in 1810, to take the professorship which he so long adorned in the oldest theological seminary of the country. This was before my day; but I well remember that my parents and others who felt the power of his ministry never wearied of repeating his praises as preacher and Pastor to the generation following. I once heard his successor, Dr. Taylor, say that the most powerful preachers to whom he had listened were Moses Stuart and Asahel Nettleton. Not, he took pains to say, in the sense of being elaborate and magnificent pulpit orators, like Robert Hall, but in the sense of accomplishing the true end of preaching. He proceeded to illustrate his statement by sketching a sermon of each, as he heard it, and showing what in them respectively overpowered the audience with a sense of God and now.

Dr. Taylor followed Professor Stuart, after an interval exceeding two years, as Pastor of the church, continuing such from April, 1812, to December, 1822. Although myself born sometime after his ordination, my recollections of him as preacher and Pastor during the latter years of his pastorate are vivid and distinct. It is not to his subsequent career, the brilliant teacher and defender of the theological system which bore his name, some peculiarities of which I was unable to accept, notwithstanding great admiration of him personally, that I now refer. I touch only recollections or traditions of his pastorate.

In person he was a rare specimen of manly beauty. His frame was at once robust and symmetrical. His countenance in all its parts and proportions was not only of rare strength and beauty, but, with lustrous black eyes and overhanging brows, surmounted by a massive forehead, once called by Dr. Bacon the "dome of thought," had a singular majesty, combined with equal geniality of expression. As compared with average men, there was something imperial in the man, within and without. This, of itself, especially as expressed in a correspondent voice, in prayers and sermons, which fully articulated them, made a profound impression upon the congrega-

tion—even upon youth and children, who, like myself, could understand little of the deep reasonings which formed so much of the web and woof of many of his great sermons. The terms "moral agency," "moral and natural ability," "moral and natural evil," ringing out from his closely-reasoned discourses, still linger in my memory, as do some of his solemn and stirring appeals to the impenitent, in such sermons as the "Harvest Past," while I do not forget his scathing exposures and rebukes of immorality in preaching from "A false balance is abomination to the Lord." In his personal and pastoral relations Dr. Taylor was all that might be inferred from these special traits and endowments, at once so winning and commanding. He was both loved and revered; enthroned in the hearts of his people. Four revivals of great power signalized his ministry of less than twelve years, still further continuing the advance in numbers and piety begun under the ministry of his predecessor. During his incumbency the church edifice, which has long held its place as a model one, was built.

To fill the vacancy arising from his removal to the chair of didactic theology in Yale Divinity School was, of course, no easy task. Among the candidates either thought of or actually invited to it, I well remember the names of Edward Beecher, Carlos Wilcox, Samuel H. Cox and Albert Barnes; but young Mr. Bacon was finally called, after more than two years' trial of candidates, with much hesitation and a considerable minority in opposition, not so much from any positive dislike as a not unnatural fear that one so young, whatever his gifts, might prove unequal to the demands of a congregation so large, influential, and with tastes and standards formed by such predecessors. And well might any successor of them ask: "Who is sufficient for these things?"

Aside from this training, the material of the congregation was such as might well appal not only Shallow Splurges and novices, but strong and mature preachers. In the middle aisle I well remember the stately forms of Noah Webster, the great lexicographer; James Hillhouse, a mighty man in the Senate of the United States, and in the legislature of his own State, whose public spirit made New Haven a city of elms and opened its thoroughfares of transportation and travel to the

interior; Eli Whitney, the inventor of the cotton-gin. In pews of one of the side aisles I saw around me Seth P. Staples, Samuel J. Hitchcock, and Dennis Kimberly, among the foremost of the Connecticut bar; Jonathan Knight, the peer of the highest as a medical practitioner and lecturer; Henry Trowbridge, the founder of the great mercantile house of H. Trowbridge's Sons; Stephen Twining, assistant treasurer of Yale College; with many others, not only in this but other parts of the house, scarcely less eminent in high walks of life. It is not surprising that the young minister's capacity was at once severely tested; that, as with so many others, his first three years proved the "teething-time of his ministry"; or that those were not wanting who were keener to detect points of inferiority to his predecessors than signs of promise in the rapid development of rarest gifts peculiar to himself. These, however, soon gradually made themselves conspicuous to all and unquestioned by any, while they were peculiarly fitted to the era of his consummate strength in the ministry.

I have already intimated that the "new departure" of the church, whose beginning was almost synchronous with that of his ministry, was in the way of moral reform and reformatory agencies and organizations, among which those for the promotion of temperance, in the form of entire abstinence from intoxicating liquors as a beverage, was foremost. But in the wake of this came radical movements against slavery, which more and more leavened the churches, and thence politics, till its overthrow by the Civil War. Among the eddies in this current were various fanaticisms on these and other subjects—such as perfectionism, vegetarianism, manual labor schools, together with eccentric socialisms, some of which perished, while others developed into such warts and wens of the body politic as the Oneida Community and other monstrosities. About this time, too, Home and Foreign Missions, with all the agencies of gospel propagandism among the unevangelized in this and other lands, received an unexampled expansion. With due limitations, it might safely be said that the revival era of the first third of the century was culminating and the reformatory and missionary era of the next third of it was developing. Not that revivals ceased in the latter period or

that missions and moral reform enterprises were before unknown; but that each received its most conspicuous development in the respective periods named. American revivals reached their zenith, especially in New Haven and Yale College, in the great awakening of 1831. In its full noon-tide Dr. Sereno Dwight said, in an ecstasy of jubilation: "I do not see why we may not consider the Millennium as now commencing."

We have had many good things since which then were not; but religious awakenings, not entirely, indeed, but so extended, pervasive and transforming as then prevailed, have for long, unless in exceptional cases, been things of the past. The conditions leading to them have changed. The Sunday schools and Young Men's Christian Associations have had a large development. Quiet ingatherings into the church through and from these have largely taken the place of those mighty visitations of God which then seized great numbers grown up to manhood in Christian congregations, but without hope and without God in the world.

During this era, too, the power of the press, especially in the form of religious journalism, has had a vast development. The people have acquired a distaste for the old-style sermon, too often a skeleton of theological abstractions, dead, dry, and dull, except when alive and hot with polemic fire. They craved something of the freshness and beauty which came from literary culture, as well as the glow of impassioned evangelical fervor in the pulpit.

To meet the demands of such a period, Dr. Bacon was remarkably furnished. During his educational career, he had not, indeed, sought eminent scholarship. To original genius, including the poetic gift, evinced in hymns that live and will live, he added an acquaintance with English literature, then rare, especially among the clergy. He was thus master of the purest English style and gained a breadth of view and versatility of mind which not only gave great chasteness, vivacity, and force to his pulpit exercises, but fitted him to shine with peculiar brilliancy in all miscellaneous sermons and addresses on special subjects and occasions. For many years he was foremost among those sought to adorn and enliven great days

with great discourses, as one who in this line had no peer. He also rapidly gained a great reputation as a contributor to quarterly, monthly, and weekly journals. For years his articles in the *Christian Spectator* were, if not the most ponderous, the most readable, the most quickly and widely read of any. They were seldom distinctively theological. They struck out more into the practical and reformatory, the evangelistic and missionary departments of Christian work. They were spiced with wit and satire at the expense of those he deemed extreme in their radicalism or conservatism. He used these weapons with increasing caution and gentleness as advancing years mellowed his spirit, without enfeebling his pen. He wrote more upon theology, as the drift of theological discussion, which set in after the Bushnell controversy, was more suited to his gifts and his tastes. He pronounced the previous New England theology "provincial." In this, if not in some other estimates of Dr. Bushnell's theology, as related to what preceded it, I quite agree. He was more an ecclesiastic than a theologian. I could say much more; but space forbids, and it is superfluous to repeat what has been so well said by others.

Such a trio of pastors immediately succeeding each other in the same church and together presiding over it so long, is worth noting. The like is rarely, if ever, to be found in church annals.

[*FROM THE INDEPENDENT.*]

DR. STORRS' TRIBUTE TO DR. BACON.

[Only one of the original four members of the editorial staff of *The Independent* now lives to speak of the sudden death of their gifted and beloved senior associate, the Rev. Leonard Bacon, D.D. We know our readers will be glad to see the following from the Rev. R. S. Storrs, D.D., in relation to this sad event, and it is fitting that he should appear in his old position in our editorial columns.]

BROOKLYN, December 26, 1881.

To the Editor of the Independent:

It would be wholly impossible, in the fragments of time which are all that I can command to-day, to present any fit and sufficient description of the character and the powers of our beloved and honored friend, Dr. Bacon. I cannot even worthily express my personal sense of affectionate and admiring honor for him, and my grief that I shall not see again his face on earth. Indeed, it can hardly seem strange to any, that, finding myself the last survivor of those who had early editorial control of the paper which you are now conducting, I would rather sit in silence for a time, recalling the past and expecting the future, instead of writing of either of those with whom my associations were once so close, who have passed before me into

the land of the "King in His beauty." Yet, you have a right to ask from me some immediate, if inadequate words about him, and my only regret is that I cannot lay a more fitting wreath on the coffin which so soon will contain all that was earthly and mortal in him. One cannot help but wish, for the moment, that he had a pen as rapid, vivid, as graceful in touch, as melodious in movement, as that which has dropped from the stilled hand.

My special personal acquaintance with Dr. Bacon began with my installation in Brooklyn in 1846. He kindly consented, at my invitation, to preach the sermon on that occasion, to me so eventful, though at some personal inconvenience; and his Christian interest in the church and in myself, drew me at once and strongly toward him. It was not, however, till two years afterward, that I became associated with him in the editor's room of *The Independent;* and in the interval I had seen him but briefly, and not often. I remember still the shade of timidity with which I entered on this more intimate connection with him, in view of his impressive and versatile powers, his large reflection and observation of men, his keen and sometimes caustic wit, his peculiar decisiveness of conviction and character; but a brief experience of his thorough faithfulness and kindness of spirit, of the readiness with which he received suggestions from those who hesitated to accept his opinions, of his almost deferential courtesy toward his younger associates, sufficed to put me wholly at my ease in the new and closer relations to him; and there was never afterward a moment, while those editorial relations continued, in which I did not know that he would judge the work of his colleagues more leniently than his own, and that his words of affectionate recognition of whatever they did, that seemed to him effectively to aid the great cause of goodness and truth, would be hearty and prompt.

His mind was not only fertile in suggestions; it was certainly the quickest mind, in the grasp and measurement of any thought expressed by another, which I have met. Before, indeed, this was fully uttered, he had often seized and adjudged it. If he accepted it, as he oftentimes did, he put it into a form of words more definite, nervous, and energetic than it

first had had. If he rejected or dissented from it, his answer was as instant, yet often as complete and subtly exact, as if he had been considering chiefly that special proposition for an hour beforehand. Yet whether it was assent or dissent which he uttered, his mind, when at leisure, simply took that as a starting-point, and swept along various and diversified tracks, running backward, outward, forward, in the swift and exhilarating processes of his thought, till both he and his hearer had to come back at last with a hearty laugh to the now imperceptibly distant point from which together they had started.

In this respect he presented a singular and picturesque contrast to Dr. Leavitt—"Brother Leavitt," as he always affectionately called him, with whom his relations were of absolute mutual cordiality and respect. Dr. Leavitt's mind moved steadily and strongly along well-defined and very important paths of thought, like a powerful piece of artillery, or, better, like a richly-loaded and stately treasure-wagon, heaped with assorted knowledges, matured judgments, the gathered products of study, observation and careful reflection. Dr. Bacon's mind, in the swift interchanges of editorial conference, moved around the other like a brilliant and dashing troop of cavalry, taking from it, adding to it, always pursuing the same general course, but careering away in gallant and graceful curves out to the horizon, though never too remote for prompt assistance, for needed direction, for animating impulse, or for splendid defense. I know that Dr. Thompson felt, as I did, that hardly any mental stir or moral stimulation could be keener or more delightful than that which came to us in those Beekman-Street rooms, when some large topic had to be considered, and the course of the paper concerning it to be settled. I was the youngest in the group, and the least important; but I went home often feeling as if electric currents had secretly mingled with my blood.

In the directions in which, for our purposes, we then especially needed knowledge, Dr. Bacon's resources were of a value quite inexpressible. I do not think that he impressed me as one widely and sympathetically familiar with the greater philosophical writers, though his mind was always keenly alert for metaphysical or for ethical discussion; nor did I, perhaps,

understand at that time, as well as afterward, how wide a reader he had been, as, indeed, he always continued to be, in the best English literature, or in the departments of classical and historical study; but his knowledge of men, and of the movements of opinion, in his own region not only, but all over the country; his knowledge of the history of the New England churches and of the theological changes among them; his knowledge of missions, at home and abroad, and of the great evangelical societies for the promotion of Christian interests, many of which he had helped to found or early direct; his knowledge of other denominations of Christians, their history and spirit, and his general clear insight into their excellences and their defects; his remarkable knowledge of the life of historical families in New England, as well as of the political development of the country, of the men who had been leaders in it, of the measures with which they had been identified, and especially of the relations which they or their several policies had sustained to the great anti-slavery movement in the Nation—all these were a constant source of surprise, and a constant incentive to faithful work, as well as an unfailing magazine of fresh supplies of wealth and strength to the columns of the paper. When stirred by discussion, he poured them forth with prodigal liberality; and if a phonographer could have caught his talk, while he himself knew nothing of it, the record would have been often more opulent, not unfrequently more eloquent, than anything which he afterward wrote, or than any of his elaborate addresses. His mind seemed simply full of such knowledges; and they broke from it, on fit occasion, in shining and enriching abundance.

As a writer, for the effective impression of his thought, Dr. Bacon at his best seemed to me then, has seemed to me ever since, of a nearly unsurpassed excellence. The easy, elegant, rapid, and powerful movement of his mind appeared to force words without an effort to do his bidding, till they dropped into sentences terse, clear-cut, and epigrammatic, or flowing in melodious beauty, as if it had been spontaneously done, without particular forethought or care. He wrote best, I always thought, under strong pressure; his sermons being rarely as striking as his articles, though with passages often of great

power; his best articles being often produced at a heat. What disturbed or manacled others only stimulated him, and his keenest and most pungent discussions of subjects were sometimes produced while various voices were speaking in the room, and the printer's devil was waiting impatient for his copy. His self-poise seemed never impaired by such outward incidents, and the sheets would go to the boy's hand, one after another, with hardly an erasure or change from first to last. Yet, when the sentences, so rapidly, easily, smoothly written, came to be read, in the next day's columns, they were often rich with allusion, brilliant with wit, ringing and rhythmic in their cadence, as if they had been laboriously prepared in the still air of delightful studies. Without effort for ornament, his style seemed then simply instinct with beauty, and with a native supple energy. The eagerness of his thought gave precision and impulse to his utterance of it. His perfect mastery of a racy and noble vocabulary made words trip to him as nimble servitors. His intentness on the end which he meant to accomplish molded his paragraphs into a vigorous grace of proportion, almost like that of the athlete's limbs; while the description which Fisher Ames is said to have given of Hamilton's wit to the friend who told him of the death of the statesman might, almost without exaggeration, have been often applied to the best writing of Dr. Bacon: "His wit was as sharp as yonder thistle-blade, and [after a pause] as delicate as its down." I recall many passages of his writing, editorial and other, which seem to me as well deserving to be studied now, as fine examples of an admirable style, as any of Addison or of Macaulay.

Of Dr. Bacon's personal qualities, moral and spiritual, others must write who can do it with an ampler leisure than mine, perhaps without that throb in the pulse which comes to me still when I think of him as gone. It goes without saying, to all who knew him, that he had as clear and firm a faith as any man has ever had in what is called the "evangelical" rendering of New Testament doctrine, and in the Lord whom that presents to the love and trust, the adoration and obedience, of human hearts. One figure was equally dominant to him in Gospels and in Epistles; one, in all the history of the church;

one, in the present complicated and changeful movements of society, the collisions of ideas, the inrush of new instruments for the use of mankind, the contentions in Christendom, or the impacts of its force on barbarian tribes. It was the figure of Him whose lowly birth yesterday recalled, whose miracles the disciples delighted to record, whom John exalted amid the Eternities in his majestic and tender proem, whom Paul beheld in the sudden brightness, and from whom came the subsequent incessant and sublime inspirations of his kingly life—the figure of Him whom Pilate crucified, but on whose head the exile of Patmos saw afterward many crowns! In the apprehension of the personal Christ, Brother, Teacher, Redeemer, King, manifesting God, making atonement, and at last to conquer the world, Dr. Bacon's inmost spiritual experience had root and life. His best discourses were on this theme; his conversation took always a tenderer and a statelier tone when he approached it; and the sweet and solemn sublimity of his prayers caught its mighty and delicate harmony from his unfailing adoration of God revealed in his Son. The law of his spirit and the life of his thought was in this sovereign conception of the Lord. He drew to men, everywhere, who showed in their minds the counterpart of it. The early life of the New England churches was precious to his memory, the present forms of administration in the churches which have followed them were dear to his heart, because, apart from a living Christ, central and supreme, there could have been no glory in the past, there could be now no power, progress, or even coherence in such societies. With an emphasis than which that of the apostle was hardly profounder, he could say anywhere: "I am not ashamed of the Gospel of Christ; for it is the power of God, unto salvation, to every one that believeth."

Out of this came his life-long interest in the missionary work, in his own land and in others; and out of this his constant effort to get Christianity practically realized, so far as his influence might extend, in the habits and institutions of society around him. His interest in temperance, in anti-slavery, in the best methods of either the lower or the higher education, in social progress, and in even political reform, had always its source in his wish to make society itself a temple of the Lord, illumined

by his presence, as well as erected and molded for his praise. It was not at all because he had taken philosophical ethics at a particular vivid angle, and had seen the necessary collision of that with social customs or traditional politics, that he was a reformer when it cost much to be such; but it was because he could not be satisfied—his conscience and heart forbade him to be satisfied—till the law of Christ was regnant among men, and civilization had become "only a secular name for Christianity." He was in this essentially akin with the English reformers; and with those who faced the winds and the wilderness on our stormy shores, that here they might found a church with no lordship save that of God's Son, and a state interpenetrated in all its parts by his benign authority and rule.

He was like them in their aim, though by no means wholly so in their methods; and he had, like them, the courage of his convictions, and was never afraid of what man could do to him. The tranquillity of his courage was not merely tested among the Koords, in 1851, when his life hung by a thread, and when his tender and lofty prayer ascended for his captors, as well as for himself and his companions. It met, not unfrequently, sharp tests at home. There were times in the early history of *The Independent* when the intensity of feeling against it, in important and prominent circles, was like the very blast of a furnace; when men who took it, who even casually read it, were regarded as hopeless and intractable radicals; and when to be its senior editor was to be a target, in the press and on the platform, for many missiles angrily hurled. I have no doubt that nature was very largely helpful to grace in the quiet composure with which Dr. Bacon bore such assaults. He knew his resources, and expected his opportunity; and when the opportunity came there was no doubt whatever in his mind that the "whip of small cords" was still a useful Christian instrument, and the scourging sarcasms with which he smote and stung his assailants had often a most salutary, if not an immediately soothing effect. But, aside altogether from his personal consciousness of his singular powers for self-defense, he had an assured tranquillity of spirit amid all commotions, because he was working, according to his conception of things, for what was agreeable to the doctrine, the law, and the spirit of the

Master; and he had no fear that God would go down in any struggle, or that the fiercest passions of men could countervail His mighty plans, against whom the heathen have raged from the outset, and the people have imagined a thousand vain things.

He meant to be useful, and so far as he could, to serve his generation, before he, like the fathers, should "fall on sleep," and no doubt he desired and properly valued positions of eminence, which might serve to make his usefulness wider; but I never saw the least desire or sensibility in him to popular fame, the least care whether his name would be repeated or not when he himself should have gone hence. If the Master was honored, that was enough. If his influence might live, he cared little for reputation. If his own conscience approved his course, I do not imagine that he was in the least solicitous whether or how long the breath of men should continue to syllable his name. He has his reward in an influence that may not continue apparent, but that can hardly cease to be felt while the Christian life of the continent is unfolded.

By this sincerity and genuineness of spirit, by the constant impulse to be abreast with the times, as well as by his reverent piety and his unfailing Christian faith, he kept, to even a marvelous degree, the undecaying youth of his spirit, and was as fresh in his enthusiasm, as vital and eager in his interest in subjects, as keenly observant of the tendencies of thought, as tender and strong in personal affections, at eighty years of age, as he had been at fifty or at thirty; yet he felt all the time the nearer approach of the great Immortality, and not unfrequently made reference to it. The last sermon which he preached in my pulpit, now some years since, was on the text, "For now is our salvation nearer than when we believed." Those who have been more familiar than I, in later years, with his public services of instruction and prayer, have told me that more than ever before have his thoughts been full of the pathos of dependence, and the sweetness of hope; that more tender than ever have been his ministrations to the sick, the dying, and the bereaved; that more than ever, without hindrance or weight, has his spirit soared upward in that office of prayer, in which the lofty rhythm of his words, caught largely from the Scriptures, has

always seemed the only appropriate and adequate vehicle for his reverential ascriptions of praise, for his heart-searching confessions of sin, his aspirations for holiness, and his reverent thanksgiving. He grew saintlier as he grew older. Touching the past still, in experience and memory, he touched the future with more confident hope. A few weeks since, as I left the study in which I had found him busily at work, though even then the terrible pain had repeatedly smitten him with its sure premonition of coming death, his last words were, as he pressed my hand with unusual strength, and looked downward with moistened eyes: "God bless you, my dear brother, ALWAYS!" I could not feel then that I was parting from him, after the intimacy of a whole generation, for the last time. I thought again to hear the talk which had so often been a delight, and to touch the hand so often laid on the levers of influence, which had borne so easily multiplied burdens. Thank God for the knowledge that, when again I see his face, he will have walked with Paul in Paradise, and have seen, like the others who went before, the vision of the face of Christ!

Ever faithfully yours,

R. S. STORRS.

[*FROM THE INDEPENDENT.*]

LEONARD BACON.

Leonard Bacon is dead! What he was to us he was to a great multitude of his fellow-citizens, who have listened for his voice and who have felt that order, good government, virtue, religion, and the best interests of society were safer and better while he lived. His death, last Saturday morning, of a form of heart disease, removed from the world a life which had in it more than fifty commanding years, and ended, at last, within a few weeks of the eightieth birthday, with as many and various interests as ever reposing in him. His vital forces appeared to be unsapped. He walked erect, with the elastic, firmly-planted step which distinguished him through life.

"His youth 'gainst time and age had ever spurned"

with such prosperous art that eighty years seemed only to have gathered into him "some smack of age . . . . some relish of the saltness of time." Except for intimations which had gone abroad that there were grounds for apprehending a disorder which respects neither youth nor age, it would have occurred to none of his neighbors that they might not continue to reckon among the world's workers this wonderful octogenarian, who was now displaying in old age the qualities of youth, as in youth he had displayed the mature qualities of age.

Leonard Bacon was born February 19, 1802, at Detroit, and, entering Yale at the age of fourteen years, was graduated in

the class of 1820, whose valedictorian was Theodore D. Woolsey, the revered ex-President of Yale, with whom he has maintained a life-long friendship. He studied for the Christian ministry at Andover, where he gave indications of those commanding powers which were destined to make him a ruler among men. One of his fellow-students and friends has preserved a characteristic anecdote, which is too good to be lost, that the young student, by his bold, aggressive methods in public discussion, raised as much of a storm as there is room for in a well-regulated theological seminary, and was visited by a committee, led by a youth in whose composition piety and dullness were evenly mixed. "Brother Bacon," he ran on, "for your own sake give up this fault. It is the one thing, Brother Bacon, between you and greatness. Give it up, Brother Bacon, and you are sure to be a much greater man." The young Bacon, who, with all his polemic force, had in him a good infusion of the meekness which helped Moses to rule, bore all patiently, and, finally, when silence ceased to be golden, dismissed the meeting with the reply: "But, Brother, I am already a greater man than I know what to do with."

In 1825 he was ordained to the Christian ministry, and set over the Center Church, at New Haven, whose pulpit had been raised to a great height of influence by the eminent divines who had held it, the last among whom had been the late Nathaniel W. Taylor, the distinguished founder of the theology which is known sometimes by his name and sometimes as that of New Haven.

His congregations would hardly claim that at any period of his ministry he was a great preacher, though they can never forget that in occasional sermons he displayed many of the highest and best gifts of the preacher. Ordinarily, his style was too literary to be impassioned; but, when the mood was on him and the occasion suited, it was easy for him to throw the orator's spell over the congregation and by turns awe, delight, or convince them. His voice, which was not unerringly trained to fall into sympathetic tones, was one of great native capacity and sweetness, which, in the happy use of it, served to express the shades and points of his pungent wit, or delicate humor. It flowed out then in rhythmic cadences,

which carried through the audience a delightful impression of easy mastery or, like a well-drawn cord, threw his arrows far and to the mark. His manner in the pulpit was that kind of dignified propriety which is never dull and sometimes rises to the highest inspiration.

Dr. Bacon was familiar with theology, but was not in the strict meaning of the word a theologian, though for several years previous to the appointment of Dr. Harris he taught the classes in the Yale Seminary the divine science. His general position was that of the New Haven School, but he held it liberally. On this point we may remind our readers that Dr. Bacon did not sympathize with the prosecution of the late Dr. Bushnell, but was his fast friend to the end, and that whatever conservatism there was in him was of that kind that held the root in the ground to grow, and not of the kind which is fatal to progress, nor to the vitality and the fecundity of thought.

The church over which he was settled was the historic church of John Davenport, whose two hundredth anniversary was approaching. This may have stimulated his historic tastes, which were always strong, and led him into the researches which culminated first in a series of discourses, and then in their publication under the title of "Bacon's Historical Discourses." This volume fixed his reputation as a master of literary style and as an historical scholar; a reputation which, as far as the annals of the Congregational churches and of the State of Connecticut go, he shared only with Dr. Dexter and J. Hammond Trumbull.

He was the author of several other works, of which we only mention here "The Genesis of the New England Churches." He wrote often and effectively for the *Christian Spectator* and afterward for the *New Englander* on a wide variety of topics. More brilliant replies can hardly be found in controversial literature than the defense he printed last summer in the *New Englander* of the right of the Congregational clergy of Connecticut to the place they have in the corporation of Yale College, a production which is only to be matched by his own "Dryasdust View" of the matter, published some years ago in the same quarterly (as it was then), to vindicate the clerical management of the affairs of the college against an attack made on it.

Of Dr. Bacon's connection with Yale we must speak briefly. At the appointment of Professor Woolsey to be president, he resigned his place in the corporation, to make a vacancy for ex-President Day. Too long an interval was allowed to elapse before he was reappointed to his old position for the best interests of all parties concerned. He was, however, reappointed and has been recognized to the present time as one of the most capable and efficient members of the board. We believe it was in 1866 that he was relieved of all responsibility for active duty as Pastor of the Center Church, and called to the chair of theology in the Yale Theological Seminary, which he filled until the appointment of Dr. Harris, in 1871. Since that time he has continued to deliver lectures to the classes on ecclesiastical polity and American church history. We ought not to omit in this connection that he is the author of several hymns, one of which, at least, has become classical for those who love the Puritans:

"Oh! God, beneath thy guiding hand."

Dr. Bacon was early recognized as a Congregational leader. What he achieved in this view of his career is a part of the religious history of the country and requires only to be mentioned here in this review of his full and varied life. It may have been the thought of his own cradle in Michigan that led him to throw his heart, as he did, into the West, and strive to carry thither the churches of the "ancient faith and order of New England," as he delighted to call them. At all events, the West has had no better friend anywhere among all her sons, by adoption or by birth, than Leonard Bacon; none who, from first to last, has done more for her churches, her colleges, her schools. In the Home Missionary Society, in the American Board for Foreign Missions, in councils, associations, and public meetings of all kinds, in the pulpit and on the platform, by pen, by debate, and in the committee-room, all over the land, he has made himself felt, working in right manly fashion to build up the churches and to promote the faith.

As to Dr. Bacon's anti-slavery record, there was no time in his life after his ordination to the ministry when he did not feel for the slave and against slavery. He took an instant and

active interest in the Amistad captives, and the contention of wits between himself and Ralph Ingersoll on the occasion of the famous trial is still remembered at New Haven. The ethical question which lay at the bottom of the slavery agitation was settled in his mind from the first; but he was not clear as to the policy to be pursued. He went to hear Mr. Garrison, with how much hope of finding the required leader in him we do not know; but, if he did not go with an open and candid mind, it was the first and last time in his life he approached a great question in that blinded way. At all events, he saw neither a leader nor a policy in Mr. Garrison. For years he gave himself to the colonization scheme, and we have within these few days seen it stated, in a leading and responsible print, that he did not abandon this movement until about 1850, and that why he abandoned it he never explained; a very curious assertion, in view of the fact that *The Independent* was founded in 1848, with Leonard Bacon as the leading editor, associated with Drs. Thompson, Storrs, and Leavitt, and that those editors said in their address to the public "We take our stand for free soil," and kept the address with those words and more to the same effect in it standing printed through the eleven first numbers. Moreover, Dr. Bacon had taken this ground long before, had been attacked and maligned for doing so and charged with inconsistency. He avowed the change of opinion in an open, manly fashion, which, surely, cannot have passed out of the memory of men so soon, declaring that the only consistency which was worth the name was that in which a man reserved the right to change his opinions when required by the evidence or the discovery of truth to do so.

As long ago as 1827 an article in the *Christian Spectator*, from the pen of the late Joshua Leavitt, had struck a spark in Dr. Bacon's mind which kindled to a flame, and became ultimately not only the principle he adopted, but that on which emancipation was ultimately effected.

Dr. Leavitt contended that the Constitution was not the covenant with evil the Garrisonians held it to be; but that it was for freedom, and that wherever the Constitution was the sole source of political institutions it planted freedom. It was

his belief that the ring of free States drawn around the others would strangle slavery. That was the Free Soil doctrine. It was also the view of the matter taken by the disunion leaders and was the fate which they opposed with secession.

This view of the matter was carried into *The Independent*, and advocated there, with what ability and with what commanding influence, the whole country knows. It is the glory of *The Independent* that it opened fire in its first number on the line of battle which, sixteen years later, was crowned with success.

In 1848 Dr. Leonard Bacon, Dr. Joseph P. Thompson and Dr. Richard S. Storrs became the responsible editors of *The Independent*. The considerations which led to the founding of this journal are set forth by them in an address to the public, the like of which was never penned before, and certainly has not been since. The Congregational churches were on the move West. Important enterprises were in progress elsewhere. More than all, there were certain very perturbative, fecundating, organific, and, also, as the event proved, revolutionary thoughts in the minds of a pretty large group of large men, which had to be uttered. The three responsible editors of *The Independent* undertook to utter them. "We are Congregationalists," they say, in their address; "but we do not undertake to be the representatives of Congregationalism. We have our own opinions on questions in theology, but we are not the champions of any man's 'scheme' or metaphysical system, or of the views set forth from any chair of theology. *The Independent*, then, is not to be held responsible for any opinion but its own. The doctors . . . may agree or disagree, as they please. We are responsible for none of them, nor is any one of them responsible for us."

So, too, politically "we take our stand for *free soil*," but will not be responsible for any party in the land. We have our opinions, they said, and we mean to utter them.

Nowhere in all the wide field of his fruitful influence will he be more missed than in *The Independent*. As we review his crowded life and think of his eighty years, we ask ourselves what manner of man was this that led us still to count him among the active soldiers in the world's great warfare and to expect so much more from him in the great campaign.

That he was sometimes bristling and pugnacious, or even wrong-headed, that on some rare occasions he lost his poise may well enough be true; but his heart was gentle and his character was impersonal. The spirit of youth and the love of youth were in him. He was richer in humor than in satire. A good story coming announced itself with a characteristic chuckle, and was told with inimitable manner and action. His mind was stored with anecdote, and it is doubtful if there has been, in his day or anywhere in the wide circle he lived in, such a master of the monologue in all hues and of every variety. His table-talk, could we have it, would live long.

As a Christian, Dr. Bacon had much of the simplicity of the Puritan type. He was warm and spiritual, without being demonstrative; but he had no antagonisms that unfitted him to combine with any worker who had good power of any kind in him. His gift in prayer was of the highest order, and he knew well how to read the hymn. At funerals and on all public occasions no man could be relied on as he could. In the churches he was the bishop, by right divine the *πουμην λαων*, while among men his personal and commanding qualities marked him out as fit to wear the Homeric title *ανας ανθρων*.

We know that Dr. Storrs's eloquent and noble tribute to the memory of Dr. Bacon in these columns will be read with deep interest.

[*FROM THE INDEPENDENT.*]

LEONARD BACON.

By Professor George P. Fisher, D.D.

New Haven is not the same place without Dr. Bacon. He has been the Pastor of the oldest church for almost threescore years. To all who in this period have lived in that city, to all who have resorted to its College and schools his person and voice are familiar. In every public movement he has been a recognized leader. Whenever a good cause needed the advocacy of a powerful pen or an eloquent voice, all eyes turned to him. He was the historiographer of the town. He had explored its beginnings; he knew more of its past than any other living man. He is identified with New Haven, like the permanent features of the landscape, like the massive twin rocks that stand on its border, the elms that shade its streets, and the waters of the adjacent Sound.

Yet Dr. Bacon did not seem old. His intellectual powers were not reduced. His vivacity flamed to the last as brilliantly as of yore. He had lost none of his interest in the important questions of the hour. He had never stopped on his path to turn his face backward, and to turn his back on the future. To all who approached him his enthusiastic, hopeful, courageous spirit was an inspiration to the end. Months ago he read Robertson Smith's lectures on the Old Testament, talked of them with animation, evidently feeling that the problems which they presented must be freely and fairly

discussed. He left on his table an unfinished Essay on Utah and "the Mormon Question" in its political relations. He was emphatically a man of his time and for his time. He would have found it impossible to seclude himself from the stir and conflict of the present to forget the struggles in which the country and the church are now engaged, or to stand as an idle spectator, musing on the course of human events. He felt at home on the public arena, where matters affecting the common weal were submitted to the arbitrament of debate. He has made innumerable speeches in public meetings. He has been a most prolific contributor to the journals. The articles which he has written for newspapers and reviews, in all these years, generally with reference to current topics, are numberless.

Yet, it need not be said that Dr. Bacon was a man of the time in no narrow sense. He was never superficial. He was not of those who are incapable of being interested in anything which is not of to-day. His horizon was not so limited. He loved to trace the present back to its roots in the past. He had not only the tact and accuracy of a historical student; he had, also, the historical imagination which could reproduce bygone times in a glowing picture. His volume of Discourses on the History of New Haven is a contribution to knowledge which has stimulated the production of other works of a like character. His last article in the *New Englander* is a beautiful sketch of society in Connecticut near the end of the last century. There was in him such a never-failing spring of mental vitality that whatever he read inspired him with thoughts that carried him far beyond his author. His understanding was so strong and so keen that he quickly grasped what was of chief moment in a book or periodical. His intellect was not at all enfeebled by his habit of discursive reading, as may be the case with inferior men; and, with all his sympathy with his own generation, he was not in the least a radical in his temperament. His tone of feeling was conservative. He revered the virtues of men and of states of society that have passed away. He had nothing of an iconoclast in his natural temper. As a reformer, he was quite as anxious to build up as to pull down. In the slavery controversy he was long the ally of the great body who hoped that African colonization would prove an

effective means of emancipation. He cordially detested the disunion principles and the theological and "woman's rights" tenets of the Garrison School; but when he saw that the Slave Power was advancing, and that slavery was defended by the Southern church as a Christian institution, he threw himself with fearless ardor into the propagation of anti-slavery doctrine and was influential in building up the republican party. Mr. Lincoln assured him (as Dr. Bacon himself informed me) that it was the reading of his book of Essays on Slavery that made him an Abolitionist.

Dr. Bacon's rhetorical talents were of a very high order; and yet the word "rhetorical" in this connection may be misleading. It was nature, more than art that gave him the remarkable power to which I refer. To be sure, without wide reading and familiarity with good literature he could not have become such a master of English expression; but with him language was a spontaneous product; it was vitalized by thought and feeling. He had no need to go in quest of apt phrases. The fires that were burning within shot forth light and heat without any artificial blowing of the bellows. I have never known his superior in the power of strictly extemporaneous thought. It was a delight to him, when he was at his ease with friends whom he knew well, to *improvise*, if I may use the word, on the subjects that happened to come up. In an ecclesiastical assembly, when roused by a topic that interested him, he always manifested this extraordinary power of "thinking on his feet." Sometimes, especially in conversation, a suggestion from another that struck his mind he would take up and unfold and illustrate with his own peculiar felicity; not, perhaps because it embodied his own matured opinion, but as if by a kind of rhetorical instinct, prompting him to present the case as it ought to be presented. There were occasions when Dr. Bacon was very eloquent. When a monument was placed near the Center Church, over the grave of Col. Dixwell, one of the judges of King Charles I., he delivered a discourse on "The Opening of an Ancient Grave"; and, years later, from a platform raised over the same monument, he delivered an address of welcome to Governor Robinson, of Kansas. In the last instance, notably, sympathy with the historic glory of Puritanism, suggested by

the ashes of the exiled judge over which he stood, blended with a burning indignation at the iniquities perpetrated in Kansas, and caused him to speak with an eloquence which I have never heard surpassed. These are only two instances among many which those who have long known Dr. Bacon will easily recall. In his own pulpit it is hardly requisite to observe that his discourses were uniformly solid and instructive. Not unfrequently they were spirited as well; and sometimes—in particular, on commemorative occasions—they were full of fire. But he told me once that it was harder for him to speak without notes in his own pulpit than anywhere else. He lacked there the stimulus of opposition. The topics, although they took a deep hold of his convictions, might be not more apposite for one time than for another, and a sense of the propriety and decorum that belong to the house of worship, mingled with that respect for his congregation which grew up in the early years of his ministry, when he stood in the place of Stuart and Taylor, threw over him in some degree an insensible constraint. In truth, there were various characteristics of Dr. Bacon which it is probable that many of his parishioners knew little of or, at any rate, never adequately appreciated. I refer to the many who saw little of him, except in the pulpit. His attractiveness as a speaker in places where he was at liberty to pour out his thoughts at will, and illuminate them with flashes of wit, they might not fully understand. The charm of his conversation when he was with congenial minds, the stream of wisdom and wit, the stores of apposite anecdote always at his command, the humorous illustrations from favorite authors, as Scott or Dickens, which came up unbidden, as the talk pursued its winding way—to all this many who only knew him as a preacher were strangers. Nevertheless he was remarkably open and frank. He was never otherwise than serious and earnest. Had any one who knew him but imperfectly, seen him in his most unguarded hours, he would have observed nothing to detract in the least from the profound respect for his character which his pulpit addresses, his solemn and reverent prayers, and the sympathetic and melodious tones in which he read the hymns of the church were adapted to inspire.

Dr. Bacon is distinguished as a polemical writer and speaker.

He inherited in a large measure the old Puritan zeal for making things straight in this crooked world, for compelling magistrates to rule justly, and for beating down the upholders of demoralizing institutions and customs. He was naturally fond of controversy in the sense that his mental faculties were quickened by debate, and he experienced all the delight—the *gaudia certaminis*—which belongs to a combatant who has no occasion to distrust his powers; but Dr. Bacon embarked in no warfare which he did not feel to be just. The severity of his sarcasm was owing to the keenness of his perception. The blade which nature fashioned for him had a sharp edge. But he was a magnanimous disputant. He was above petty tricks. He disdained sophistry. He brought away from his battles no feeling of rancor toward his adversaries. He cherished no grudges. After a tilt was over, it was no fault of his if he did not shake hands with his opponent. He had a large-minded, catholic spirit toward all bodies of Christian people. While clinging with an unfaltering faith to the essential facts and principles of the gospel, he believed in free inquiry and discussion, despised pettiness and narrowness in religon, and was able to recognize the same essential truth under diverse forms of statement. One who saw Dr. Bacon in an assembly where an excited debate was in progress, wearing the stern look of a warrior, with his sword-arm uplifted and launching his invectives against an obnoxious measure, might imagine that austerity and indignation were his prevailing traits. In reality, he was one of the kindest and most genial of men. His indignation was fervid, but there was a deeper well of generous and benevolent feeling beneath it. "How Dr. Bacon has mellowed in the last twenty years!" is a remark occasionally heard. It would certainly be a reproach to a good man if the change denoted by this phraseology did not occur with the advance of age. No doubt there was an increasing carefulness to avoid expressions that might wound sensitive minds. After all, however, this apparent growth of tenderness and forbearance was, in the main, a manifestation of qualities of heart which had ever belonged to him. Old age does not soften the naturally unfeeling. Ripe and mellow fruit springs only from good seed.

The most conspicuous moral trait of Dr. Bacon was manli-

ness. Manliness constituted his ideal of character. It was Christian manliness, because Christianity in his view was essential to the perfection of manhood. A devout man, he was utterly free from all the sentimentalities of piety. To enthusiasts he might seem too reserved, perhaps frigid, in his religious manifestations. Not so did he seem to the thousands of invalids at whose bedside he had offered up prayer to God, or to the multitude of households which he entered to bury their dead. But he believed that Christianity is for daily use. It is to make men upright, faithful, fearless in the performance of duty. It is not only for the spiritual health and peace of the individual; it is for the remolding of society. It is the part of a Christian to take the aggressive and carry the Gospel over the earth. In the distant continents of Asia, in far-off islands of the sea, wherever an American missionary is at work in planting Christianity, the name of Dr. Bacon is familiar. In the only extended journey which he ever took he visited our missions in the East. He had the New England feeling that religion and education are inseparable. Whatever tends to advance the intelligence of the community had his energetic support.

He was never idle. Work always seemed a pastime for him. Some years ago I heard him say that the weeks of his summer vacation were harder for him to dispose of than any other part of the year. He went on with his labors to the end. The expectation that his remaining time was short, and that death might occur at any moment, did not lead him to lay down his wonted employments. He wrote and preached and lectured as usual, doing everything cheerfully, making no complaint of physical weakness. He quietly gave up meetings which he was not able to attend, was taken in a carriage to the Divinity School when he could not walk, but evinced in conference with his colleagues and in his instructions in the class-room just the same vigor of mind and the same liveliness of feeling as of old. He communicated to us, last spring, in a very simple way the nature of his malady and the uncertainty of the continuance of his life. Then his work with us went on with no perceptible change in him, except a tinge, pathetic, though slight, of added tenderness in his manner.

When Dr. Bacon became one of the corps of theological teachers in Yale Divinity School, his younger associates, much as they honored him and desired his appointment, were not without a degree of apprehension that there might be some want of freedom in the presence of his positive character and emphatically outspoken opinions on all questions which he was called to consider. All apprehensions of this sort were soon dissipated. We found him uniformly gentle and considerate, not in the least disposed to press unduly his own ideas upon our acceptance, and helpful and obliging in the highest degree. Fertile in new plans, he was, fortunately, at the furthest remove from obstinacy in insisting on measures which were not acceptable to his colleagues. No instructor could exhibit toward his fellows a more unselfish spirit. At the same time he equaled, if he did not outstrip us all in enthusiasm with regard to our common work. In our conferences, he brought out of his full mind treasures new and old; treasures both of fact and of suggestion. As to the students, he was lenient in his judgments, kindly and yet searching, and eminently wise and stimulating, in his criticisms. He never manifested to either professors or pupils any of the faults which have commonly been thought to be characteristic of old men. At the beginning we felt toward him a high respect and esteem. More and more, without any effort on his part, merely by showing himself as he was, he won our cordial love.

The observation has often been made that Dr. Bacon might have been and, perhaps, ought to have been, a senator in Congress, or a great advocate at the bar. It is true that his forensic talents were of a high order. It is true that he had a statesmanlike habit of thought. Had he entered on the career of a lawyer or of a politician, he would have achieved eminent distinction. But I do not concur in the opinion that the path which he chose was the less desirable one. The moral element was supreme in his mental constitution. He has discussed the gravest public questions in a way to instruct and impress a vast number of educated minds, and he has done this quite as effectively in his character as a citizen, holding no office and aspiring to none, as if he had been clad in the robes of office. He has been, at the same time, a heroic, untiring servant of the

church. He has represented the interests of religion and morality before the American community with an ability which has commanded the respect of the ablest men in every walk of life. Official station might not have increased his influence. It might have furnished occasion for attacks on the purity of his motives and the independence of his judgment, which he escaped.

The place filled by Dr. Bacon was in some respects unique. In his own province he had no superior. None are left to bend

"The mighty bow that once Ulysses bore."

The great effect of his life remains. Those who knew him best will never cease to cherish toward him the deepest honor and affection.

New Haven, Conn.

[*FROM THE INDEPENDENT.*]

THE LATE DR. BACON.

By President Noah Porter, D.D., LL.D.

I am asked to give a few of my recollections of the late Dr. Bacon. It is not easy to select a few out of the throng which I cannot but recall. Nevertheless, I will make the attempt.

The first was in my childhood, when I heard of a student of divinity at Andover of remarkable gifts, especially in literature, whose torn window-curtain had occasioned some sharp remarks from a pert young miss, which, when reported to him, had called forth a lively poetic response, which was published in *The Boston Recorder*. *The Boston Recorder* then was almost the only religious newspaper in New England and the United States. "No Fiction" was almost the only religious novel, and this was not approved in all religious circles. Scott's novels and Lord Byron's poems were the chief attractions of current literature, and how far either were either edifying or even worthy of toleration in Christian families was a matter of grave discussion. But the rising wave of missionary enterprise, which had appeared a few years before, had now gathered force and was moving powerfully through New England. The recent revivals of religion, in which Drs. Beecher and Taylor and Nettleton were so prominent, had led many to raise their hopes of the speedy coming of the Millennium; the newly-inspired spirit of benevolence was prompting to what at that time seemed wonders of self-sacrifice and liberality;

Sunday-schools were almost in their infancy; the modern movements for moral and social reform were hardly in their bud when Leonard Bacon began his public life, a stripling of twenty-three, a wide-minded and self-reliant student, who had found stuff to kindle his romantic fancy in the missionary rovings of his fervid father among the western frontiers and along the western lakes, and had fed his intellect by the enthusiastic study of the masters of English literature. His early writings exhibited more than usual power of debate, marked self-reliance in uttering his opinions, keen wit, daring invective, and soaring eloquence, all of which he could not but express in clear, strong, and felicitous language.

When I entered college, he had been two years Pastor of the Center Church. As he preached now and then from the tall pulpit of the old chapel, and the still taller pulpit in his own church, he was chiefly distinguished for the positiveness and self-reliance with which he spoke and the freedom from a pulpit dialect; but, as now and then some occasional discourse was called for on some missionary or benevolent theme, or some demand of public morals, or when excited by some political or commercial crisis, he was inspired with special energy and seemed quite another man than in his ordinary ministrations. New Haven was then a city of some eight or nine thousand inhabitants. Two Congregational churches, one Episcopal, one Baptist, and one Methodist, and the College chapel were all. One Roman Catholic family only was known in the town. On a great religious occasion at the Center Church the city was moved by a common sympathy. During the great revival of 1831 the whole city kept a Sabbath of four days of solemn and excited stillness, in which the pastor, then of five years' standing was prominent. Before this event, however, he had passed a serious crisis in his ministry and his life, which he has appropriately commemorated.

Before this time the so-called New Haven theology had attracted public attention, and had begun to agitate the churches in and out of New England. *The Quarterly Christian Spectator* in 1829 was established as the organ of the New Haven School. Dr. Bacon was led most naturally, from his early associations and the practical and progressive character

of his mind, to sympathize with many, if not all of its positions and became a frequent contributor to the pages of the new review. His contributions were chiefly literary and ethical and reformatory, rather than theological. His sympathy with the new theological direction was most significantly and characteristically shown in the edition of the select works of Richard Baxter, which he published in 1831. With his studies for this labor of love began those researches which were the joy of his life, which brought him into close communion with the heroes of freedom, of civil, religious, and ecclesiastical reform, and the champions of a national Christian theology. From this time Dr. Bacon's life-long mission began to be distinctively defined to himself and to others. The cause of public morals in his own city was espoused with characteristic boldness and enforced by his lively wit and bold invective. The great benevolent enterprises were all eloquently championed and liberally responded to by his people. It was not long before his latent individuality asserted itself most positively in certain lines of ecclesiastical leadership. In 1835 he led the General Association of Connecticut to pass a set of critical resolutions against the inroads and pretensions of itinerant evangelists, the aim of which was well enough understood. In 1836 the Presbyterian church was violently disrupted, chiefly on theological grounds. This event was attended and followed by a series of agitations in Connecticut which, in the view of many, threatened a division of the Congregational ministers and churches. In these discussions Dr. Bacon was conspicuous. A newspaper was established in New Haven in which he was greatly interested, and in an occasional periodical, called *Views and Reviews*, he published two or three series of vigorous letters, protesting with all the energy at his command against the necessity and the Christianity of any movement toward a division.

The meetings of the General Association of the State were for several years the arena on which his varied resources were brilliantly and efficiently displayed. This controversy had scarcely begun to abate when his energies were aroused in a new direction. The year 1838 was observed in commemoration of the end of the second century since the settlement of

New Haven. Into the arrangement for the suitable observance of this event Dr. Bacon threw all the ardor and energy of his nature. The first result was the preparation of his historical discourses of the First Church in New Haven, a work which was not only a model of its kind, but has a still greater interest from its relation to the subsequent history of Dr. Bacon's own studies. It confirmed and steadied the ardent enthusiasm which he inherited from his father for the heroes who settled New England. It determined his favorite researches in the direction of the history and polity of the New England churches. His subsequent elaborate tracing of the origination and operation of the Saybrook Platform; the quaint and archaic codification of the usages of the New England churches, which he prepared for the Boston Council; his learned work on the "Genesis of the New England Churches;" his growing tenacity of the old usages; his continued protests for the freedom and independence of the local church; his tenacious and what seemed to some his needless protests against Congregationalism as a sect will be readily recognized as the legitimate fruits of his memorable work in 1838. This work had another good effect. It brought him nearer to the hearts of his fellow-citizens of all classes. In teaching them to be proud of their own history, he taught them to be proud of the man who had shown that their city had a history. The medal which commemorated this celebration in 1838 and the marble tablets over the entrance of the church with the construction of the crypt beneath its floor—the last two the loving work of his old age—are fruits and evidences of this historic enthusiasm. This historical work was scarcely finished when a new labor was prepared for his hands. He had been originally, with very many, not to say most philanthropists, an advocate of African colonization, as the only practical remedy for slavery. His antagonism to slavery itself was greatly intensified by a subsequent personal knowledge of plantation life. The radical and anti-Christian abolitionism of many of the immediate emancipationists aroused an equally positive opposition, in which satire and invective had free play. For several years he protested against both parties with a nearly equal hostility, which he found abundant occasion to express. But events

moved rapidly toward a crisis. In the meantime the *New Englander* was started, in 1843, chiefly under Dr. Bacon's inspiration, with the avowed design of discussing political, social, religious, and literary topics of present interest in a popular style. This periodical engrossed Dr. Bacon's attention for several years and was for a season after the death of the first editor under his immediate control. In 1848 *The Independent* was started, and in its weekly demands upon his pen and his counsels it furnished him with full occupation, while the clouds were gathering for the impending storm. Meanwhile, the controversy over the various phases of Dr. Bushnell's theology interested him intensely. The General Association of Connecticut became again the scene of earnest discussion, and ominous preparation for a division of ecclesiastical fellowship were again threatening; and Dr. Bacon was again at his post, using all his powers of pen and speech to avert so serious a calamity. As a consequence, he became more and more distinctly catholic in his own views of theology and more and more comprehensive in his Christian sympathies. In 1866 he withdrew from the active duties and responsibilities of his pastorate, and for five years taught revealed or biblical theology in the Theological Department of Yale College, and from 1871 till his death he gave instruction in church polity and the ecclesiastical history of New England.

In every one of these manifold spheres of activity there was special discipline for his quick and vigorous mind. To each he brought keen discernment, comprehensive judgment, a tenacious memory, and a warm and even ardent personal sympathy. From each he emerged a stronger and a riper man, till in the last ten years of useful and happy life, he seemed to have attained the ideal consummation of experiences so varied by toil and so stirring in combat. He had not lost a whit of his idiosyncrasy. He was as headlong in assertion and as acquiescent under reply or explanation, as violent in invective, and as generous in personal feeling; but there gathered around him insensibly a pervading serenity of spirit, which made him seem the more human in proportion as he became more heavenly. His prayers had always been remarkable for touching pathos and seraphic elevation. At the bedside of the sick and dying,

in the hushed circle of the bereaved, in the worship of the great congregation, and before the family altar his devotional utterances had been models of their kind; but as he prayed in his old age his lips seemed to have been touched with a coal from the altar of God. In "the Club," of which he had been the charm and the pride for forty years or more, he was the same in defects and merits, but always jubilant with humor and intense with life; just as positive in assertion and equally patient of criticism; and more Baconian than ever, and yet more catholic, patient, and noble.

The article in the *New Englander* of July, 1881, on the corporation of Yale College, seems to me perfect in its kind, brilliant with wit, cogent in argument, masterly in style, and, above all, as sweet and winning as though it were the first essay of a carpet-knight, and not the last charge of a hundred onsets.

The catholicity of his theological and Christian sympathies had always been conspicuous in his character. His conceptions of the Kingdom of God were always enlarged to include every form of human welfare and progress. His youthful fervor in both directions had become confirmed into quiet and immovable convictions. His old experience had attained to more than one prophetic strain. It so happened that he and myself were at the last meeting of the General Association of Connecticut, at which I was somewhat reluctantly required to speak of the history of theological parties in Connecticut since 1837, the year when the same church edifice was almost rocked to and fro by the waves of theological strife.

He followed with greater liberty of speech, as he referred to the fierce conflicts in that house of some forty-four years before, when he had been twelve years and I had been one in the ministry. In referring afterward to this freedom which he had used, he said, with great fervor and feeling, that he found it difficult to restrain his feelings when he went back to those times of peril to the churches of the State from the forces which were then massed to divide them. Little did many who heard of him by report or who read his brilliant satire know how deeply were imbedded in his heart an heroic consecration to the Kingdom of God and a fervent faith in its certain triumph and a knightly loyalty to his Master and Redeemer.

In his own household he was a model of sweetness and patience and good humor. His children and his children's children were his joy and pride. Some of his most effective articles for the press are known to have been written with one child in his lap and another at his feet, amid manifold interruptions and more numerous cares and anxieties. As one and another of the dearest and sweetest were taken out of his life, he suffered none the less that he retained his composure and calmly prosecuted his work.

I may speak of his relations to myself in the office which I have held during the last ten years; of his uniform personal courtesy and delicate attentions, that were very significant from a man of his mold and tendencies; but all of which were not unnoticed and can never be forgotten. It has often happened, during this period, that I have overtaken him in his walks, of late somewhat slower than formerly, and I have never failed to elicit some sparkle of wit or wisdom from the three minutes of conversation that followed.

The Thursday afternoon before his death I met him for a moment near the door of my office. We had a brief conversation about the provision for the wants of a Chinese student whom he had given a home in his own house, when cast off from home and friends by the profession of his Christian faith. As we parted, he commended him to my care, as his last word in this life.

At his burial, on Tuesday, I observed this youth from China in the family group, together with a young lady from Japan, who had for many years been an inmate of that household and who a few months before had received Christian baptism from her honored and beloved friend. This scene suggested manifold thoughts concerning the progress of the Kingdom of God during the years that have marked the life of this noble champion for its principles and this fervent believer in its final triumph. Could he have foreseen that among the multitude of devout men who followed him to his burial these representatives would be present from China and Japan, as members of his own household and of the household of faith, he would have said, in anticipation: "I shall not have lived in vain."

Yale College, New Haven, Conn.

[*FROM THE INDEPENDENT.*]

REMINISCENCES OF LEONARD BACON.

By Theodore D. Woolsey, D.D., LL.D.

It seems to me that I can best serve the memory of my old friend and classmate, Dr. Bacon, by putting what I have to say in the form of reminiscences of his early years and of estimates of his character and opinions. More ought to be said, and in a different strain, of a man who has served not his generation only, but nearly two generations, by constant activity in supporting that which, in his inmost conviction, was good in the great practical movements of the age, relating to religion, to the reform of society in various respects, to politics, and to ecclesiastical polity. Some one must undertake a more extensive review of his life; but perhaps I may say several things which may not suggest themselves to others.

The first knowledge I had of Leonard Bacon was at the beginning of our sophomore year, in 1817, when he entered the class of which I was a member and was assigned to the division to which I belonged. It was the usage then in Yale College for a tutor to instruct his division in all branches of study—a usage undesirable for more reasons than one, but good, as uniting the scholars to an able and winning tutor. Prof. Alexander M. Fisher, a man of incomparable ability and genius in mathematics and natural philosophy, chosen into his office in 1817, was our division officer in 1818–19, without taking all the studies under his supervision. We were proud of

him and honored him. Of the class I knew but little, as I lived away from commons and the college buildings, in the house of a near relative. Bacon was a stranger to me very much until late in our junior year. He had a good standing, but not among the first scholars, being engrossed with reading to a considerable extent outside of the college studies.

It was, if I remember aright, in the junior year that common interests in the affairs of the "Brothers' Society," one of the two societies which divided college between them, brought together three of us (Bacon, Twining, and myself), to write a series of papers, which were called the *Talebearer*, and were read by an officer of the society called the reader. They were, of course, anonymous, but it was well understood who were the "editors." The papers were juvenile and hastily written, but lively and sometimes (as the society was split into parties) more or less polemical; but they did good, at least, to their authors, by a discipline in writing which was not without its use in supplementing the rhetorical exercises in college. Quite a number of them were in verse, among which one of Bacon's for sparkling wit was quite beyond the average of similar college performances.

In our senior year, as things then were, we had ample leisure to read and study for ourselves. Bacon and his room-mate, Chester Isham, Stoddard and Brockway, Twining and myself formed a club called the Hexahedron, which met once a week in turn at one of our three rooms and devoted an evening chiefly to the reading of English poetry and especially, if I remember aright, to the older poetry of our language. Bacon was fond of reading poetry and in a few instances attempted it. But, when Wordsworth came to be read and valued in this country, he was not one of those who listened with much pleasure to the new minstrel, at least in the earlier part of his life. A few years after this he contributed to a short collection of hymns which he prepared some of his own, which have since appeared in other hymn books. Such are "Though now the nations sit beneath," a missionary hymn, and the excellent one on a missionary's death, "Weep not for the saint that ascends;" the hymn on Forefather's Day, "O God, beneath thy guiding hand," which is still naturally chosen for that occasion before

most others; and the patriotic hymn, "God of our fathers to thy throne," the communion hymn, "O thou who hast died to redeem us from hell," and the sweet evening hymn, "Hail, tranquil hour of closing day," which was evidently suggested by the well-known hymn, "I love to steal awhile away," and may well contend with that favorite in sentiment and expression.

But I must return from this digression to the club, from which I digressed, and ask to be allowed to refer to its individual members. Stoddard was the author, together with Prof. Andrews, of the well-known Latin grammar which long stood at the head of its rivals in that branch of instruction in this country. He was professor at Middlebury, Vermont, and a man of fervent piety. He died in 1847. His room-mate, Brockway, became a country lawyer in Connecticut and served one term in Congress. He was the most frolicksome and joyous of us all. He died in 1870. Chester Isham, one of our very best scholars, was held to be somewhat plodding in college; but a noticeable change took place in him when he gave himself to the study of theology. Apparently, it was the result of quickened religious feelings. He preached with such energy and power that he was invited, very early after leaving Andover, to fill an important pulpit in Eastern Massachusetts. He married, and in less than two years after his settlement died, in 1825. He was Bacon's nearest friend, from the beginning of their college life until his death. These are all gone, and of the living, besides myself, there is but one of the six remaining, my dear friend, Prof. Twining.

The senior year passed happily away, and we were soon dispersed, not to meet again except as individual friends. The day after our graduation, two of those who had been among his best friends walked with Bacon as far as Whitneyville, on the road he was intending to take to Hartford, on foot. They told him plainly that he had not made the most of himself in college; that he had not studied enough and was in danger of hurting himself by superficial habits of reading. The friends bade farewell, and ere long he was established at Andover, with Isham for his room-mate. Now, as it afterward appeared, the responsibilities of life pressed upon him, and he

did faithful work in his theological education. At the end of the course Bacon was chosen to make the principal address on the day when the class left the Seminary. I went to Andover to hear my friend's address, and rejoiced in the proofs that he gave of his progress. During the next year and the first part of 1825 he preached in several places, and, at length, received a call to the First Church in New Haven, which Dr. Taylor had left, at the close of 1822, in order to assume the professorship of theology in the new theological department of Yale College. He was ordained a year and a half after he left Andover, in March, 1825, just after completing his twenty-third year. Things were not then as they are now. A minister, according to the old prevailing usage, was married for life to his people or parish in the early times. Separations were as rare from the first ministry as divorces from the wife of one's youth. The people well knew that a minister could not know everything or do everything, and yet everything was laid upon him. The lawyer and the physician at the start had little practice, and were not worn down by responsibility; but the minister at twenty-four had everything to do that he would have to do at fifty. Unless, therefore, a people were reasonably indulgent, they would add to the burden which must be borne by him and perhaps shorten his life.

Mr. Bacon was, if anything, in a worse position than most young men of his age. There had been in the same pulpit a while before a great master of theology, who fired off heavy guns every Sunday and was the pride of the Center Church in New Haven. The people were not requiring, they were kind; but who is sufficient for these things? But he was natively a hopeful man and a brave man, and moreover was kindly supported by Drs. Taylor and Goodrich. That these first years of his pastorate and their struggles were blest to him mentally and spiritually cannot be doubted. He made his reading serviceable to the good of others as early as 1831, by publishing "Select Practical Writings of Richard Baxter," which was prefaced by the editor's account of Baxter's life. In the year 1835 there was a commemoration of the founding of New Haven, two centuries before, and Mr. Bacon was naturally expected to make appropriate mention of it, as being the era

when the church and the State were founded together, by Davenport and Eaton. The discourses, which were delivered on Sunday evenings, and afterward collected into a volume entitled, "Thirteen Discourses on the Two Hundredth Anniversary of the Church in New Haven" (1839), did him very great credit. He explored the records and brought out materials hitherto unknown. He illustrated with the hand of a master in history and of a loving Pastor the *incunabula* of the colony and the progress of the church. His friends and the public received his work with praise and gratitude. We may regard this as an era of his life from which he gained a firm hold of public confidence and felt his own strength.

It was about the same year that a club was started, as much by his influence as by that of any other person, which included a number of college professors and Congregational ministers, together with some of the lawyers and others. This club, which has continued until the present time and from which a number of the earlier members have passed away—Dutton, Larned, Gibbs, Ludlow, Henry White, among others—was a place where Dr. Bacon shone. Its general agreement on great public questions, the confidence and nearness of feeling of its members to one another, together with their minor differences of opinion, made it a most pleasant circle; and here the very uncommon powers in conversation and argument of our friend shone preëminently. There was no superior in age or in acknowledged public standing among the members. They battled in a friendly way for the truth. Temperance, anti-slavery, the schools, the sects of Christendom, the special political and religious questions of the day, whatever at the time excited interest, was chosen for discussion, and every one was aided in forming his opinions by every other. Dr. Bacon's wit, his repartee, keenness of perception, and, when he had carefully considered a subject, his soundness of judgment, together with the brightness and originality of his way of stating his points made him the life of the company.

In 1839 he was chosen into the corporation of Yale College, and continued to hold his seat until 1846, when, on the resignation of President Day and in order to make a place for that venerable man, he resigned his own seat. He was re-elected in

1864 and continued in that body until his death. In the course of his twenty-four years of service, he contributed his full share to the solution of those important questions which are ever arising in a living and grown seat of learning.

Not long after this he projected *The New Englander*, or, if the idea did not come first from him, he entered into the project with that zeal and energy without which it could not have been successful. The plan was that there should be a committee of superintendence, with a responsible editor; and I suppose that the committee, of which the writer was one, were all selected by Dr. Bacon. In the prospectus, which he wrote or, at least, inspired, it is said that "there is no intention of reviving in this periodical the theological discussions in which some of the ablest New England divines have been so deeply engaged within the last fifteen years." In other words, the periodical is not to be a mere sequel to the *Christian Spectator*. A new generation regards the controversy on "Taylorism" as having finished its course in victory and as needing no more advocacy; and again, in the "prolegomena" which he wrote, he says: "It is not to be expected that among so many individuals there will be a perfect identity of opinion. . . . One of us may say to another, 'I am not so sanguine a democrat as you are,' or, 'You are more zealous for Congregationalism than I can be,' or, 'I have less faith in the doctrines of political economy than you.'" These words show the freedom of opinion which, as Dr. Bacon expected and wished, was to reign among the editors and the contributors, a freedom, of course, limited within certain bounds, to be fixed by charity and sound sense. According to these views, the *New Englander* had, if I may so say, a wider range of subjects and a larger constituency, who in the main approved and defended its opinions, than the plan of the *Christian Spectator* could secure. It is needless to say that Dr. Bacon's share in contributions, his variety of discussion, his brightness, sometimes approaching to flashes of lightning, was acknowledged on all hands, and nowhere was his influence more conspicuous than here. The articles which he furnished to the *New Englander* between 1843 and 1861 were sixty-two in number, and would make, if printed together, several good-sized volumes. By

degrees the original plan of the work was given up, the committee ceased to meet, and the editors were responsible for the management of the numbers, but until the present time the supplies from the pen of the old man who founded it did not fail. Two considerable articles written by him have appeared within a few months.

Two main points occupied Dr. Bacon's attention during the most vigorous years of his life—ecclesiastical affairs and the great discussion of the slave question. We could not appreciate the man without looking for a moment at these spheres of his activity.

His early study of New England history deepened and confirmed his native Puritan tendencies, and he was led, in his progress of thought, to look on the early history of the Pilgrim Fathers with more and more fondness. He became a proficient in this branch of study, and probably no man, except Dr. H. M. Dexter, has searched more at its foundations. He wrote, however, no important work until he took the chair of lecturer on ecclesiastical polity and American church history in the theological faculty of Yale College. In 1874 he gave to the world his "Genesis of the New England Churches." Those who read the story will understand," says he, "I trust, what many are ignorant of and some historians have not sufficiently explained—the difference between "our Pilgrim Fathers" and "our Puritan Fathers." "The Puritan was a nationalist, believing that a Christian nation is a Christian church"; "while the Pilgrim was a *separatist*—from all national churches." Thus Dr. Bacon may be called a "Pilgrim," rather than a "Puritan," and as such he could not have joined, if he had lived at the time, in those attempts to establish a state church in Connecticut which originated the Saybrook Platform and the system of consociation, in 1708; and yet, in his able and interesting sketch of those events, in 1858, a century and a half after their occurrence, delivered before the ministers assembled at Norwich, he almost takes the part of a mediator between pure and modified Congregationalism in these words of truth and of conciliation: "If the churches of Massachusetts, by their chronic jealousy of consociation, have guarded and kept intact for us and our successors the independence of

the parochial or local church, the churches of Connecticut, on the other hand, by their strict confederation, have guarded and maintained and have effectually commended to Congregationalists everywhere that equally important and equally distinctive principle, the communion of our churches.

In accordance with these views, he accepted the triennial conventions of the late years, but, as I understand it, did not desire them to become a usage and a law; nor did he join in new platforms and confessions of faith and the growing tendency to turn the "churches" into a "Church," or something very near it. But these movements began somewhat late in his ministerial life, and his own church, where he was settled so many years, had not for generations had any part in the Connecticut system. He did not take as active a part in them as he might have taken twenty years before. The amity which reigned in the State made him rather a counselor everywhere sought for and respected than the representative of an ecclesiastical party. He was looked on in associations and conferences as an authority who knew best what old usages were, and did not wish to overturn them. We may say, thus, that he was in a sense a bishop of Connecticut. I recollect hearing him say once that in every body of churches there would be a man who had the episcopal capacity, a bishop endowed for the office by God. It was something so in his case.

As for the opposition to slavery in the time of it, he entered most heartily into it, if any one else did in this region, but could not coalesce with the abolitionists. His views may be found in several articles in *The New Englander*, and in course of time he scarcely differed in any material respect from men more hostile to slavery around him—for instance, from his warm friend, Dr. Samuel W. S. Dutton.

In connection with this subject I might say a word on *The Independent*, of which he was one of the original editors; but, as you, Mr. Editor, know your own history best, I shall leave it in your hands.

And now we have come to a point in the course of a busy life when the Pastor of forty years' standing and the man of almost sixty-five was feeling the weariness which calls for permanent rest. He resigned the active duties of his charge, and

was invited to take for the time the instruction of theology in the theological department of Yale College. For five years he performed this duty, until the election of Rev. Dr. Harris as a permanent professor, in 1871. Then he received the appointment of a lectureship on church polity and American church history, which he filled until his death, last week, Saturday, December 24th, 1881. A number of attacks during the six or eight preceding months had given him warning that he might be called away at any time. He was writing on Friday evening, on the question how to deal with the Mormons, and at five the next morning a new attack, lasting half an hour, but not so severe as some earlier ones were, called him home. Thus ended this last and most happy era of his life, in which, associated with men who loved and honored him, employed in the studies which he preferred, perhaps, before all others, serving God and the church, he nearly reached the age of four score without much "labor and sorrow."

I have not completed what I wished to say when I began, but must close with the remark that the crowning honor of Dr. Bacon's life was his growth in Christian purity of character. No man can be so well assured of this as those who have known him long, have been familiar with him in several stages of life, and can see by comparison the development of his character in the best direction. I will instance one trait, or group of traits of character. In his youth and early manhood he was sometimes indignant toward those who had injured him, and was occasionally sharp and severe toward his literary opponents, when, perhaps, there was not sufficient occasion. But, as often happens with men of warm temperament when the Christian life becomes mature, he grew softer and kinder; his charity toward those who differed from him increased; his wit did not so much take hold of ridiculous points in a man who laid himself open in controversy. There was more than a want of bigotry in him (which he really never had); there was kindliness toward all opinions, unless they were associated with evil. He thus gave the impression to those who came into contact with him casually that he was a kind man, just the same that he gave to his parishioners in their afflictions that he took a part in their sorrow. His friends loved and valued him

increasingly, and, now that he is gone, they feel that it will not be easy to find one possessed of so rare a combination of estimable qualities. I, for one, am free to confess that, when I place his youth, with all its germs of power and its sparkle and brilliancy, by the side of his acme and his old age, he grew to be a better, a wiser, a more useful man than I had expected. Hopeful and admiring as his friends of early days were, and much as they then saw in him of genius and ability, so large an influence, so much softness and mellowness of feeling, such growth in goodness and godliness they hardly looked for. "Like the sun, he grew larger at the setting."

New Haven, Conn.

[*FROM THE CONGREGATIONALIST.*]

LEONARD BACON.

A prince and a great man is suddenly fallen in Israel. A New-Englander by blood and sympathy and life, though not in the accident of birth, an always able and sometimes eloquent preacher, an influential Pastor, an energetically self-consistent theologian, a learned and lucid teacher, a skilled editor, a profound and philosophic historian, a gifted poet, a pungent reasoner, a fearless sympathizer with every struggle against wrong, a ready and effective debater, a much-sought counsellor, a clear-headed Christian publicist, a thinker singularly prompt, in fact, to fuse and forge and fit the abstract of all great principles to the exigencies of whatever concrete duty, an indefatigable worker, holding his pen to the last, a divine the ermine of whose piety has been kept unspotted from the world to well-nigh four score, a many-sided scholar who might have been great anywhere and who would have been good everywhere, a man the totality of whose Christian manhood always overtopped each separate feature of his excellence, has been called to his eternal reward, leaving no peer behind him.

We have summarized elsewhere the main facts of his career: it remains here, in that poor and hasty way possible to the circumstances, to attempt two or three brief hints of some aspects of what, by original endowment and superintending providence, God made him to become.

As a Pastor he largely shaped one of the most important as well as oldest churches of New England. Entering its pulpit when a stripling of scarcely three and twenty, for more than forty years he bore the great burden of its ever-growing responsibilities alone, not only successfully, but in a manner which made his subsequent *emeritus* relation, to the last hour, fruitful of influence. And this in spite of the fact that, while he never preached weak or foolish sermons, he did sometimes preach dull ones. His was a great soul taking most kindly to great subjects, and thus it sometimes came about that on ordinary occasions the fire which required a vigorous draught to bring it up to its fullest glow, smoldered a little. But we never heard that he proved unequal to an emergency, however portentous or unanticipated. And we know that those men—and many of them were men of marked ability—who sat habitually under his ministry, were conscious of, and responsive to, the same, as a wise and perpetual stimulus to every good word and work. Had he died having lived to fill only the place which he would have had in Connecticut, and in the land, as the Pastor of the First Church in New Haven, his place must have been assigned high upon the list of our ministerial worthies.

But some sixty of his almost eighty years were lived in the face and eyes of Yale College, and in closer connection with it as student, friend, fellow, professor; and it would be a venturesome imagination which should take upon itself to conjecture the contribution of various benign influences rendered by him to its general welfare. Thousands and thousands of its students have listened to his calm, clear logic, responded to his fervid appeals, laughed at his fun, respected his solid sense, and gone all over the world with a kind memory in some corner of the heart for his honored and unforgetable personality. While those who, since 1866, have been in one way and another under his direct instruction there, must have felt that if the years were in anything dimming the lustre of his talents, they were also so ripening and enriching him, as on the whole to make increase of his power.

Dr. Bacon began to write for the old *Christian Spectator* while he was yet in his minority, a student at Andover. He

has contributed more than one hundred essays to the *New Englander*—large part of which quarterly, in fact, in the beginning, he was. As one of the three original editors of the New York *Independent* he hugely helped to make its earliest ten or fifteen years its best—so far. He has been one of our own most frequent and valued contributors. He has also written, and written with conclusive force, volumes on a variety of subjects. His *Slavery Discussed*, etc. (1846), was declared to have had large influence in bringing the mind of Abraham Lincoln into that state which enabled him to do his great work. His *Life of Richard Baxter* (1831), his *Manual for Young Church Members* (1833), his *Thirteen Historical Discourses* (1839), and notably the so-called *Boston Platform*, largely from his pen (1872), and his *Genesis of the New England Churches* (1874), have greatly assisted to clarify the conceptions of Congregationalists with regard to the true nature of the honorable facts of their past history, the exact principles of their polity, and the precise quality of the duties imposed by that polity upon them. As a Congregational student and author, if Dr. Bacon did not go so far in original research as some others may have done, he was unsurpassed in that subtle skill which evolves philosophy safely from fact, and conversely settles securely what ought to be in consideration of what has been.

And this suggests one of the usefulest aspects of his character as brought out in his wholesome, instructive, persuasive and delightful relation to most of the great occasions of Congregationalism during the last generation. There are many who must still remember the thrill, which, almost thirty years ago, went through the Albany Convention when he presented the munificent offer of Messrs. Bowen & McNamee to give $10,000 to aid in erecting Congregational meeting-houses at the West, provided all other Congregationalists in the land (we had scarcely 2,000 churches then, all told), would subscribe $40,000 more. Who—present in the great Boston Council of 1865—does not recall his pithy and pertinent relation to its deliberations, and to those of the Oberlin and New Haven Triennial meetings as well. We all remember how he presided over each of the two great Brooklyn advisory councils—as

indeed over others whose name is legion. And what will the annual meeting of the American Board be without his spicy, sagacious and benignant presence! When called upon suddenly at Plymouth Rock, in 1865, to fill a narrow gap of time, he wittily said, "What is the use of a man *who is essentially long-winded*, undertaking to make a speech in three minutes." He knew himself essentially as to that. He did not always turn about and around upon his feet so readily as if he had been a smaller and a swifter person. But his speeches were so full of pith and sense, so shrewd and original often, and always so grand in their intent, that if now and then a shallow hearer got full before the speaker had emptied himself, there were yet always listeners who wanted more.

We have room but to suggest another thought. It was one of the lovely traits of this great and good man that age softened and sweetened and enlarged his nature. He seemed to grow young in charitable feeling year by year. His thoughts ever fresher, his sympathies ever broader and more benignant. Nobody could suspect a tinge of octogenarism in his vivacious and sparkling essays, or in the shrewd sense which fell from his lips. He was afraid of nothing simply because it was new, and he clung to few things simply because they were old.

From the days of John Cotton and John Davenport, and Increase and Cotton Mather, and John Wise and Jonathan Edwards and Ezra Stiles, and Timothy Dwight and Lyman Beecher, and their illustrious compeers, until now, there have been many mighty names written in the annals of the Congregational churches of New England. In our judgment it admits of doubt whether the future, far enough to discriminate fairly, will read therein any in all aspects, and for all which it suggests, more honored and more beloved, than that of him whom now we mourn.

[*FROM THE CHRISTIAN UNION.*]

LEONARD BACON, D.D.

The death of Dr. Bacon, in the eightieth year of his age, occurred at New Haven, his home for fifty-seven years, on Saturday, December 24th. It was apparently not altogether a surprise to his friends; but it was wholly unexpected by the public.

Dr. Bacon was a born soldier. He loved a battle: not as a Duke of Alva but as a Chevalier Bayard; not for its carnage but for its courage. Controversy brings out truth clearly; it brushes away the cobwebs which spiders spin over the fine glass in an undisturbed room. Dr. Bacon loved truth, and controversy because it clarifies truth. He was born into a stormy time and was fitted for it. He was a natural captain, not because of his executive ability, to organize and wield men in solid battalions, but because of that contagious courage which always inspires followers though they know not whither they are being led. Wherever, during the last half century, a battle has raged for human right and welfare, there the white plume of this Henry of Navarre of theology has been seen, and there followers have streamed after him. But they have always been volunteers; with them he never held council of war beforehand, to them he never issued congratulatory bulletins afterward. Never was man more courageous; he counted neither the host that opposed nor the recruits that followed. He was equally ready to sally against the enemy with three

hundred unarmed volunteers, or to go up against them with only an armor bearer, or to try their champion alone, with but a shepherd's sling. And he knew how to take the champion's sword to slay him with.

Never was man more absolutely truthful; more supremely indifferent whether the truth hurt or helped his cause or his party. Indeed, his cause was always the cause of truth, and party he had none. He was always prompt to turn his trenchant satire upon the friend and follower of yesterday, if to-day the friend and follower seemed to him to be false to the truth of God. He was quite as fearless an anti-slavery man as William Lloyd Garrison; but was as quick to criticise the spirit and methods of the anti-slavery reformers as to assault the conservatism that praised or palliated or pardoned slavery. He was the relentless foe of the liquor traffic, and equally of the false philosophy that hopes to eradicate it by a statute. He was a leader among Congregationalists; but Congregationalists were always afraid of him lest he should out with some unpalatable truth of history or Biblical interpretation, or philosophical principle that the enemy could quote against their ism. No truth could he ever be counted on to conceal for party ends or personal triumph. Neither personal friendship nor party interest ever muddled the clearness of his vision or deflected the simplicity of his purpose. In the hour of Mr. Beecher's adversity he was at once his warmest friend and his sharpest critic. He never deserted and he never flattered a friend; he never surrendered to and he never maltreated an enemy. To him no end was sacred that foul means need serve. If he took a pleasurable pride in his stalwart independence, this was a pardonable weakness, if it were a weakness; would that more ministers had it!

He belonged to the best type of Puritan stock. The Puritan, like the Hebrew, regarded practical righteousness as the consummation of religion. For a piety that produced nothing but prayers and penances the Hebrew prophet and the New England preacher had a common and a healthy contempt. Dr. Bacon was essentially a Puritan preacher; a Hebrew prophet. In the pulpit, on the themes too commonly discussed in the desk, he was not more interesting than a thousand

nameless and unknown teachers of theology. He had no arts of rhetoric or elocution with which to dress up a scholastic lecture; he was no skillful shopman, to make a wire skeleton look like a woman, by the aid of cloak and bonnet; but when humanity was concerned, when truth was desecrated in its sacred temple, when the slave power attempted to gag the American pulpit, and did for a time gag the great representative religious bodies, every fibre of his heroic soul was aroused, and he thundered out his denunciation of the double wrong that enslaved a Northern ministry that it might enslave a Southern black, with an eloquence that needed no rhetoric or elocution to compel a hearing. It was a significant fact that his last act was the composition of an unfinished paper on the Utah problem. He worked to the last for man. *With* God, *for* man: in these four words are to be found the secret of his courage and his power.

We make no attempt to tell the story of his life. To do this it would be necessary to write the history of his country. His first parish was his last one; he was ordained, lived, and died in New Haven. But America was his pulpit, and her people his congregation; and there was not a theme which concerned her prosperity which his incessantly active mind did not study, and upon which his ever vigorous voice and pen did not do some effective teaching. He made some mistakes; most men do. But there was no theme on which he did not court free thought, and none on which he ever proved recreant to his own convictions of the truth.

[*FROM THE RELIGIOUS HERALD.*]

DR. BACON AND DR. BUSHNELL.

By Rev. N. H. Egleston.

More and more as time passes, we shall feel that in the death of Dr. Bacon a great man has gone from among us. If great natural and acquired powers devoted to great and worthy ends constitute greatness, he was a great man. And now as we look back upon his life as a whole, we can hardly help coupling him in our thoughts with another great man, his contemporary, who has preceded him only a little while to the other world. Born in the same year as Dr. Bushnell, and for some time also a resident of Hartford, to which city he was also bound by the tie of his father's grave which is there, and by a happy marriage, there are many points of resemblance between the two, while yet they were so differently constituted that they were led into fields of labor and usefulness quite unlike. They were so akin in spirit and character that they cherished a profound respect and a warm attachment to each other through life. In the days of his persecution, Dr. Bushnell could count upon Dr. Bacon as one of his steadfast friends, and whenever he published a new book, Dr. Bacon was one of the few whose opinion in regard to it he cared to know. And what a tribute, coming from such a man, was that which Dr. Bacon paid to Dr. Bushnell at New Haven, soon after the death of the latter, when he declared that his extraordinary achievements made him and others like him ashamed because in comparison they had done so little.

Both were great preachers, yet very unlike as preachers. In Dr. Bushnell the imaginative faculty was much more largely developed than in Dr. Bacon, though in the latter it was by no means lacking, but in Dr. Bushnell it was the leading, dominant faculty, while in Dr. Bacon it held a subordinate place. As a preacher, Dr. Bacon while never weak or common-place and always instructive, seldom rose to heights of great impressiveness except as great occasions came to him. Dr. Bushnell made his own occasions, and they came with almost every Sabbath that he met his eager and expectant congregation.

Dr. Bushnell's mind was original and creative, Dr. Bacon's fed and grew in the fields of fact. The mind of Dr. Bushnell was speculative, intuitional, abstract. That of Dr. Bacon was analytical and nicely discriminative, and dealt largely with the concrete. Dr. Bacon was a student of men. Dr. Bushnell was a student of man. The former was a large reader in many fields of knowledge. Dr. Bushnell was more a thinker than a reader. Rather, perhaps it should be said that the one read, and on the basis of his reading thought wisely and well, while the other thought out his conclusions first, and then read to some extent to see how far he agreed or disagreed with those who had gone before him. Both were independent in their thinking. They called no man master. They brought every opinion fearlessly to the bar of their own individual judgment. But the mind of Dr. Bacon was historic. It was a rich storehouse of facts out of which, as all know, he continually brought treasures new and old to illustrate any subject that might be under discussion. While both were equally of large mold and kept themselves acquainted with the work of the world around them in all its departments of activity, Dr. Bacon lived much in the past. He was at home with the worthies of other times, and ever ready to compare the past with the present and to draw lessons from the one for the guidance of the other. Dr. Bushnell, while living in the present and intensely engaged in its work, had an eye ever looking towards the future and was always linking the two together.

Dr. Bushnell was a leader of thonght, Dr. Bacon of action. The one affected men in their inward convictions and feelings, the other in their practical determinations. The one was the

man of ideas, the other the man of affairs. The former was little seen beyond the limits of his own parish. His face was not familiar to the world. He was seldom seen on platforms or in conventions. He touched the world from his pulpit and with his pen. Dr. Bacon, it may almost be said, was known as well outside of his parish as within it. If the pulpit was the throne of Dr. Bushnell, the platform was Dr. Bacon's. There he reigned supreme. If as a preacher Dr. Bushnell had few equals, on the rostrum Dr. Bacon had no superior. As a leader of assemblies he was unsurpassed. As a debater on occasions of interest he never met the antagonist by whom he was vanquished. At ordinary times and in other places one of the most quiet and inconspicuous of men, in conventions and councils, and when important questions were pressing for decision, then the grand qualities and characteristics of the man appeared. He came into the field of debate like the line-of-battle ship of some great admiral, ports all open and heavy guns pouring forth their thundering broadsides, now on the right and now on the left, while from the main-top and cross-trees muskets and grenades were aiding by their lighter but coöperative work. Then all the treasures of his historic reading came forth at his bidding to make his arguments massive and weighty with illustrative fact or warning example, while an exhaustless memory and a kindled fancy illumined and enlivened the whole with apt quotation and pithiest anecdote.

Dr. Bacon was eminently a leader of men. And this he was not simply or mainly because of his peculiar native or acquired powers, but because he was devoted to truth and led by it. In this again the two of whom we have been speaking were alike. They both sought truth for themselves as their chief treasure, and as the chief treasure for man. And so while both were great leaders of men, though in different ways and by different methods, they were not partizans. They were too broad minded and too loyal to the truth to be mere leaders of a sect or a party. Acting with parties and lending their aid to parties so long as they advocate truth, whenever they failed to do so they were ready to denounce and forsake them. In this they never took counsel of flesh and blood. What would harm or benefit them personally, they never seem to have con-

sidered. Neither of them looked around to see who were ready to follow or support them, nor after a conflict did they put on airs of triumph. Their victory was God's, not their own, and triumph rather humbled than elated them. They walked in God's great presence as little children.

They were alike, again, in that greatness of character which is above the manifestation of condescension to others. In their intercourse with them they never left the impression upon others that they regarded themselves as their superiors. They never tied their white cravats with self-complacent admiration, nor were careful of their "semi-lunar fardels." The young preacher, timid and self-distrustful, could take them freely by the hand. Rather would they anticipate his advances, and put him at once at ease and on terms of equality with them. Gentle and forbearing, yet faithful in their criticisms of their younger brethren, they were too many in their novitiate fellow-helpers indeed. The writer, for one, can never cease to feel his obligations to both for their companionship and counsel in the days of youth and inexperience. He learned too, in assuming the charge of the Center Church during Dr. Bacon's absence in Europe and the farther East, what he could not have done otherwise, how he had bound that church to himself by cords of esteem and affection which only death could sever, nay, by such as reach within the veil.

Great men! Great blessings to the world! We miss them, and shall miss them. We shall feel the need of them at times, and perhaps forget that God never creates a vacancy that he does not also fill. But their work remains, both in their published words on our shelves and in what they have wrought into our personal life and institutions. Our theology, our Christology, are the better, the more consonant with both reason and Scripture, for the thought that Dr. Bushnell has given them. Our ecclesiastical life is less bigoted, broader, less sectarian and more truly Christian for what Dr. Bacon has written and spoken. The great foreign and home missionary operations of our denomination, if not more, have been quickened in their activity and augmented in their power by his zealous activity in their behalf. Our social life, our morals and our politics throughout the land have felt the beneficial

touch of his wakeful interest in every thing good. Only two days before his death, as the anniversary of the landing of the Pilgrims came round again, for how many patriotic and Christion hearts did his Pilgrim hymn beginning, "O God, beneath thy guiding hand," voice their feelings anew and help to quicken their appreciation of that great event.

And his last work, on the following day, was an endeavor to aid in removing that great blot upon our national character, that cancer in our social life, the Mormon iniquity. So he died with his harness on.

Soldier of Christ, well done!
Praise be thy new employ;
And while eternal ages run,
Rest in thy Saviour's joy.

Williamstown, Mass

[*FROM THE ADVANCE.*]

DR. LEONARD BACON.

By Prof. James T. Hyde.

His sudden death moves the whole community at New Haven profoundly. The patriarch of the Connecticut ministry, the living embodiment of the history of Yale College and of the New England churches, the keen critic and brilliant debater of public affairs for more than fifty years, the ardent agitator and vigorous reformer, the voluminous author, the witty and versatile editor, the skilful theological teacher, the catholic, progressive thinker, the exuberant, irrepressible, and entertaining talker, who has contributed so much to the social, literary, ecclesiastical, national life of our day, just as he was rounding out his eightieth year, fell asleep. The night before he died he was writing in hope of solving the much vexed Mormon problem, and entered in his diary (I am told) "Nearly finished the article." The day before he was writing; two days before he lectured; three days before he attended a faculty meeting; on the Sunday previous he attended church and gave out the notices; within a month he preached at Thanksgiving and administered the Lord's Supper in the one church of which he was the life-long and devoted Pastor. So intense was his vitality and so preëminent his serviceableness to the very end.

On Christmas morning I attended the Center Church, which was only too heavily draped with mourning. The holy day

seemed to be shrouded with solemnity, grief and gloom. But with an excellent sermon from Prof. Barbour on the sympathy of Christ in his incarnation, with exquisite singing of "I would not live away," and of an "In Memoriam" requiem, with many precious and tearful memories of the serene and joyous faith and lively companionship of the venerable man who had gone up into his heavenly rest and eternal ministry at God's right hand, we were able to preserve some little spark even of spiritual hilarity on the bright and festive day, in spite of its oppressive sadness. How thankful we ought to be that such good men, after outliving all their asperities and ripening in all their Christian graces,—the heroes of so many bitter, earnest, hard-fought and victorious conflicts—*can die*, escape from sin, infirmity, error, and be in perfect peace, and rise into the communion of elect saints, sages and scholars, who are forever with the Lord!

On Tuesday afternoon he was buried. The day was sadly dark and wet. The church was lighted almost at noonday. By special request there were no floral tributes. A heavy sheaf of wheat stood on the large communion table. The severely simple tastes of this honored champion of Puritan principles were strictly observed. His face looked somewhat fuller than in former years, but wore a striking and rigid naturalness. He smiled with a stern eloquence that seemed ready to break from mute lips. The wonder was that his brain rested, his heart was quiet, his hands kept still. But he had only been stopped by that *angina pectoris* which caught him at daybreak on Saturday with its secret and sudden grip.

The revered and beloved ex-President Woolsey, now an octogenarian, Dr. Bacon's college class-mate and very long neighbor as well as friend, felt unable to officiate in the public burial service, but prayed with the bereaved family at the house. The father of fourteen children, four of whom became Christian ministers, was borne by the hands of six sons to the sanctuary where he had preached since 1825, and his pastoral relation could be dissolved only by death.

As his Congregationalism was simply Christianity, his very silence called a multitude of every Christian name to pay him their last offices of respect, admiration and affection. They

gathered from every quarter for hours, by rail and wheel, and foot, under the drooping skies. We went in loving memory of his departed sons, and of his manifold association with our own departed days. We represented, too, with others, his native West. Pleyel's Hymn and other familiar airs were played on the organ in sweet, low, muffled strains. "Our Father, who art in Heaven" was chanted. Prof. Fisher invoked the blessing of God, and read admirably selected Scriptures. The anthem followed, "Sleep thy last Sleep." Prof. Dwight, who when only nine years old, was almost a member of Dr. Bacon's family, and had known him well for forty-four years, was the fitting one to make the address. He described his varied and extraordinary powers, not in a formal eulogy, but with fine and tender discrimination. His words often quivered with emotion, especially when he spoke of this "son of thunder" in his zeal for truth, liberty, righteousness, his fondness for controversy yet freedom from personal bitterness, his patriotism, his prayers and hymns, his faith in young men, his unruffled harmony with his two colleagues in the ministry, and his colleagues in the Divinity School; how much he did for New Haven; how after all his conflicts he died without an enemy; how his buoyant and unwearied spirit, still full of work, must have exulted in his new experience of the sunlight of heaven; how death and judgment must have been comprehended in the Father's welcome to the many mansions, and the holy greetings there with kindred souls, with Hooker, Davenport, Pierpont, Brewster, with brethren in the church and the ministry, with the saints, heroes and martyrs of all ages, and with members of his own family within the thin but impenetrable veil—we were lost in the heavenly vision. Prof. Dwight never discharged a difficult and delicate duty with such a delightful blending of propriety and pathos.

After prayer with Rev. Dr. Hawes, of the North Church, the service closed with singing Dr. Bacon's beautiful hymn, "Hail, tranquil hour of closing day." His six sons deposited his body in the well-known cemetery where sleep so many distinguished men who have taken New Haven on their way to heaven.

[*FROM THE SPRINGFIELD REPUBLICAN.*]

LEONARD BACON.

In the death of that typical New Englander, Leonard Bacon, a notable figure passes from the stage of public affairs. Entering the sophomore class of Yale College at the age of 15, in the year 1817, returning to New Haven after his theological course at Andover to become Pastor of the Center Church at the age of 23, continuing as active Pastor for 41 years, and as Pastor emeritus and Yale professor for nearly 16 years more, New Haven could not so much miss any other of her citizens, unless it be his surviving classmate, Theodore D. Woolsey. Far beyond his New Haven life, so closely interwoven with every valuable interest of that city and its university, he was distinguished as one of the foremost citizens of Connecticut and of the nation. Moreover, in his prime his influence went abroad to many lands, striking so hard at the Vatican that Pope Gregory XVI felt moved to issue a bull against one of his forcible productions, at the same time consigning it to the Index Expurgatorius. He was a many-sided man in the best sense, vigorous and versatile, of a restless energy, affluent in speech, especially when roused by any exigency or opposition, ready in debate, keen and witty at repartee, a hard striker in polemics, a lover of history and specially well versed in Connecticut and Congregational lore. He was more fond of speech-making than of sermonizing, and better skilled in the former than in the latter. He was a good talker, but not so

good a listener. His writing was ready, keen and influential, and his literary productivity was great. On no point of religious or political interest did he fail to express himself, in pamphlet, or generally in contributions to magazines and newspapers, for he had a predilection for journalism, and indeed was the founder of the *New Englander*, a very characteristic periodical still in thrifty condition. Dr. Bacon had the qualities of a statesman, and was only hindered from being active and distinguished in that line by his professional limitations. He was a molding power over many beneficent institutions. The American Board of Foreign Missions and kindred societies sought his counsel. Yale College in all its departments felt his plastic force for half a century, from the pulpit and the professor's chair, in the corporation, through his ready and productive pen, and not the least in his personal and commanding presence. He was an acknowledged power in Congregational councils, having presided over the two most famous in recent times at Brooklyn, with Henry Ward Beecher and Plymouth Church for their *casus belli*,—each a neutralizing force. Whether or not Dr. Bacon was quite willing to have it so, whether he was anxious to have the truth appear or content with the issue of disagreement, remain open questions as much as his inward convictions concerning the main point of Mr. Beecher's guilt or innocence which lay at the bottom of the ecclesiastical proceedings.

Diplomatic in his nature, he was never hindered by any pride of consistency from changing his opinion. He was at first conservative on the slavery question, but afterward, and not too late, progressive, and powerfully so. Impulsive and aggressive though his temperament was, he had a singular mental mastery that poised the coldest reasoning with the warmest feeling, and often made his attitude perplexing and his opinion provokingly double-edged.

Leonard Bacon has largely transmitted of his best qualities to his children, diffusing them much as Lyman Beecher's were among his notable family. Six sons and two grandsons are recorded in the triennial catalogues of Yale, and several of these have taken leading positions in the ministry and other professions: perhaps Leonard Woolsey Bacon, minister of Nor-

wich, is the most prominent and temperamentally the most like him. His daughter, Rebecca, was an ardent philanthropist, and devoted some of her best years to the education of the freedmen.

Dr. Bacon's personal mien and port were strikingly expressive of his inner man. Slight but agile, a little stooping, his massive head well set upon shoulders proportionately broad; a noble, projecting brow, keen, searching eyes of bluish gray, but kindling in his best moods into a fiery luster, his lips oftener compressed with firmness than mobile with gentleness, the bushy masses of gray hair giving a leonine setting to his thoughtful and eager face; always the dress-coat and white neck-cloth, inseparable from his clerically neat but never stiff apparel; there was in his *tout ensemble* the bearing of a gentleman, the self-possession of a native leader, the alertness of one always ready for his opportunity, and the cultured presence that marks the man both of letters and affairs.

He had the "Abraham Davenport" loyalty to present duty and his daily task, which would not have faltered though the last trump had begun to sound. Full well he knew that his days were numbered, and that the end was nigh. Many a time had he heard the footfall of the messenger at the door, when his heart beat with the keen distress of angina pectoris, —and sometimes as he sat in his professorial chair. But he still went to and fro about his work, calmly and steadily to the last, in the sweet and full assurance of his Christian faith and his strong and manly nature. He had lectured twice during the week he died, and left upon his study table an unfinished work of the previous day,—a paper relating to the Mormon question.

He was the normal growth of the very best New England training, sturdily Puritan, and yet not narrowed by his marked proclivities into a provincial thinker, nor embittered by his many controversies toward any of his opponents. As a Congregationalist, in all matters of form, polity, and executive development, he was broad and flexible, always keeping the future open. None knew better than he "the former days," and none more strenuously denied their claim to be better than these. Old measures that had outlived their usefulness

he tossed aside. Precedents, like councils, in his view had no more authority than proceeds from the reason that is in them. Like the war horse described by Job, he smelt the battle afar off, and whenever in any worthy cause there was a good chance for a free fight, waited not for an invitation to be "counted in." Always a man to listen to, he was never a man to "tie to" without reconsideration. Yet never a fire that he helped to kindle, but enough light proceeded from it to warrant the conflagration. There are but few such men for human welfare in any century as Leonard Bacon, and therefore it becomes our privilege to give due honor to his venerable name.

[*FROM THE NEW HAVEN REGISTER.*]

ABOUT LEONARD BACON.

One of the few surviving classmates of Rev. Dr. Bacon says he was an excellent scholar while in college, but that he did not give the promise of the high position he afterward attained. Such a man as ex-President Woolsey rose way above him in intellect. The appointment secured by Dr. Bacon, was a dispute. He made no special effort in the way of English composition, nor did he indulge much in field sport, although he always managed to maintain a healthy physical organization. He was always a Christian. His object in going to college was to fit himself for the ministry. Constantly in his mind was the image of his mother, then still living, but revered as though a saint in heaven. One of the earliest recollections concerning him is the wonderful manner in which he extemporized in prayer. This was as marked a characteristic as in after life. The goodness and tenderness of his petitions sank deeply into the hearts of his hearers. The employment of wit and sarcasm was first noticeable in his speech when a collegian, but there was no evil in them. He used these elements of power afterward very effectually in his colonization and anti-slavery speeches. Immediately after his graduation here he went to Andover to pursue a theological training. There he stood the highest among the students and first brought himself

into notice. When in his second or third year he startled the seminary by reading a paper upon the scheme of colonization. Then was manifested for the first time his great power over men. An eye-witness says it swept over the audience like the wind over the ocean. The result was that he and another young man were sent as delegates to the American Colonization Society.

The colonization scheme was not to fill the border States with immigrants, but to send the free colored people to Africa and there found a republic. In this way philanthropists thought to remove them from the prejudices of the southern whites and tend toward the extinction of slavery. A large number of colored men were sent away, and the republic of Liberia, which is still in existence, was founded. To this end Dr. Bacon's agitation, begun at Andover, and continued through many years, contributed not a little. It was in this way that he began his anti-slavery proceedings. He did not agree with Garrison's methods. Anti-slavery was that reformer's war cry, no matter what the consequences. If anything could be said against slavery, truthful or not, the Garrisonites accepted it. To this Dr. Bacon objected. It was said by Garrison that the southern whites favored colonization because they wished to weed out the free colored people from contact with their slave institutions. Because of this southern favor he opposed it bitterly, and urged that it was not by any means a philanthropic idea on the part of its northern supporters, but rather an insidious movement against slavery. Despite Garrison, however, it flourished. In his anti-slavery discussions Dr. Bacon used his wit and sarcasm quite effectively. "We all have prejudices," he said, "some are prejudiced against a black skin, some against a black coat." There is no doubt that his essays had great influence on President Lincoln. "They could not help having that," said a classmate last night. "That must be the case with any one who reads them."

It was a cardinal principle with the Center church to select for their Pastor a young man who had never been settled anywhere. They chose from among the men of promise. Moses Stuart was obtained in this way, and the wise judgment of the church people was proved by his rapid growth as an eloquent

man of God and pillar of the church. Andover, with her eye open to the main chance, and with a sufficiency of funds, called him away. Dr. Taylor was then selected, and again the wisdom of the selection was shown. He went to Yale. Then, as his successor—what bold young man could consider the situation without trembling?—the church fixed upon Leonard Bacon, aged 23, hardly a year from the seminary. He preached some weeks as a candidate. One of his sermons attracted great attention. It had for its subject, "The Government of God," and was based on the text, "Thy commandment is exceeding broad." This was the beginning of his great hold upon the Center church.

During the decade ending with 1840 there was a long and acrimonious controversy between Dr. Taylor of the New Haven school of theologians and Dr. Tyler of the old school. It had been in progress some time when Dr. Bacon entered the lists. "He was not a controversialist," said a classmate last evening, "but rather a queller of controversies. His action in the Taylor-Tyler controversy will explain what I mean. He was a sturdy defender of his principles, having great moral courage. No other kind of courage was called into play but he had it." The doctor had been in the habit of publishing pamphlets upon live questions. He called them "Views and Reviews." In one he poured oil on the troubled waters of the Taylor dispute by pointing out that the schools agreed on twenty-six points. As these more than covered the essential facts of the Christian religion he thought fighting ought to cease. This article was so successful that nothing more was heard from either side. In assemblies and consociations he would always endeavor to reconcile differences. Even as a presiding officer of ecclesiastical councils his tact as a peace-maker was used to great advantage. Once it was proposed to call a Methodist clergyman to a Congregational pulpit, and a council was held, at which some brother raised a question about a Methodist being objectionable. "Oh, no," said the doctor, who was the moderator, "it will make no difference, but I think there will be considerable trouble before he is settled."

He was one of the signers of a memorial to President Buchanan in reference to the Kansas troubles. This evoked a

reply at the President's own hand—the second instance of where the executive condescended to reply to a memorial of private citizens. The first was Jefferson's reply. This was also to a memorial from citizens of New Haven. Both these letters are carefully treasured here. While paying much attention to live topics and church history and writings he was also a lover and a student of general literature. Among his earliest and favorite novels were those of Walter Scott. He, President Woolsey and Professor Twining, were members of a literary club at college to which original contributions were made. These contributions, in a hand writing now famous, are still zealously guarded. They comprise verse as well as prose and show that Dr. Bacon possessed the rhyming faculty, as well as the art of writing didactic prose.

[*FROM THE BOSTON ADVERTISER.*]

TWO LEADERS IN TWO ENGLANDS.

Out of the many leaders on both sides of the Atlantic who have passed away during the last six months there are two who had much in common,—Leonard Bacon and Arthur Stanley. In many things they were wide apart and manifestly unlike. The one was a representative Puritan; the other the broadest of churchmen. The one had the gifts of an ecclesiastical leader, and was never more himself than when antagonizing an unrighteous cause; the leadership of the other grew chiefly out of his literary studies and ecclesiastical principles. The one had been bred in the traditions of New England Puritanism, and was to the manner born; the other had grown up in the best of English homes, and had been under the direction of one of the most stimulating minds in England. Each had lived into what was most characteristic of the nationality under which he grew up. The one was a son of thunder, and like Webster, never knew an occasion which was too great for him. The other had no less the courage of his convictions, and dared to go against the whole bench of bishops when he had a cause to maintain. Each had developed under the shadow of a great literary institution and imbibed its spirit, the one at Yale and the other at Oxford; and each had that mastery of vigorous English by which he could impress his glowing conceptions

upon the minds of his fellow-men. Their spheres of labor were decidedly unlike. The one led the hosts of the Congregational churches in New England as Joshua led the hosts of Israel to the promised land; the other simply developed a school of thought in the most inclusive national church of modern times. The American had the more native vigor, and could take hold of things with a stronger grasp; the other had the larger vision, the wider sympathy. These were essentially their points of difference.

In other respects they were closely allied. They had the same historical instincts, the same relish for ultimate facts. They had the same conviction that religion and politics are indissolubly united in a nation's growth. They had the same idea of the breadth of the modern pulpit. Dr. Bacon in the last ten years of his life grew generous and sympathetic even toward those against whom he had waged battle in other days, reaching up to that breadth and range of sympathy which Minister Lowell spoke of the other day in England, as the most pronounced feature in the life of the late Westminster dean. The two men had no patience with a Christianity which is shut up from the freest contact with present life. They both believed in the largest freedom of discussion, and in the use of the press as the best vehicle for formulating opinion. What Dr. Bacon did through the *New Englander*, which he was mainly instrumental in founding in 1843, and late on through the editorial columns of *The Independent*, Arthur Stanley did from 1860 and onward to the end of his life, in the *Edinburgh Review* and through the columns of the *London Times*. Each in his appropriate place was the mouthpiece of the thought which at the moment most needed to be spoken. Dr. Bacon has represented the Puritan mind of New England in the general religious spirit of the century, as Prof. Park has shaped its changing dogmatic convictions. Both men had the wonderful capacity of growing in their mental force, in their perception of the needs of the time, in a quick insight into larger and freer conditions of living, and carried the inspiring sunshine of their ripening beliefs into the numerous circles in which they moved. Both men, if liberal each in his own way, had that free spirit of liberty which lives on the strength of the past in

the larger life of to-day. No man in America ever brought quite the same distinct personality into the pulpit which Leonard Bacon brought. To hear him speak on a great occasion was like listening to the roar of the Atlantic when driven upon the coast by a northeaster; he swept everything before him. Arthur Stanley, defending Bishop Colenso against the censure of the Canterbury convocation, or standing by Mr. Voysey, with whom he never agreed, simply because he believed in the great principle of freedom of opinion where men honestly differed, is a figure that will live forever in English religious history.

These men differed very widely; perhaps they never met; but at heart they had the same spirit, and their university training turned their minds into the same distinctive channels. Dr. Bacon will stand forth in the religious history of this century as the most pronounced ecclesiastical leader in New England, bolder than Channing, as positive as Parker. Dean Stanley will be remembered as the comprehensive churchman who saw in different men chiefly those things in which they were agreed, and who taught his generation to draw nearer together in the spirit of Christian unity. The life-work of the two men, in its general direction, was the same; the means used to accomplish it, with points of great unlikeness, had also many points of agreement. The one should be as distinctly remembered as the other. The Stanley memorial in Westminster Abbey will be the expression of the feelings of those whose hearts Arthur Stanley touched on both sides of the Atlantic. It is to be hoped that Leonard Bacon's great services in maintaining a national position for the foremost principles of Christianity, a service which at critical periods went far beyond the limitations of sect, may be recognized in some emphatic, historical form in the university of which he was a part, and in the large community to which he was a burning and a shining light for sixty years.

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